TAIT'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1838.

LORD BROUGHAM'S EDUCATION BILL.

THERE can be no disgrace in private individuals being ignorant of the nature and provisions of Lord Brougham's EDUCATION BILL, since it appears that neither the Bishop of London, nor yet the Marquis of Lansdowne—who, as President of the Council, is, by the Bill, to be at the head of the projected Board—knew one iota of the matter when, upon the 1st of last month, Lord Brougham again revived his measure. Every Member of the House of Peers was in the same state of darkness. This might be somewhat mortifying to Lord Brougham, had he not so long been accustomed to operate upon blocks with a razor. We plead equal ignorance with the Peers, whose duty it was to make themselves acquainted with a measure sent to them individually, with a *key* to make it easy and familiar to "the meanest capacity" among the embodied hereditary wisdom—or, in other words, a digest of its contents, drawn up by the framer. That no measure could proceed from him in harmony with some of the views promulgated by Mr Wyse, and the body taking the name of the Central Society of Education, we were confident; nor yet with the opinions of a few persons, whom we must consider more zealous in the cause of education than foreseeing as to the results of the system they recommend. It was impossible that, of all men, Lord Brougham could advocate a system of compulsory education, framed after the model of despotic Prussia, and adopted by the government of Louis Philippe. We could not for a moment believe that the doctrines sent abroad by Mr Duppa, the Secretary of the Society, and countenanced by Mr Wyse and his friends, were approved by Lord Brougham. Of the good which Mr Wyse had effected to education in his own country, and in rousing the public mind of England, we had a high appreciation, though we considered it but the more necessary to direct attention to certain objectionable schemes which he appeared to contemplate. It is enough to have to ward off the parsons, without being embarrassed in this important subject by the Doctrinaires. We need only refer to the extracts from Mr Wyse's writings, given in the article on National Education, in *Tait's Magazine* for November last—a paper which we have reason to believe has done some good, were it only by giving pause to the vivacity of the popular admiration of ill-matured and dangerous plans.

Nothing whatever—not a shred of an opinion, not the vestige of a prejudice, not the shadow of a desire—to countenance the things which we deemed it a duty to reprobate, is to be found in Lord Brougham's speech. He intends to leave education free as air, in everything important to its vitality. In speaking of the knot of respectable individuals whose opinions, propagated with great zeal and activity, began to alarm us, he remarked, in the admirable and noble speech, delivered in bringing forward the Bill—"I am aware, my Lords, that some most respectable persons differ from me on this subject; they are not a numerous body, but they are of great weight, because they have paid much attention to the subject, and because almost all of them possess great general information; but still I cannot help feeling assured, that they are led away by looking at the circumstances peculiar to the countries in which such a system exists"—the system, namely, of compulsory education, with State interference at every turn; State-bred teachers, compulsorily appointed; State-directed modes of tuition; and State-framed books.——Lord Brougham entertains greater dread than ourselves, if that be possible, of the system approved by the active members of the Central Society; by Mrs Austin, or the individuals whose views are expressed in the preface to her translation of Cousin's Report on the Prussian system; by Mr Wyse, and the other persons constituting that small but indefatigable body who have lately come so prominently forward in the question of Education. Mr Wyse—and we name him here merely as the representative of that body—states broadly that the Government, as possessing the most knowledge, and standing to the People in the parental relation, should assume power to direct or control their education. What says Lord Brougham?—

> If I wished to demonstrate thoroughly that a compulsory system ought not to be introduced, I would put it to any person of common reflection, whether it were safe and right—whatever might be the temptation arising from the deficiencies in the existing state of education, from the risk to be incurred from ignorance, from the duty of the parents, from the mischief which may arise, haunt, and infect us from the neglect of this duty—to

usurp the duty of the parent to the offspring, and to place in its stead the public authority of the State, to treat the direction of the child's studies as a civil office, and to take away the parental care of the offspring from the person to whom nature has committed the charge? Another answer to such a suggestion is, that it is a violation of individual liberty—that by this means a tyranny would be established, and thus, in order to educate, we shall enslave the People; in order to diffuse instruction we contract liberty, and we shall introduce a system which is alike novel, horrid, and unbearable to the citizens of a free state; and this we shall do, because, under a foreign Government and a despotic rule, the system had not rendered the previous slavery absolutely unbearable. This is my decided opinion. The next general rule which I would lay down as fit to govern the supporters of any measure of compulsion, is, that not only should there be no compulsion, but there should be no interference by the Government as to who shall or shall not be educated; and that their power should not be extended beyond what is absolutely necessary, but, also, that there should be no strict rule as to the course which the education of the People shall take. I shall look with a very jealous eye on any interference by the Government as to the line of instruction which shall be pursued; for it would be neither more nor less than a tyranny, that the Government shall have power to say what course of education the scholars shall go through. They should not interfere with the kind of instruction to be pursued, the method which may be taken for imparting that instruction, or the books which ought to be read. In all this there should be no interference; it should be entirely uncontrolled, and left to the choice of the individuals themselves.. I would allow no board or law to control it; and I would permit neither the Executive Government nor the Legislature to interfere and prescribe any general and fixed plan, for the determining of which the Legislature and the Government are equally unfitted.

Here we find the principle which we ventured to stigmatize, openly denounced, and, in like manner, State-appointed schoolmasters, and State-selected books; of both which, in direct contradiction to the party of Mr Wyse, Lord Brougham asserts—

I think that no Government ought to have the power of appointing the persons who are to educate the People; they ought not to be intrusted with the power of saying who are to be the parties from whom the public are to receive the benefit of secular instruction; for if any one were to give me the power of naming the teacher, without superintendence or control as to the fitness of the person appointed, I should not much trouble myself to obtain the power of prescribing the course of instruction; for, were any fixed upon, I should be as confident that it would be as much violated as if any act of Parliament, or a Board, were to say what course shall be taken; both the one and the other are unfit for the task, and, even if fit, would be the most improper parties to say what books shall be read, what subjects shall be taught, and what shall be the order or plan of education. Although I am stating my opinion, that no compulsory authority ought to exist on these matters, and though I consider that this is the corner-stone of any plan to be adopted, yet I am disposed to add that I would adopt, not any modifications, not any exceptions, but concurrent principles, by which we remove all difficulties, without exposing ourselves to the evils of interference. Thus, though decidedly against any compulsion, I am disposed to hold out inducements to parents to perform their duty; for all of us are aware that it is a duty strictly devolving upon the parent to take care of his offspring's education, and though the breach of this duty be a great sin, and a moral offence, yet it is not such an offence as can be reached by law; and from this very circumstance it becomes the more necessary, without any violation of principle, and without any breach of the liberty of the People, to hold out incentives, encouragements, and excitement to individuals to discharge their duty, and you will thus gain your object without risk; and it may be effected by mixing good and cheap education, and rendering it easily attainable.

This we consider the just limit of interference, and its only safe and legitimate object.

The details of Lord Brougham's Bill will be best understood from his speech, which ought to be cheaply circulated among the People by the friends of education. On the Bill itself we propose making a few observations, as some of its clauses are not quite so satisfactory. We confess an exceeding jealousy on the subject of National Education, which is one of more momentous consequence to the country than any single measure ever proposed; and we are anxious that as many intelligent minds as the nation possesses may be brought to bear upon it, while it is yet time.

It is almost superfluous for *Taits' Magazine* to profess the most unbounded confidence in Lord Brougham's attachment to the People and to the cause of human improvement. His life has been one long and uninterrupted proof of religious devotion to the best interests of his race. His powerful intellect, his unconquerable energy and indomitable moral courage, are, at this most trying and momentous crisis, next to the aid of Heaven and our own good spirits, the best stay of the cause of Reform, now in the furnace. We would not impugn the motives, nor in any way disparage many respectable members of the aristocratic body who formerly acted and seemed to think with Lord Brougham. But they have gone out from among us, because they were not of us; and, in this day of final trial, *he* alone remains faithful among the faithless; a Whig no longer, and, in his august solitary position, among those proud and apparently foredoomed Peers, occupying a station and a supremacy such as no statesman of any country ever held before. How poor in aspect—how impotent in influence, in the eyes of a philosophic bystander, is the courtly, effete Premier of the day, compared with the man whose impulsive moral power is already felt in the stirrings of every young aspiring breast, and around every family hearth in these islands. Lord Brougham's future influence on the destinies of mankind, the moral power he is setting in motion, transcend calculation. This much might be said, although his education measure should be baffled, as it assuredly will be delayed. Among the many public blessings for which we desire to thank an overruling Providence, are the declaration of the Duke of Wellington in 1830 against all Reform, and the candid avowal—yes, we have seen that piece of cool effrontery termed *candid!*—of Lord John Russell to the same effect, after seven years of Whig paltering and juggling, and every species of disingenuousness not short of perfidy. But far above these opportune confessions, we would place the thrice-happy determination of the Whig Cabinet, meanly to compromise and sacrifice their colleague, from the mingled motives of envy and jealousy of his acknowledged superiority, and dastardly subservi-

ence to the Court. We own that, while we despised the motive, we rejoiced in that betrayal. The leaven of Lord Brougham's liberal sentiments could not have leavened that cold, inert lump; it would only have served to sour the whole aristocratic batch. Now he fills his true place—that for which his master-mind was created. He has nailed the colours to the mast. Doubt of him has vanished—if that existed as doubt, which was rather the impatience and disappointment of those who, rightly discerning what Lord Brougham desired, took for granted that his actual power in the Government was measured by his natural superiority—that *he* was the genius of the Cabinet, and that he had only to say—and it should be done. To the Tory party all the disgrace and mortification, consequent upon the insulting *coup d'etat* of November 1834, has been fully made up, by that which they very probably foresaw, and certainly wished, the expulsion, upon its reconstruction, of the only formidable man in the Melbourne Government. This is, however, somewhat irrelevant.

The details of the Education Bill are, as we have mentioned, most satisfactorily unfolded in Lord Brougham's introductory speech. It leaves us nothing to complain of, and not much to suggest. The speech is, however, the living spirit—the Bill the dead letter; and the spirit—such unhappily is the constitution of human affairs—might pass away with the enlightened and liberal projector of the measure, while, under the letter, things might spring up to defeat or render nugatory whatever was best in its tendency. But the other day, Lord John Russell barefacedly told the representatives of the People, that the Reform Bill—concocted by Lord Durham, the son-in-law of Lord Grey; himself, the son of the Duke of Bedford; and Lord Duncannon, the business-man of another noble Whig connexion—was actually *intended* to give ascendency to the landed interest; while the People were simple enough to believe, on the solemn assurance of the framers and their party, that it was meant solely to give them a fairer, fuller, and more equal representation in Parliament; or, in other words, something to say in the disposal of their own money, and in the management of their own affairs. That any sinister design is couched under the Education Bill of Lord Brougham is entirely out of the question. He had no aristocratic aid in framing it, no latent objects to serve. Nay, more: we do not give the learned framers of the Reform Bill credit for seeing so far before their noses, even in a bad direction, as Lord John Russell now claims. He has forgotten. They meant to keep the Tories out for ever, and to hold their places—and that was all. A powerful lever was required; and they were advised to try the potency of the Bill. Their purpose of rousing the nation once accomplished, they would have damaged it in its vital principle—the enlarged constituency—even before it had passed into law. Have we forgotten the plebeian impertinence with which such persons as Mr Place, the tailor, and his friends, ventured to obtrude themselves, at untimely hours, into the lordly presence of Earl Grey, and to say, "We will have the franchise as at first proposed—the £10 franchise, and as much lower as may be; but from that clause we will not abate one jot?"—The arrears-of-rate clause was another darling object of the Whigs, though they might not foresee all the immediate inconveniences to their party, either in registration obstruction, or the delay of the Ballot. Then, Ballot was delayed; now, it is flatly refused. The Chandos clause—that sheet-anchor, in the meanwhile, of the landed interest, (strangely, and with remakable short-sightedness, upheld by a few liberal men!)—was certainly most welcome to the bulk of the Whigs. Then, indeed, the Reform Bill, licked into proper shape, by Tory aid, did become a measure to give continued ascendency to the class whose exclusive privileges began to be shaken.—But it is profitless and absolutely sickening to look back upon the way in which that Bill was vitiated—which, in spite of Lord John's assurance to the contrary, is not quite so bad as he coolly intimates it was intended to be—and wrong to intermingle those bitter reminiscences with a measure so pure in aim, and generally so well adapted to its high and far-reaching purpose, as Lord Brougham's Education Bill. In it we have faith, but not implicit faith; and our remarks shall rather be thrown out in the mode of questions, requests for explanation, and respectful doubts, than objections. The question is not what the Bill is—for it seems unobjectionable in purpose and character; but how will it work? How, by perverted ingenuity, may it be diverted from the purpose contemplated by the framer, and converted, in any degree, into an instrument of evil?

And, first—No Minister of Public Instruction is proposed; but, instead, a Board of Education—to consist of five Commissioners, three appointed for life, and two to be members of the Government—viz., the President of the Council, and one of the Secretaries of State; and which of them ought to be specified. Now, the two ex-officio commissioners, changing with every change of the administration, and whose duties are mainly financial, do not, morally, reckon for much; for the substantial power of the Board will be exercised by the three permanent members. One of these must be a serjeant-at-law, or a barrister of at least seven years' standing. Their salaries, like all the rest, are, of course, left blank in the meanwhile; and the amount, and also the salaries of the secretaries, &c., are to be fixed, not by Parliament, but by the Treasury. It is not said whether the persons forming the permanent members of the Board, are competent to hold other offices at the same time or not. They are, though appointed for life, removable at the pleasure of Parliament. This of course. Every official is removable at the pleasure of Parliament, from the King downwards, including those Irish judges whose advent so frightens Mr O'Connell, because he knows that responsibility to Parliament means, in life-appointments, very little, or just no responsibility

at all. The Education Board will, however, be as responsible as any other Board which has not stanch friends in the House to defend its malversations. The main function of this Board of Commissioners, is to—"Manage and distribute the funds vested in them from time to time by Parliament, for establishing schools, or maintaining, extending, or improving those already established, whether Infant Schools, Ordinary Schools, Model Schools, or Schools for Training Teachers." They are also to manage and distribute any other funds intrusted to them by individuals for Educational purposes; and, six weeks after the meeting of Parliament, they are to render an account of their management of the public funds; but whether to Parliament also, of the sums intrusted to them by individuals, is not specified. Other functions arise from applications that may be made to the Board, which we understand to be optional to the governors and trustees of schools, but, if made, imperative on the Commissioners—but neither is this (contained in clauses 4th and 5th) clear to us. It refers, we presume, to schools and educational foundations already existing, or to such as may be endowed hereafter, without the assistance of the Board, and without consulting it.

The main thing is, how a municipality, or rural parish or township, wanting to organize a new school of any sort, is to proceed, in order to command the assistance and co-operation of the Commissioners; and clause 10th provides, that—"In all municipal corporations, already or hereafter incorporated, the town-councils may lay before the Commissioners, plans and estimates for the establishment of new schools, [we presume Infant, Ordinary, Model, or Normal,] and for the support of schools already existing, with the proposed rules and regulations for the conduct of those schools; and the Commissioners may approve of the same in the whole, or in part, or with variations, and authorize the town-councils to levy a rate for carrying into effect the scheme as approved by the Commissioners; and, after the rules for the conduct of any school, have been approved or fixed by the Commissioners, they are not to be altered without their consent." We pause on this binding clause, without at once rejecting it, though preliminary approbation of *rules* and *regulations* is the likest thing in the world to interference; or to saying, "If you do not adopt our method, you shall have none of the public money, nor be allowed to levy a rate for education." The amount of rate is not to be under sixpence, nor to exceed a shilling in the pound, and is to be collected along with the poor-rate, and paid over to the County Treasurer, and by him to the Town Councils, or rural School Committees, to be employed for the specified uses for which the school rate was levied. To enable the Commissioners to fulfil their functions, the three permanent members, with the concurrence of one of the State Officers, are to appoint not more than ten Inspectors, whose remuneration and travelling allowance, are to be settled by the Treasury. We shall have something to say by and by, of these Inspectors; but, in the meanwhile, according to the abstract before us, they are to "have power, under the authority of the Commissioners, to examine the state and conducting of all endowed schools which come within the late acts for inquiring into charities; of all schools which have been or shall be assisted by any grant of public money; of all schools to be established or assisted under this act; and of all schools and seminaries which shall have been enrolled under this act. They may also, but with the consent of those having the care and superintendence of them, examine the state and conducting of all other schools. In both cases, they are to furnish a copy of their report to the schoolmaster, with the address of the Commissioners." In short, care is taken to prevent the undue exercise of Inquisitorial power, by permitted secrecy in reporting. Schoolmasters refusing to admit the Inspectors—as sturdy dominies in this country have done occasionally in the case of the visitations of presbyteries—are to be fined not more than twenty pounds for their contumacy. There is, however, this important distinction—that, where Presbyterial visits have been declined, the school was generally private, and received nothing for its support from the public or parochial funds. To us, the mode of appointment, and the functions of the Inspectors, present a stumbling-block in many ways; yet Inspectors there must be, if there is a Board at all; and we own it easier to see faults than to suggest remedies.

But, first, we would inquire, whether it is necessary that three of the members constituting the Board, should, of necessity, be appointed for life? —and, if so, as one of them must by the act be a lawyer, from what class or profession are the remaining two to be taken? We choose bishops from the inferior orders of the clergy, judges from the bar, generals from staff-officers—but whence are Commissioners for education to come? If their sole office were the proper administration of the funds intrusted to them by Parliament, there would be no difficulty; but if not themselves actual Inspectors of the progress of education, they are to determine where schools shall be established, (on the preliminary application being made by town-councils and school committees,) and they have the appointment and the removal at discretion, of the Inspectors of all schools connected with their Board, or craving its countenance.

And, now, of those Inspectors. Their duties are neither particularly defined nor limited. If they were confined to seeing that the public money, given in aid of the schools by the Board, were properly expended, and for the specified objects, that is a matter easily understood. But, although, according to the speech, there is to be no interference with the modes or amount of instruction, and none with the class-books employed, the Inspectors are to report to the Board, as it appears to us, about the whole business and management of the schools; being bound, however, to furnish the master with a copy of their report; and, farther, we do not see that either

the town-councils, or the rural school committees, have any co-ordinate power of inspection, or any control over the Inspectors appointed and set aside at the pleasure of the Board. There is so strong a predisposition for everything to run into jobs in this ill-governed country—a country systematically governed for the benefit of the rich at the expense of the poor—that we must look closer even to the small piece of patronage vested in the Treasury by the payment of ten School Inspectors, and although the Board has their appointment. In England we have just two descriptions of men occupying every place of emolument, from the smallest to the most lucrative. The scions and allies of aristocratic families get all the places which conjoin good pay with little work, or no work at all; while the jobbers of the existing government obtain every office where, with something to do, or the appearance of it, there is more slender pay. Lord Edward Such-a-one is made governor of a castle or island which he never saw; while Mr So-and-so, the attorney, and very clever canvasser and manager for the Ministerial candidates at the last three elections for his county or borough, is first appointed a commissioner on a tithe inquiry, or about the wants of the Irish poor, or the Scottish Kirk; and, these important avocations ended, starts for a School Inspector. Two Ministers of State sit with the Board, and the other three members being of necessity on the best footing with the Treasury, from the necessity of keeping friends in Court while subjected to the yearly scrutiny of the Humes and Grotes, must, at all times, be inclined to listen to a hint from the proper quarter; and so our clever attorney, nothing better casting up, or, as likely his son, or his son-in-law, or the sub-editor of a most useful Treasury print, is transformed by the Board into a School Inspector, and handsomely paid by the Treasury. This is no improbable conclusion, and still less the close relationship that must exist between the Treasury and the Board. Appointments for life are no doubt meant to ensure personal independence; but, as the House of Commons is now constituted, every Board responsible yearly must look to strengthening its interest in that House, by courting one faction or the other.

But, if life appointments cannot ensure independence, what have they to recommend them above those that are for a more limited period, and renewable? The remedy might be, to assign to Parliament the sole appointment of the Education Commissioners, and to exclude the Crown—but of that we fear there is little hope. Lord Brougham has not thought of it; and, perhaps, would disapprove; though a Board for life, in a matter still untried, and which, with all human care and foresight, may not work—is subject for reflection. Ill as we like increasing the preponderance of the Crown, and though every one would object to the superintendents of National Education changing with every change of Ministry, there is surely a medium between this, and at once placing these novel, and, so to speak, experimental functionaries upon a footing with the Judges. If Lord Brougham himself were intrusted by Parliament with the sole power of setting in motion his own machinery, constituting the whole Board, in his own person. for life, and appointing his own Inspectors, there would be every cause of exultation and confidence, and none of doubt. But legislators must look to the ordinary course of human events, and not to "lucky accidents," like a Lord Brougham. This brings us to another point of doubt: From what class are the Inspectors to be chosen?—to protect us, not alone against ignorance and incapacity, but against the underling intriguers and hirelings of either of the factions, or of the Government. Again, we inquire from what profession is it a safe rule to choose the individuals who are to watch that those of the same profession, undertaking a special business, do their duty? We choose Generals and Admirals from the military and naval professions:—Napoleon said from the ranks—and he said what was wise as true. Lawyers alone become judges, clergymen alone bishops; while surgeons and apothecaries grow into physicians. There are, however, a few offices of which it seems to be believed that men acquire knowledge by intuition or instinct; such as Cabinet Ministers—for which the younger sons of Peers, and a few great Commoners, are especially born; legislators—who are chiefly, but not wholly, limited to the same circumstance of birth, as they besides require a money or land qualification; and, for aught that Lord Brougham's Bill provides, School Inspectors—whom the Board may endow and qualify by its proper grace, without more ado. Why should it not be provided that these Inspectors—the men doing the work, as the Board in London can only act upon their Reports—should, besides being otherwise proper persons, be practical schoolmasters, men trained in and acquainted with the theory and the business of tuition. Even in the Excise—a department requiring not much more intellect, one would imagine—all the superior officers have risen, step by step, from being gaugers. There is another consideration. Hope is the aliment of life, and the stimulus to exertion. These ten places are to be regarded as objects of honest ambition to the teachers of Normal, and Model, and other schools; as something to contend for, and that from no sordid motive.

These remarks we throw out for consideration, after a somewhat hasty, if anxious perusal of the Bill. And now is the time for reflection. So much do we admire its scope and spirit, and reverence its mighty object, that we should dread to see its intentions either frustrated or perverted.

With penalties for abuse of the education franchise, and other offences against the act, we shall not concern ourselves. Some of them are severe, and especially the purposed punishment of seven years' transportation, or three years' imprisonment, for forging the certificate conferring what is termed the Knowledge Franchise. Lord Brougham seems to feel greater apprehension and difficul-

ties to his measure from this popular or popularity clause, than any other. Perhaps he may have thrown it out as partly a tub to amuse the whale in the Upper House, and to save his Bill—as a milkmaid throws down her red cloak to a mad bull, to save her person. All rate-payers are to enjoy the Education Franchise; but, in towns, if we understand aright, when the electors choose their town-council, they by the same operation elect their school managers. Now, unless this new function is to be added to the duties of the council, at a different election, how are the persons possessing the Knowledge Franchise to vote?

The new educational machinery to be constructed for parishes and townships, we consider simpler and better adapted for the object, than that which Lord Brougham finds existing in municipalities, and proposes to adopt. In these localities, a more direct influence over the schools is given to the People. There are no intervening bodies. The rate-payers at once elect the school-committee for a single special object; whereas the councils of towns must manage the schools in connexion with many other duties, though they can certainly choose a school-committee from the body of the council, if they find it expedient. The rural school-committee consists of five members, of whom one only goes out every year. This is at least not too many. We, indeed, consider it objectionable, although the *quinquennial* period is a favourite number at present. Clause 11th states, "And be it farther enacted, that the commissioners acting under the authority of this act, shall and may receive from any Scientific or Literary Institution or Society, or any Mechanics' Institution or Association, or from any Society whatever, whether corporate or incorporate, the purpose of which is the promotion of inquiry or information in Science, Letters, or Arts, a copy of its rules and regulations, with a list of the members, singled out by themselves, such a list to be countersigned by the treasurer or secretary of such institution," &c. &c. Now, is this optional to the society, but compulsory on the Commissioners? We presume so; for the object seems to be facilitating the granting of such certificates as may give the educational franchise to the members. Yet we can conceive that this clause might, in time coming, be so construed as to give the Commissioners summary power over all Literary Societies, Book Clubs, and Scientific Associations. We must be pardoned for a little unnecessary apprehension upon such subjects. The present alarming discontent with the new Poor Law arises from nothing expressed in the Act, but from things perpetrated under its alleged authority. The Poor Law itself, for example, does not enjoin, nor in any way directly sanction, the separation of children and parents, and husbands and wives; but yet, in consequence of the undefined, arbitrary, or discretionary power of the Commissioners, those severities are practised under it, which have nearly thrown one part of the country into insurrection.

The Knowledge Qualification, introduced by Lord Brougham, with so just and eloquent a eulogium upon the industrious classes, need neither alarm the Upper nor the Lower House. It will, at no time, be very extensive in operation. The individuals claiming the franchise from it, will be few in number at any time, and always rapidly passing into rate-payers. This, their intelligence and good conduct must ensure.

The last vital clause of the Bill provides for the reading of the Scriptures in all schools connected with the Board, or receiving any grant of the public money from it. This we conceive an indispensable rule; and we find it recognised to the fullest extent. We confess ourselves unable to comprehend the fine-spun theories of those ultra-purists, or ultra-religionists, who would drive the Bible out of the school, to be kept for some holier season; nor can we conceive their grounds of apprehension. The mind of the country is against them; common sense and right reason is against them. We are the more astonished to find natives of Scotland entertaining this visionary opinion of the danger, in any circumstances, of the Bible. Without the Bible as a little child's book, and as a school-book, what a starveling people, at least in mind, would the Scotch have been! Cavilling on this subject is, we trust, at an end, and opposition annihilated. The antagonist party ought to take example by the manliness and candour of Lord Winchelsea; and we doubt not that they will do so, as theirs is, we believe, a conscientious, not factious opposition.

One provision of the bill, objected to by the Earl of Winchelsea, is certainly startling at first sight. If communities cannot concur, in the first instance, about the school they require, the Board is to give them no aid whatever. There will be no school. A majority of Churchmen shall not be assisted in coercing or overruling a minority of Dissenters, and *vice versa*. This is, however, a just and wise rule; and it will help greatly to ensure mutual forbearance and unanimity of sentiment; but we must distinguish between a conscientious and a *factious* minority.

Lord Brougham has appealed, not only to the House of Lords, but to the country, and to the Liberal friends of education, for support for his great measure—"a measure," he says, "for the purpose of doing all that is wanted for the Education of the People, without doing more; for interfering, on the part of the government and legislature, as far as is necessary, and no farther." This appeal to the country will not be made in vain; and, even if his measure should be delayed by the apparently total indifference of the Whig Government to everything connected with the prospective improvement of the People, it cannot ultimately be lost.

Let us now recapitulate our queries and doubts; for a very good Act may be perverted—and this bill certainly leaves excessive discretionary power to the Board.

I. Should the members of a Board to carry into effect a vast, but still untried measure, be at once appointed for life?

II. What are the precise functions of the Com-

missioners? And, if the Government—*i. e.* the Board—be in no respect to interfere with the modes of teaching, the course of study, the class books, the character, fitness, or appointment of the teachers, as Lord Brougham asserts, what are the precise duties of the Inspectors? What is to form the subject of their official Reports? Are they to be confined merely to matters of finance and economy?

III. What are the general or special qualifications required in the Inspector? And are these to be wholly left to the discretion of the Board?

IV. Are Normal Schools (schools, namely, for training Teachers) and Model Schools, to be first demanded by communities, (as would appear from the Bill,) or are they to be established at the discretion of the Board, in whatever locality they approve? There is much danger to be apprehended, in endowing Normal Schools to too great an extent, or in any permanent manner; danger of creating a sort of small Government Schoolmaster Universities, little Oxfords and Lilliputian Cambridges. If the character and condition of a schoolmaster shall ever be as effective as they ought to become, parents will as readily educate their sons at their own expense for teachers, as for any other profession. We perceive great utility in assisting Normal Schools in the first instance, but should entertain a wholesome distrust of permanent establishments of this kind, endowed and managed by the Government, *i. e.*, by the Board.

V. Ought the Board and its staff of Inspectors not to be tied up, from either sending forth class-books, or recommending them, or in any way interfering to influence the course of study? Would it be right that the whole mind of the country should be cast in one mould, cut to one pattern-card, furnished by the Board? And books would go far to produce this effect. Fashion, imitation, the desire of pleasing and flattering the Inspectors, would be powerful enough among the schoolmasters, without permitting any direct interference in such matters. In the first few years, all private schools would be nearly swept away by the influence of fashion; schools in connection with, or under the patronage of the Board alone, would, for a time, be frequented, and the useful principle of competition, (save for a favourable report from the Inspector,)* would be suspended; but this would right itself, and the best teacher be the most successful, whether independent, or under the superintendence of the Board.

VI. Why should not rural school-committees be under the same rule as to continuance in office as town-councils? Surely the present municipal period is long enough. It is three years before the electors have the power of making a total change in the councils. In the villages it would be five.

In making these observations, we are conscious of feelings the very reverse of captious. To a certain extent we had been misled by the representation of Lord Brougham's opinions, made by some of the compulsory educationists. It was impossible to believe that he favoured their extreme schemes; and his plan, now that it is before the world, equals whatever could have been expected from the enlightened and ardent friend of man. Still there is often an immense difference between the letter of an Act and its practical operation. We instanced above the new Poor-Law. It is under no definite or repealable clause that severities have been committed which fill the People with indignation; but under the arbitrary or discretionary powers of the Commissioners. Lord Brougham's Bill, admirable as it is, comes not before the country to be carried by acclamation, as "The Bill, and the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill!" but to be sifted, weighed, purified, and made to approximate as far as possible to that wise, considerate, and perfect measure which its noble framer intended. Finally, with unqualified admiration of Lord Brougham's sentiments, as developed in his speech, our doubts increase in looking to the probable operation of his life-appointed Board, endowed with large, undefined, discretionary powers, holding the sinews of war. For the distribution of the sums placed at their disposal, the Commissioners are accountable to Parliament; but we hear of no responsibility for an abuse of power in other respects. Many of these points will doubtless be elucidated when the Bill comes to be discussed.

* It has been humorously suggested to us, that, in the periodical visitations of the School Inspector, there should be the same law against *treating* as in elections; and that their route should be changed as frequently as the stations of excisemen.

THE LONDON PERIPATETIC; OR, SKETCHES ABOUT TOWN.

The sagacious reader must not imagine, by the title of these random papers, that I am about to philosophize, or discuss the merits of Aristotelian doctrines; for he may be assured I am guiltless of any such intention, and the ghost of the schoolman may rest in a state of pefect quiescence, so far as regards any disturbance I shall offer his dignity. My object is far less abstruse. I have assumed the title of Peripatetic, because I like the word—it is a noble word, and preserves well the stamp of its Greek original; and, moreover, because it expresses my meaning better than any other, and tells in a breath my habit of pedestrian speculation. "Humph!" say you—"the habit is no uncommon one."

I know that. The Spectator was a Peripatetic—so was Pope—so was Dr Johnson. Coleridge and Charles Lamb were first-rate Peripatetics——But softly—I am getting into a dilemma, by putting it in the power of an ill-natured reader to ask me, with a very meaning sneer, if I have the sublime impudence to class myself

with the names, all, *save one*,* illustrious, just mentioned.

Not at at all; for I have read the fable of the frog, and profited thereby—therefore, do not twit me so impatiently. I will state in a sentence what I am, and my own estimation of myself. I am a respectable individual, of staid habits, with some small share of observation, and, at times, addicted to the *cacoethes scribendi*. It is my "custom in the afternoon," to call for my short nankin gaiters—in winter and wet weather, ditto of black cloth—settle my spectacles firmly on my nose, don my broad-brimmed hat, and sally forth, to make observations. I am a good walker, albeit now mourning the departure of my fifty-seventh birth-day, and the approaches of gout and rotundity; and frequently make a circuit of several miles before my six o'clock dinner. In these, my rambles, I am generally alone; for I like both the motions of mind and body to be unembarrassed by the presence of a companion, and the respect one is necessitated to pay to his inclination and convenience. I like to spell over a beautiful engraving in a shop window, or contemplate a sweet, laughing child, or gaze upon a stately building, until I feel poetry stealing from the object upon my soul, and flooding it with the beautiful; or I may like to talk for an hour with some stranger, casually met with, and extract from his discourse food for observation upon human nature; or, perchance, to dive into obscure crooked lanes and alleys, in search of something—I know not precisely what—but something that shall read me a lesson in man; or, I may desire (and here do not misunderstand or misrepresent my intentions) to chat with a pretty nursery-maid, and toy with the rosy, joyous little cherubs she is surrounded by, until I laugh loudly, and fancy myself young again; or, perhaps, to look upon a group of ragged boys, playing at something in imitation of cricket, on a miserable patch of green in the suburbs, with a pile of crownless hats and tattered caps for a wicket, a rough misshapen piece of wood for a bat, and a half-burst ball.

Now, in such odd, peripatetic strolls, whilst disposed to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies," a companion is mostly an incumbrance. You cannot give the rein to speculation, and allow it to proceed in its own discursive or eccentric course. A different train of thinking, in all probability, occupies the mind of your friend; and he interrupts the ideas filling your own, by some remark altogether foreign to their purport. Not that I am misanthropic. I love the society of my fellow-beings; I love the holy communion of friendship. There are times when the souls of men pour forth sentiments in sympathy, an unison as delightful as it is unfrequent. There are times when the bustle of life is forgotten, the glare gone by for a space; when a benignant angel is abroad, pervading the vast universe with calm, and man's heart with that glow of universal love which is God's worship; when passions are hushed, asperities smoothed, and the spirit seeks some sister with whom to confer in the blessed stillness, and whisper sacred things.

Yet there are also times when we would stand aloof from sympathy, and observe mankind in silence; when we would wander amidst crowds, converse with many strangers, and dive into the arcana of the human heart; contemplate actions, and conjecture upon motives, without seeking to communicate our remarks, or to receive those of another; but rather courting the solitude of the closet, there to admire the greatness of man, and wonder at his infirmities. And what place more replete with the means of such observation than London? There is a moral in the smoke that envelopes it, and knowledge to be picked up in the names of the streets. In London you will find subjects for your admiration and your disgust—for your praise and execration; and miscellanea without number for speculation and study. No place presents to you in a greater degree the extremes of guilt and virtue, or of squalid misery and princely grandeur; no place annoys and delights you more. In a word, no spot on the globe is more full of antitheses than London, where you are continually making the step which leads you from the sublime to the ridiculous. *Ecce!*—You stop at a shop window, to contemplate Martin's engraving of Satan bestriding a dusky globe in terrible grandeur. It calls up associations to your mind; you think on Milton's stupendous descriptions of the archfiend, who,

> "Above the rest,
> In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
> Stood like a tower."

You are full of Milton. Hades is before your mind's eye, with its fiery surge, that, from the precipice of heaven, received the falling angels, with

> "Its dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
> The seat of desolation, void of light,
> Save what the glimmering of the livid flames
> Cast pale and dreadful."

An unearthly awe is upon you. Your body, it is true, is mechanically threading its way through the countless throng of passengers, in a busy street, yclept the Strand; the ceaseless and stunning rattle of carts, carriages, and omnibuses, is resounding in your ears—but you are unconscious of it. The soul has forgotten her connexion with clay, and is away in far-off worlds—when, lo! you are reminded of your mortality by an imp of a Jew boy running before you, treading on your toes to enable him the better to stare in your face—peering, with his black, eager, cunning-looking eyes, up to yours—pointing full at you his long, hawked, reddish nose—and screaming, in his diabolic gibberish, "Lucifer matches, a penny a-box!—only a penny each for Lucifers!" You vote the imp the lowest demon in the Morning Star's nether establishment, and, venting an execration, you internally resolve never to sign the petition for Jewish emancipation, and hurry on; but the dream of the spirit is broken.

Or, peradventure, you had been at the festival in Westminster Abbey, and, returning home-

* Each reader is at liberty to reserve which name he pleases, as the exception.

wards, rapt, entranced with sounds that lifted you towards empyreum, you encounter a ragged, sottish-looking object, croaking forth—

"I'd be a butterfly."

Horror-struck by the wretch who has run amuck against your inspirations, you rush round the corner, when a deformed boy, with elf-locks, and eyes a-squint, thrusts into your hand a printed card, decorated with thumb-marks. You are fixed by his *fascinating* face, and, by a strange impulse that your desultory reader too well knows, cannot let any printed paper pass unperused. The card is thus formed and worded—

SONS OF HARMONY.

Sir,—The honour of Your company Is requested at the sons of Harmony, Mr Swizzle's Cock and Bottle, Seven Dials.—Mr Splayfoot in the Chair.

*** *Ladies Is admitted.*

You had heard, at the Abbey, "the seven plagues of Egypt." Here was an eighth! Why had that demoniacal boy, with his certain-to-be-hanged look, selected you? You dwell upon this problem, though you know its solution is impossible; you read the cartel, as if you could make something else of it by reperusal; and all this while you feel the presence of the "boy with the back." He relentlessly drives you onwards—away, away, five miles per hour; it is no use, you are instinctively walking towards that veritable "Cock and Bottle." There you are, opposite the very door. It is a double one, and the paint rubbed off at the edges, about four feet from the ground, by the manual exercises of in and outgoers. In the window are divers intimations of the fluids sold within—"Dantzic Spruce," "Champagne Ale," and "Pine Apple Rum," amid others; and an announcement, no doubt veritable in one sense—*i. e.*, "*The British Traveller* taken in here." Vials of coloured liquids, resembling what old women emphatically call doctor's stuff, are shelved along the upper panes, above the half shutter. Squalid children, with little black bottles, glide in and out; and three or four ragged women meet ever and anon at the different corners of the street, whisper mysteriously, nudge each other, give a sort of inward chuckle, indicative of an impropriety having been detected in some dear friend of each, and then march off *en masse* to the attractive Cock and Bottle. Instinctively you remain gazing on the sign. The policeman has passed you once or twice, and looked full in your face, then at the shutters opposite, and again at you, as if he could discover whether your intents were or were not burglarious, by your features. The last time, he turns the bull's eye full upon you, and you become conscious of your situation. You "move on;" when you behold a young man, in a very bright brown coat, with large metal buttons; a crimson velvet waistcoat; a sky-blue neckkerchief, with a broach as large as an oyster; enormously-striped shepherd's-plaid trowsers; and a white hat, cocked so far on one side that it is a marvel and a mystery how he retains it on his head. He has gloves, tinted berlins, in his hands, and carries a painted cane, *à la* ebony, with a tremendous tassel. Upon his arm is a lady, young and "beautiful exceedingly," but of that kind of beauty that may be termed London particular, and which generally characterises damsels who are anything but particular themselves. She has a light blue silk dress, the length of which is calculated upon the same principle as Duvernay's petticoats; her stockings are ruddy as Aurora's fingers; her shoes are of patent leather'd "glossy sheen"—sandaled are they even to the calf, the swell of which peeps coquettishly forth as the lady sails (for she can't walk) along. She wears a yellow band, with a buckle, which I would describe; but, as they are to be seen in all the toy bazaars, "from 1s. 9d. upwards," let the reader fancy it. Her bonnet is of the cab head size, of a bright pink, with gay streamers flying; beneath it, is the frill of a cap, with flowers of every hue, and green stalks like young saplings; and, on the exterior of the aforesaid bonnet, are three feathers, placed like the Prince of Wales' plume, and of white tipped with blue. In her breast is something purporting to be a diamond set round with "*regard*" stones, the intended diamond exceeding in size the Pigot; her wrists are encircled by metal bands, with amethyst clasps, the jewels as large as eggs; her gloves are of a bright tan colour. For a moment your mind reverts to the Abbey, and the elegance of the simply-attired loveliness there; but the pair advance, with that freshening eagerness of pace that intimates the pursuit of anticipated pleasure. There they pass! They have taken the wall, though it was yours by right of way; but who would wish to dispute the point with the proprietor of the mysteriously-cocked beaver? They go on. What!—do your eyes deceive you? No: they enter The Cock and Bottle! Back again you go, though the suspicious policeman is standing at the corner, with his sergeant and two others, evidently pointing you out, and inquiring if they know the face. You are opposite the temple of Bacchus and Apollo once more; a tinkle of a piano with a harpsichord tone is heard; other couples, variously attired, pass through the portals; merriment breathes out from the first-floor window. Hark! a woman's voice!—she sings! your heart is softened, your mind is assailed through your ears, as the mummy-makers were wont to make their way to the brains of their subjects. The policeman is gathering himself up for mischief; Wisdom says, Take shelter. You never met the Sons (and daughters) of Harmony—never witnessed the assemblage entitled a Free and Easy. Has not some ancient said, speaking of these sorts of things, or of something else, *Nôsse hæc omnia, salus est?*—Certainly. You put your hand upon the oft-bemauled doorway—it opens easily, you are at the bar, and on the way to

THE FREE AND EASY.

"Thruppence, if you please, sir," says a ruddy-faced lady, standing behind the bar. You comply without asking any questions—the wisest way, by

the by; and receive in return a square card, abominably filthy, with some letters upon it, that have long since been thumbed and fingered into obscurity. "Staircase to the right," (cries the aforesaid lady;) "John, shew the gentleman." John is a lad about sixteen, son of the proprietress, and acting as waiter. His shirt and apron are white as snow, and his hair, oiled and scented to excess, is parted in the middle like a girl's, or like those pretty-visaged wax effigies of gentlemen, represented in perfumers' shops. You come to the door of the room. There stands a dirty-faced man, in a braided military surtout, which, at the time of the battle of Waterloo, had, no doubt, belonged to an officer of the line; since that, had been sported as part of the stage wardrobe of a light comedian; and, having grown out of fashion, been bought for general wear by a country actor; and now, in its older years, enveloped the person of that nondescript, a "*professional.*" His dirtinessship holds a plate in which you deposit your check; the door is opened; and, with the feeling of one detected, *flagranti delicto*, you sidle into the room. Every one, male or female, turn their heads, and take a "good stare" at you. This having, of course, increased your self-possession, you sit down upon a bench which is fastened to the wall, and draw a long breath in an atmosphere curiously compounded of the steam of gin, rum, brandy, human breath, tobacco smoke, and a small admixture of air, which your entrance gave admission to at the doorway. The apartment is of a tolerable size, two rooms having been thrown into one. As their sizes differed, the second one forms a seat of retreat, at the end of which sits "the Vice," whilst in the front room, (we speak of the rooms as they were, for distinction's sake,) the President is placed aloft in awful state. "Gentlemen, give your horders—the *waitus* in the room"—comes rom the recess, as uttered by the invisible Vice; and the young gentleman who conducted you upstairs, stands in front of the table before your seat, and "speaks, though he says nothing;" for his eye wears a what-do-you-please-to-take sort of expression. The order is given and obeyed with marvellous celerity; the fact being, that a *depot* of ready-mixed liquors is kept on the stair-head. "Mr Spiflicate will obleege," saith the President; a tornado of applause follows, by which you gather that Mr S. is a professional, and, moreover, a favourite. He steps forward with a peculiar motion, (oh! call it roll, not swagger,) and approaches the piano; then, and not till then, he takes off his hat, and, placing it on the instrument, pokes his fingers through his recently and lightly curled hair, and whispers the musician. During their colloquy, one or two young men tap him with their canes, to gain his attention. They all offer him liquor or beer; and he, with amiable condescension, avoids, what they call, in the insolvent court, an undue preference, by drinking heartily with each. One of the tappers asks for a peculiar song, another names a different ballad, and a third begs his nomination may be attended to, as "it's being hasked for by a lady." The great man smiles, wriggles his entire frame, pulls up his collar, again rants through the labyrinth of his curls, and, placing the last asker's brandy and water on the piano before him, desires the Timotheus to "go along." The former proprietor looks wistfully at his glass; it is *in transitu*, from the instrument to the lips of the "professional;" he drinks deeply; and, in the abstraction of great minds, forgets to return, but replaces it on the piano. The musician's symphony draws to a close, and he looks up at the singer, and, finding him again imbibing, he prolongs the cadence. At length, the great creature essays. The song is comic, and contains allusions amatory enough to make the few not wholly corrupted girls in the room giggle, and the other ladies look grave. The song proceeds: it dilates upon Greenwich fair, is facetious as to down-hill frolics, minutely anatomical in its descriptions, and then prophetic. Lucina is alluded to in a very obvious, though not very classical manner; the singer feels his hold upon his auditors; he gets ferociously funny; between each verse a symphony is played, which differs in length, according to the onslaught the professional makes upon the requester's brandy and water, and the song concludes amid a clatter of glasses, a thumping of tables, a clapping of hands, knocking of sticks, and loud cries of "Brave Ho!" a musical deity always invoked on such occasions. Again the invisible Vice speaks; again are the glasses replenished, and the hammers of the President and his invisibility are heard; a dead pause; then a murmur: a no-meant-for-yes kind of dissent; a persuasive numble—all in the recess; and then—portentous announcement!—"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm happy to *and ounce* Miss Learem will obleege." All the women turn their heads towards the avenue, and, in one glance, criticise every article of Miss L's. wardrobe. Then you hear mysterious words in small voices—"What ancles! what a waist! did you ever?" And if the Miss L. be undeniably pretty, then "Impudent hussey! horrid bold! well, I'm sure!" form the staple commodities of attack. Miss Learem is a young lady who thinks you cannot see too much of a good creature, and is, therefore, profuse in the exhibition of her shoulders; and, if her ancles be ponderous, she has given her enemies a capital chance of proving it. She has taken off her bonnet, her hair is plaited over her brow, and she has two *tails*, (I speak not in irreverence, but ignorance,) strongly resembling those displayed by the Tartar-Chinese, who go about town with children's toys. She carries her reticule in her hand, partly because it is a very showy one, and partly because it assists the voice. A little man, very shabby, but very frisky, emerges from the recess; he has washed his face, but, in his hurry, forgot to do as much for his hands, which he thrusts forth, and, snatching at the kid glove of Miss L., he leads her to the instrument. This gentleman is "Monsieur le Conducteur"—so called because he does not know how to con-

duct himself, or anything else. He has, in his off-hand, a roll of the professional lady's music ; cries come from all ends of the room—" Meet me by moonlight"—" Harab Steed"—" Dashen Vite Surgeon," &c. &c., on which, one gentleman in the recess, exclaims, in a Stentorian voice—" *No Dick Taten.*" Silence is restored, and the lady sings. During the symphony, she exchanges glances with one or two happy fellows, who thereupon give a knowing shake of the head, and a smirk that indicates

" Blest is he whom Lydia smiles on."

The song concludes ; the applause is tremendous ; " Ann Core" echoes from right to left ; the women bite their lips and toss their heads, like hearse-horses at a funeral ; and the lady, having been requested to sing the song again, sings another instead, and is reconducted to her seat, having her hand caught ever and anon by some admirer as she passes.

A little man who has treated every professional, and offered his glass continually to the musician, now begins to display decided symptoms of song-a-mania—a disorder very prevalent indeed at such places, and peculiar to gentlemen who had rather be heard than hear. Name after name is announced, but none of these are his ; despair has worked him into boldness, and he whispers a " professional" that he would sing if called upon. That gentleman empties the little man's glass, and posts off to the President ; that great functionary hears the request with a stern look. He then glances aside at the intended vocalist ; perceives that he is well dressed, and weareth a watch. Visions of a benefit *in futuro*, and of tickets to be taken by the little fellow, expand his soul. With a tone of easy condescension, and a face beaming with benevolence, he exclaims—" He should be appy to ear the gentleman wot sits fourth from the pihanar, and next to the lady in the red bonnet." The little man, in a very high cravat and a very high fluster, pleads a cold ; but is at last taken by the professional to the instrument. The musician does not know the song he intends perpetrating, but undertakes to " follow him ;" and having heard him hum what he persists in calling the air, extemporizes a symphony. All the professionals and their friends (the President and the introducer excepted) quiz the little fellow unmercifully, and the ladies glance at him, and then at Mr Spiflicate, as Hamlet looked at the pictures of Claudius and his father. At last the little fellow strikes off in a key of his own ; the accompanyist, no way discomposed, either shifts to that, or plays on in another key ; and the song concludes amid scraping of feet, coughing, and other parliamentary noises. The President and introducer frown and look big, call upon Brave Ho, again ; and the little man having found that singing and sudorific are synonimous, sits down ; his friend the professional squeezes in beside him, and it is a remarkable fact that, from that moment, the little man always calls for two glasses at once, and invariably drinks four times as fast as before. The President sits in dignified abstraction. He curses his dignity. Like Lucifer, his ambition has been his ruin. The wily professional has the novice—spider had never fly more securely. The little man gets more excited. His friend knows that that company will never stand a second infliction ; but "there is a very nice room at The Great Turk's Head, and some prime gals." The little fellow's eyes twinkle ; there he can go under the wing of his professional adviser ; he starts, gives a look of proud disdain to the company, bows to and shakes hands with the President—for he is grateful for being "called on"—and goes down stairs. The great functionary marks him for a victim that " shall be hereafter ;" and the professional calls for two glasses " short," after coming out of the warm room ; again—for they are going into the cold air ; and then the little man orders two more, (paying for all,) because he wont be backward in coming forward—a joke he has just learned from his accomplished companion. Through devious ways do they go towards Drury-Lane ; and ere three streets are passed, eternal friendship has been vowed between them. The professional hopes his friend is not drinking on a " hempty stomach ;" the little fellow confesses the case ; (he has been drinking it too, for an hour and a-half, under the name of Sherry ;) in another instant their feet are under a deal table, at a restaurateurs, facetiously denominated a " Slap-Bang," by the witty professional. Supper dispatched, and paid for, the reader guesses by whom, the friend leads on to the new Temple of Cecilia. " Thruppence" is demanded ; but the professional nods and says—" This ere gentleman's a friend of mine." They pass. The little man now feels that his new acquaintance is no unimportant personage. He learns his name as they ascend ; Podge is his real, Fitzmundungus his professional appellation. They enter the room. Loud applause hails the appearance of the festive Fitz ; old frequenters nudge new ones, and whisper, loud enough to be heard a mile off—" There, that's Fitz—such a chap!" The little man (Peter Meek, for we will conceal him no longer, whose aunt, a widow, keeps a small tallow chandler's,) now feels what it is to be a great man, even in a free and easy. *His* garments are excellent, his Swiss flat gold watch unexceptionable. His friend Fitz boasts no such gewgaws ; moreover, his garments might, like Edgar's, be almost mistaken for " Persian," for they bear no resemblance to the present fashion. But what of all this ? His genius has blazed forth, and he is the star of the Great Turk's Head. They sit ; the landlord pops a full glass of rum and water before Mundungus, and never asks for the money. Peter, in all his experience, had never seen anything like that : the genius of his friend obtains him liquor gratis ! Whilst that glass lasts, the professional liberally insists on his little friend partaking—nay, leaves the liquor with him, whilst he prowls round the room, shaking hands with almost everybody in it. At last, finding a favourable location, he beckons Peter to join him. He does so. Two young ladies and another professional are at one table. Happy Peter ! he is invited, and sits beside one of the

charmers. "A bowl of negus!" he exclaims, in the tone of one who is really beginning to be happy—and there for the present let us leave him, and retrace our steps to the Cock and Bottle.

The mirth has grown louder, the heat has grown greater, the ladies have grown merrier, and the gentlemen are about to be, like the fluids at the beer-shop, "drunk on the premises." Most of the professionals have gone to other rooms; and their seats are taken by others who have just left those very houses. The President announces that Miss Learem takes a benefit at the "Salmon and Snuffertray," and one or two young men expend more than their week's salary in tickets, to ingratiate themselves with the fair songstress. As the night runs deeper into morning, some ladies of wholly unquestionable character enter, attended by their favourites—members of the swell mob. Such of the company as have yet characters to lose, and places to retain, depart. Lads of eighteen, flushed with liquor, now go forth with ladies rising thirty beside them, the acquaintance of three hours' growth rapidly ripening into a "sentiment." But look there! A girl, scarce sixteen, who has obtained "leave to go to the play," is passing out; her arm locked in that of yon bloated fellow of forty. Her eyes look wild—for she has drank liquor for the first time; her cheek is crimsoned—for she fancies every eye reads what has passed in her own mind, and every ear has heard what hers alone drank in. Her companion, with half closed eyes, and head bowed down towards his breast, walks calmly beside her. He has made sure work of it: *it is too late for her to return to her home.* Her one glance of agony at the clock over the bar, is terrible. The man soothes her—she drinks again——Reader, you know the rest of her history.

Enough for the present of these night orgies. Let us go to bed. To-morrow is come, and we walk and speculate on men and things in the fair daylight.

Yonder walks a widow. She is poor, her garments are faded, but exquisitely neat. The snow-white border of the cap, which tells her bereavement, surrounds a countenance, not indeed beautiful, and somewhat wrinkled by years and sorrow, but placid and interesting. The expression, unmarked by prominent characteristics or high intellectual pretensions, yet attracts, from its mildness and benignity. She must have been a sweet girl—one of those fragile plants which must be shielded from the rude breeze, or they droop and die. Following this lorn being, is a mendicant whining forth his tale of distress. "My child is dead, and lying at home unburied," he says.

The widow pauses, and eagerly searches a little black silk bag she carries. Her own grief is recent, and she sympathises with human misery. She places in the man's hand the mite which Christ blessed, and, though she speaks not, her look eloquently expresses—"Would it were more!" The fellow looks first at the coin, then at the donor, and grumbles, as he turns away—"What a large lot! I s'pose you calls yourself a lady, don't you!"

But the converse of the picture is likewise a true one. At the corner of a street in the Strand stood an emaciated creature, shivering in a keen north wind. She was famishing: there could be no doubt of the fact—her hollow eye, the rigidity of her fleshless features, told it; her bones, revealed as if starting from her shrunken form by the clinging of her scanty rags round her limbs, told it; her bloodless lips, moving, but without sound, as she looked for help in her destitution, told it. The passenger to whom her agonized appeal was made, was a tall stout man, well wrapped up in a drab great-coat, with a shawl rolled round his neck to defend his portly person from the cold. He stopped short, and eyed the sufferer. No doubt could be entertained that he was about to relieve her; for methought her voiceless misery must have reached the human heart, whether constitutionally pitiless, fenced with false stoicism, or hardened by depravity. But I was mistaken. The person proved to be a police constable in "private clothes."

"What the devil do you do here?" growled the man in authority. "We don't allow no beggars; so come, *marm*—I shall just walk you off to the station-house."

The poor being shrunk back, terrified; but the officer seized her; his large hand completely encircled the skeleton arm of his prisoner, and he led her away. I was about to offer some remonstrance, but the wretched creature spoke, and I held back to hear what she would say. "I have done no harm, sir; indeed not—pray do not take me. And yet," she continued, in husky accents, and her sunken eye glared feverishly in the socket—"and yet, perhaps, I shall get some food in prison: shall I, sir?"

I am a man of the world, and few, perhaps are less liable to be deceived by the practised cant of mendicity. I saw this was a case of—*distress*, was I about to write?—of agony—of the last stage of human misery. It was a case where a creature of God's handiwork was about to perish, for want of the meanest sustenance, in the very heart and centre of monopolized property, wealth, luxury, and extravagance! It was a case where the convenience of the occasional passenger, or the purse-proud householder, who delicately considered the sight of human misery, opposite his window, a nuisance and an eyesore—a case, I say, where the temporary, momentary, the most trifling insignificant convenience or pleasure of such persons was considered of more value than the LIFE of a sentient, intellectual being! The wretch was dying; but the law would stop her on the very brink of eternity, to pay the penalty of vagrancy, before she closed her eyes upon the world. As I looked upon the unhappy mendicant, I almost unconsciously muttered these affecting lines of Wordsworth:—

> "But of the vagrant none took thought;
> And where it liked her best she sought
> Her shelter and her food;"

and—

"Homeless near a thousand homes she stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food."

Such cases are common—ay, common in England, in boastful proud England, where the national ear is tickled with every sound, and in every note that can be acceptable to the inflated vanity which is the national characteristic. In England, the land of charity and poor-laws—in London, the mart of public hospitals, of benevolent and mendicity institutions, and of private beneficence—the famished pauper hath yielded up his breath on the steps of a workhouse door, because he belonged to another parish, and, I suppose, consequently to another God; and the woman in travail, sternly refused admittance into the wretched receptacle for the unfortunate, hath brought forth her offspring in the kennel by the poorhouse wall, in the midst of a mob whose threats and execrations alone compelled the wretches in authority to admit under the roof the miserable mother and her naked infant, *after* the efficacy of the withheld assistance had become more than doubtful. Yet England is a land where the stripes upon the hide of a donkey are regulated by act of Parliament, and a cat's tail is under legislative protection. So much for *cant!*

One word more of the poor creature whose case induced these reflections. She did not die. A benevolent lady of my acquaintance interested herself on behalf of the sufferer; and to that lady the quondam mendicant now ministers in the capacity of an active, grateful, and intelligent servant.

Your writers of directories divide London into streets, and publish another volume in which each "trade" and its "followers" stands "*en masse*." But it is with the haunts of these traders we have to do. In London, there is a butcher-haunted, and a lawyer-haunted, and a thousand other trade-haunted regions. Reader, do ye ever wander towards the once Bond Street of the Metropolis? It stands near the market for

"Chairmen, coffee-rooms, piazzas, dollies,
Cabbages, and comedians fam'd in story;"

and is entitled "The Street of Bow." It contains the head police-office and a police-station, four gin palaces, one tavern, and one theatre. It is with the latter we have to do. Whether it be attributable to the attraction of that Leviathanic temple of the drama, we know not; but certainly all the small and large fry of theatricals, from Mrs Plaise, (late Mrs Chatterly,) to the cock-salmon, as the actors call Mr W. Farren, do continually "lurk and wander" up and down the street aforesaid, and gather together at

KENNETH'S CORNER.

(To be continued.)

THE DEVIL IN ERNEST.

In his cabinet chair, King Ernest sat,
Doing the statesman, and all that;
O'er Ernest's shoulder, with earnest gaze,
Peered his old Mephistopheles;
By his "hoof and horn," you might see full quick
'Twas only Schule's mask disguised Old Nick;
And, glancing from face to face, you'd swear
That h—l never mated a likelier pair!

"Ho, ho!" quoth Satan, "and so it appears
You'll summon the States just once in three years."
"But only for three months at time."
"Ho, ho!" quoth Satan, "a law sublime!"
"And with the three months I'll soon dispense."
"Ha! ha!" quoth Satan, "that's d—d good sense!"
"And, to shew," rejoined Ernest, "I mean to be civil,
I'll blow the whole beggarly crew to the devil!"

Amazement erected Lucifer's horn;
His eyes of their light for a space were shorn;
And the goose-quill blazed in Ernest's hand,
As though 'twere a genuine hell-fire brand!
O'er "CONSTITUTION," one stroke he drew,
And cried, "'Tis extinct! *Le Roi lé veut!*"
Then, with his sublime excitement pale,
He nodded; and t'other fiend wagged his tail!

"Extinct!" roared Lucifer; "now, by this hoof!—
And that is a curse would rend h—l's roof—
Mock-modesty's not your fault, I see;
For *this* bangs Bannagher; *that* bangs me!
My heart warms towards you; so does h—l—
I'm clearly *in* ERNEST now—farewell!"
Then, paw upon shoulder, and tongue in cheek,
He muttered, "Old cock, you'll be mine next week!"

H.

EUSTACHIO MANFREDI TO PHYLLIS.

"Il primo albor non appariva ancora."

Not yet appeared the morning's earliest ray
When I with Phyllis, 'neath an elm-tree's shade,
Anon her soft words listed, anon prayed
That my fond looks might be revealed by day.
"Then shalt thou see, my Phyllis," would I say,
"From ocean rising, gorgeously arrayed,
Aurora bid the thousand planets fade,
That o'er the mountains now their fires display.

Then shalt thou see the sun, amidst whose light
Both she and they must vanish from the skies—
So glorious of his radiance the might:
Yet shalt not see what I shall—thy fair eyes
Open on day, thine eyes that are so bright
The conquering sunshine in their flashes dies.

W.*

NEW ISSUE OF BENTHAM.—STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE COUNTRY.

THERE was something very equivocal in the attempt of the Ministerialists, during the recent elections, to substitute fine flummery about the Queen's name, on all occasions, for any definite statement of reforms contemplated by Ministers. The temporizing and meaningless language of the government press, too, was very suspicious. Besides, we know of at least one most influential member of that section of the aristocracy which is friendly to Ministers—a man not in office, it is true, but more immersed in the intrigues by which their noble supporters are kept together, than many who are—who repeatedly, during the elections, boasted of having letters from Conservatives, to the effect, that, having thrown out some of the Ultra-Radicals, they would be satisfied with such a demonstration in behalf of their principles, and would lend a general support to Government. The declaration of Lord John Russell against any further Reform, must be received in connection with these facts. The declaration was no hasty ebullition of temper. It was a distinct enunciation of opinion and resolve, made one evening, and repeated the next, with the addition that it was made because Lord John, expecting to be called upon for an expression of opinion regarding the questions mooted by Mr Wakley, had maturely reflected upon them. Lord John Russell's declaration is another item of proof, added to the care taken by Ministers to commit themselves, by no additional promises of Reform, to the zealous repudiation of Radicals and Radicalism by the Government press. All these are but visible emanations of one principle, one sentiment, working at bottom. Mr Spring Rice's disingenuous shuffle in his Civil List Committee, is another of these indications. The man is still trying to make friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness. Lord John's statements with regard to Canada are another. The Whigs are not prepared to defend "sound Revolution principles of government" (to use one of their own slang phrases) against Tory cant about "ships, colonies, and commerce." We are told that, notwithstanding all these symptoms, no coalition is contemplated; and, in the sense in which the phrase is uttered, we believe it. There is equivocation in the words. There will be no coalition between Peel and Melbourne: the men hate each other too cordially. There will be no coalition between the Whig and Tory sections of the *haute noblesse:* the old feudal grudge between the *houses* is too inveterate. But there will be a coalition between the milk-and-water Conservatives and milk-and-water Reformers, to support a Ministry which will consent to draw the salaries of office, and allow things to remain as they are. The conduct, the hints, the declarations of the present Cabinet, are expressions of hope, on the principle that "possession is nine points of the law," that this coalition will give them the first offer, seeing that the mere turning of them out would be a kind of "movement," and likely to set other things in motion. Ministers have, for some time back, if there be any trusting to appearances, been doing what in them lay to bring about this coalition, and to make friends of the parties to it.

It will not do. Admitting even, for the sake of argument, that the whole of the ten-pound constituency was willing to acquiesce in such a *euthanasia* of the Reform Act—in such a dispersion and drying up of the broad, deep stream of public opinion, which rolled so resistlessly along during the Reform struggle—there are elements in society at work which will prevent the consummation. An immense majority of the population is still beyond the pale of the franchise. The great mass of this majority is in a state of severe and permanent suffering—suffering demonstrably referable, in a great measure, to bad legislation and bad government. This unhappy mass of human beings will not remain quiet, because those who have the power are comparatively comfortable. A Ministry resting on such a coalition as we have indicated—a House of Commons returned by it—must uphold the very laws, perpetuate the very misconduct, from which by far the greater part of its sufferings proceeds. Pensions and sinecures, direct and indirect, must be continued, in order that partisans may be rewarded. The oppressive and incompetent engine of our unpaid magistracy must be kept up, to flatter the vanity of some; the unequal distribution of emoluments in the State Church, to gratify the sleek rapacity of others. The bread-tax—starving our operatives, impoverishing and cramping our capitalists, draining the coffers even of our agriculturalists—must be kept up, to soothe the squirearchy. And, to gloss over all these derelictions of duty, the laxity of moral principle, and confusion of ideas, promoted by a vague and improper phraseology, and system of conventional falsehoods, must be perpetuated—acted upon by eminent statesmen, inculcated by reverend divines. Already the fruits of such a system are beginning to shew themselves. Even in Leith and Edinburgh—which are not manufacturing districts, with a few wealthy capitalists floating, *disjecta membra*, amid a sea of operatives—the bad blood existing between electors and non-electors has begun to shew itself. But look to the manufacturing districts of England. The struggles about time-bills, and against the new poor-laws, are mere expressions of suffering and discontent, existing to a fearful amount. The many feel their wretched situation; they feel that something must be done; they feel that nothing will be done, unless they stir for themselves; and so, without well knowing how to set about it, they strike blindly around them. Already the masses have found leaders. Oastler and Stephens can

move them as they will. Beaumont, with his *Northern Liberator*, and O'Connor, with his *Northern Star*, furnish them with rallying points. The form may be new, but the spirit is old. These men and their doctrines are the legitimate successors—the necessary developement of the old "Pioneers," and "strikes," and attempts to organise the "productive labourers." They may be as evanescent as their predecessors; but so long as the sufferings, from which their power springs, endure, so long will their line of successors last, each stronger than his predecessor. Even in non-manufacturing districts, we have seen that materials are piled up, which one spark from this fire would set in a blaze. The use which has been made of the circumstances connected with the arrest and trial of the Glasgow cotton-spinners, accused of murder, is a proof that the same spirit is active in the Scottish manufacturing districts. And if wild and reprehensible language has at times been employed in the progress of the agitation to which we have been adverting, we have only to turn to Colonel Verner's speech in the House of Commons, on the evening of Tuesday, the 5th of December, for an equally shameless avowal of sentiments equally atrocious. We repeat:—It will not do. A truce patched up between the influential champions of Reform and Conservatism, on the ground of allowing matters to rest *in statu quo*, cannot be kept. The seeds of anarchy are rife in the land. We need men at the helm who can *act*, and who *know* what they wish to accomplish, and how to set about it.

In such a state of affairs—when an urgent necessity for action is coupled with an ostentatious profession on the part of those whose duty it is to be active for us, that they will not act—we naturally cast our eyes about for men to whom the country may look for aid. Here and there in every district, we see or hear the voices of such men. Nay, we have indications that they are drawing nigh to each other, and beginning to co-operate. One of the most cheering manifestations of this sort, is the Working Men's Association in London. The great meeting in Westminster on the 4th of December is another; and, if rightly followed up, it will be the source of incalculable benefit to the country. It was right that such a meeting should be held in Westminster. The scene of the life and labours of Jeremy Bentham is consecrated to liberty and the happiness of man. And this consideration leads us to the second topic indicated by the title of our paper—the first issue of the first complete edition of Bentham's works, and the importance of its appearance at a crisis like the present.

The first serious agitation of Parliamentary Reform in this country, is nearly contemporaneous with the close of the American War of independence. The Revolution of 1688 was brought about, in a great measure, by an appeal to the sectarian prejudices of men. That some of the leaders in that Revolution saw clearly the danger of a "king above the law," and struck at that nuisance, there can be no doubt; but with the mass of the people it was otherwise. James might have gone on stretching his prerogative to almost any conceivable extent, without touching to the quick the apathy of Englishmen, or kindling a community of sentiment in the bosoms of the factions into which they were split, had he not taken it into his silly head to become a martyr for the Pope. Vague dreams of the Inquisition haunted the citizens; dread to see the fat benefices of England restored to the Romanists, paralysed for once the loyally voluble tongues of the clergy; and, amid this universal consternation, the enlightened patriots of the age obtained the national sanction to the decree, that kings were responsible. But the public mind was not sufficiently enlightened to see the necessity of applying the doctrine of responsibility to the other branches of British institutions; nor were the allies who aided in the dethronement of James, inclined to promote such an application. The Peers were left entirely irresponsible; the elective system for the House of Commons was allowed to remain a continually deteriorating system of sham representation. The passing of the Septennial Act by the Whigs accelerated the progress. The diminished power of the King had rendered the prize contended for by the aristocracy more worthy of a bold ambition—it was more worth while to corrupt electors; and the increased length of Parliaments rendered it less expensive. Out of such favourable circumstances arose the borough-mongering system. So long as one of the exiled dynasty continued alive, he was used as a bugbear to frighten men into obedience, by the Revolution government; exactly as the Whigs, since the passing of the Reform Bill, have tried to use the Tories. "The Pretender is coming!" cried the Old Whigs. "The Tories are coming!" cry the New. Not long after the death of Cardinal York had dispossessed the ruling powers of this convenient scarecrow, the assertion of the principle that "Taxation without representation is tyranny," by the North American colonies, set men's minds in the mother country to inquire whether the representative system in Great Britain were real, or, like many other things, a mere "legal fiction." The irritation excited by the detection of the cheat, was fanned from time to time, by Ministers ejected from power, or kept out of it; who saw, in the insubordination of the House of Commons, a sufficient demonstration of its need of reform. The reforming zeal of this class of patriots, however, rarely outlived their return to power: they kissed and made friends with their unfaithful mistress; and all her weaknesses were forgotten. Not so the People: they remembered the lessons taught them by patriots out of place, when these patriots had forgotten them in the Armida garden of the Treasury.

The first cure for any evil that suggests itself is generally a radical one; it requires time and talent to invent a plan for only half-accomplishing your object. Thus the plans of Parliamentary

Reform at first suggested, went direct to the point. Almost without any exception, they recognised the indispensability of Annual Parliaments, Universal Suffrage, and a Re-distribution of the Electoral Districts. The arguments with which these recommendations were supported were not so sound as the measures they were advanced to support. It has been remarked of women, that their tact universally finds out the most advisable course to pursue in any emergency, but that, if driven to argue in defence of their advice, they are sure to weaken its weight. This holds true of more than women. It was weak enough in the friends of these measures, to admit the sophism, that the establishment of any institution was a sufficient reason for its continuance; it was worse when they gravely went back to the heptarchy, in search of the real British constitution. By adopting this trivial strain of argument, they laid themselves bare to two species of attack, both equally impossible to parry. In the first place, they were convicted of having advanced what was contrary to fact, in attributing their own views of representation to so rude a period; in the second place, they were proved to entertain an opinion contrary to reason, when they maintained that the organization which suited the most simple state of society, would be adequate to the wants of the most complex. While men were puzzling on this cold scent, the French Revolution broke out, and the confusion of alarm was added to the confusion of inaccurate thought. The prejudices of the wealthy were appealed to: "These fellows have a design on your pockets." The prejudices of the poor were appealed to: "These fellows are for engrafting frivolous *French* devices on the solid sense of John Bull." Having been held up as knaves, their own erroneous arguments furnished the materials for proving them fools—and thus was Reform crushed. Loud and fierce raged the controversy; for men *felt* that they were ill at ease, though they could not *prove* it, and every uneasy man was, is, and must be a Reformer. But the indistinct notions entertained by Reformers of their own objects perplexed and weakened their efforts; while, with their adversaries, to put aside attacks was sufficient for their purpose. In political cases of disputed right, the legal maxim is pre-eminently true—*melior est conditio possidentis.*

Comparatively with many others, the name of Jeremy Bentham has been little heard, during the course of this tedious struggle, by the general public; and yet, of these more prominent names, not one has contributed the tithe of what he has done towards its satisfactory termination. He was a man when it commenced in earnest; and he survived to witness the first substantial victory gained by the Reformers. His life, for the whole of this long period, was a succession of almost unintermitted intellectual labour. He was indifferent to that ephemeral *éclat* which to so many minds is all in all. If he had any desire for fame, he had the magnanimity to aim at that well-deserved and slowly-maturing reputation which is enduring in proportion as it is long of ripening. He had projected a work great beyond the power of conception of inferior minds; and to its completion he devoted his life. He cared not that the meteors of an hour engrossed the attention of his contemporaries: he knew that his pile, when completed, would arrest the admiring gaze of centuries. He fed upon the prophetic consciousness of his coming fame. He survived to accomplish as much as could leave no doubt of the extent and excellence of his design. Nor, while he was thus labouring in seclusion for posterity, was he inattentive to what was going on in the world. Every philanthropic undertaking was sure of his attention and sympathy. Its advocates were sure to apply to him for advice and co-operation—and never unsuccessfully. But the simple statement of a few facts will serve better to put the reader in possession of what Bentham was, and what he has accomplished, than the most laboured eulogium.

Jeremy Bentham was born on the 15th of February 1747–8, and died on the 6th of June 1832. Out of the more than fourscore years allotted to him by Providence, at least sixty were spent in the discharge of a great self-imposed task.

His father was an eminent solicitor in London. Young Bentham was entered at Westminster School in his eighth year, and at Queen's College, Oxford, in his thirteenth. He took his degree of B.A. at sixteen; of M.A. at twenty. He was then entered at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1772.

His talents would have fitted him for turning his profession to a lucrative account, had not his disposition interfered to prevent this. His draughts of bills in equity, were distinguished for their excellence. But his natural sincerity of mind had been rendered almost morbidly sensitive, by an event which occurred during his college life. We refer to his subscription of the thirty-nine articles, and shall allow him to tell his tale in his own words:—"Understanding that of such signature the effect and sole object was, the declaring, after reflection, with solemnity and upon record, that the propositions therein contained were, in my opinion, every one of them true—what seemed to me a matter of duty was, to examine them in that view, in order to see whether that were really the case. The examine ation was unfortunate. In some of them no meaning at all could I find—in others, no meaning but one which, in my eyes, was but too plainly irreconcilable either to reason or to Scripture. Communicating my distress to some of my fellow collegiates, I found them sharers in it. Upon inquiry, it was found that, among the fellows of the college, there was one to whose office it belonged, among other things, to remove all such scruples. We repaired to him with fear and trembling. His answer was cold, and the substance of it was—that it was not for uninformed youths, such as us, to presume to set up our private judgments against a public one, formed by some of the holiest as well as best and

wisest men that ever lived.... I signed; but, by the view I found myself forced to take of the whole business, such an impression was made as will never depart from me but with life."

The deep impression left upon his mind by this incident, was deepened by what happened to him soon after he was called to the bar:—"By the command of a father, I entered into the profession; and, in the year 1772 or thereabouts, was called to the bar. Not long after, having drawn a bill in equity, I had to defend it against exceptions before a Master in Chancery. 'We shall have to attend on such a day,' said the solicitor to me, naming a day a week or so distant; 'warrants for our attendance will be taken out for two intervening days; but it is not customary to attend before the third.' What I learned afterwards was—that, though no attendance more than *one* was ever bestowed, *three* were, on every occasion, regularly charged for; for each of the two false and pretended attendances, the client being by the solicitor charged with a fee for himself, as also with a fee of 6s. 8d. paid to the Master. The consequence was—that, for every attendance, the Master, instead of 6s. 8d., received £1; and that, even if inclined, no solicitor durst omit taking out the three warrants instead of one, for fear of the not-to-be-hazarded displeasure of the inferior judge and his superiors. True it is, the solicitor is not under under any *obligation* thus to charge his client for work not done. He is, however, sure of *indemnity* in doing so; and it is accordingly done of course. . . . . These things, and others of the same complexion, in such immense abundance, determined me to quit the profession; and, as soon as I could obtain my father's permission, I did so. I found it was more to my taste to endeavour, as I have been doing ever since, to put an end to them than to profit by them."

His was not, however, an effeminate mind, that could rest contented with abandoning itself to the indolence of despair. His mind had been strengthened by exercise in the field of scientific inquiry:—"I had come warm to it [the study of the law] from the study of physical science. I had there seen the human mind advancing with uninterrupted and continually-accelerated progress towards the pinnacle of perfection; facts wanting, but, by the unmolested and even publicly-assisted industry of individuals, the deficiency continually lessened, the demand continually supplied; the faculty, the organ of invention, sound, and, by wholesome exercise, increasing in vigour every day; errors still abundant enough, but continually and easily corrected—being the result, not so much of prejudice as of ignorance; every eye open to instruction, every ear eager to imbibe it. When I turned to the field of law, the contrast was equally impressive and afflicting." Rendered hardy by exercise, stimulated by the violence offered to his two strongest propensities—the craving for truth, and the desire of doing good to his fellow beings—he devoted himself to the Herculean task of reforming those enormities which had driven him, in disgust, from the profession of the law.

It would be an inadequate expression to say, that he had to lay the foundation of the science of jurisprudence. He had to collect out of the legal chaos, and knead together, the materials of a firm resting-place for the bridge wherewith he sought to span it. In a note to his "Fragment on Government," he has given an interesting account of "the wanderings of a raw but well-intentioned mind, in its researches after moral truth." He describes the impression made upon his young mind by the imposing monastic character of the university in which he was educated; aided and confirmed by a sedulous study of the congenial writings of Clarendon. The contradictions, however, in this his first set of opinions, over which he stumbled at every step, disquieted him; and the self-controversy, before and after the signing of the Thirty-nine Articles, (although he does not allude to it in the passage to which we are now referring,) must have finally roused him. Turned thus rudely out of his Eden, he looked round for a guide, but found none. The lawyers told him of "the original compact;" but confessed, when pressed home, that it was nowhere recorded in history—that, in fact, it was an assumption, "a fiction." "This, methought, looked ill; it seemed to me the acknowledgment of a bad cause, the bringing of a fiction to support it." At last a light dawned upon him from the pages of Hume:—"Thus continued I, unsatisfying and unsatisfied, till I learnt to see that utility was the test and measure of all virtue, of loyalty as much as any; and that the obligation to minister to general happiness was an obligation paramount to and inclusive of every other. Having thus got the instruction I stood in need of, I sat down to make my profit of it. I bade adieu to the original contract, and I left it to those to amuse themselves with this rattle who could think they needed it."

It may not be unnecessary to interpose a caveat here, against certain misapprehensions of the sense in which utility is said to be the test and measure of virtue, upon which much eloquent vituperative declamation has been thrown away. Laws are authoritative declarations of what man in society shall or shall not be allowed to do. Moral precepts are unauthoritative declarations of what man ought or ought not to do. The question proposed to himself by Bentham in his capacity of legislative philosopher was—Is there any one test by the application of which we may know with certainty whether any law or any moral precept is sound and right? Some have proposed a certain innate sense or consciousness of right and wrong: experience tells us that this sense, if it exist, is fallible. Others put forward the will of Deity: but how are we to know the will of Deity? Amid the variety of religious belief which prevails, and will prevail, this is at the least an inapplicable test. The only test which stands experiment is—*Are* the laws or precepts in ques-

tion useful? Do they tend to promote the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number? This test has been long and repeatedly applied, and has never yet been found to fail. If the psychologist tell us that there is a certain essential frame of mind which may be called virtuous, and another which may be called vicious, we do not deny the fact; but, even though we admit it, we shall be none the wiser—we are as much in want of a practical compass whereby to steer our course as ever. The utility of actions is such a compass; and it is equally true, equally applicable, whether the position of the psychologist be true or not. If the divine tell us that actions are virtuous or vicious because God has willed it so, our answer is—Possibly; but how are we to know what he has willed? or how, amid the infinite diversity of religious opinions, are we to find one universally admitted opinion regarding his will? If such a one be found, you will find men coming to it by some such induction as this:—"An action is good, or it is honourable, or it is useful—therefore, it must be the will of God that we should do it." The test proposed by the divine must first be tested by the test which we propose; for, good, honourable, useful—all these phrases come to the same thing. The admission of the principle neither admits nor denies the conclusions of speculative inquirers into the nature of our being, or into the divine nature. The sentimentalist may receive and act upon it without (to use his own fine language) tarnishing the bloom of one beautiful emotion. These emotions exist—they exist spontaneously—the essence of their beauty is in their spontaneity. The stoic, on the other hand, need not fear that an enervated character will be the result of admitting the greatest happiness principle. The utilitarian proceeds upon calculation: he therefore relinquishes a present inferior and transient pleasure, if incompatible with a future enduring one. To acquire the habit of doing this, he must exercise himself in self-denial. The stoic does no more. The stoic exercises self-denial, he tells us, for its own sake, but in reality to flatter his vanity by brooding complacently over the consciousness of his own strength: the utilitarian practises self-denial for the attainment of more important ends. "Cold," "heartless," "selfish"—such are the phrases lavished on the utilitarian. What! he heartless, he selfish, who teaches that in all our actions we should keep in view the promotion of the happiness of all!—he who inculcates the cultivation of the benevolent emotions, as one of the grand elements of virtue! These vituperative epithets are unworthy of refutation. We proceed:—

Bentham having found in the greatest happiness principle, a standard for trying the value of actions, proceeded to invent classes, under which laws of all kinds might be arranged, with a view to promote more accurate conceptions of their individual nature, and of their bearings upon each other. The scheme of distribution with which he has furnished us in the preface to his "Introduction to the Science of Morals and Legislation," is perfectly exhaustive; it embraces all the details that can come within the legitimate sphere of the legislator's activity. The object of the legislator is to prescribe a system of rules, the observance of which shall be conducive to the maximum of happiness on the part of the maximum of numbers, and to make arrangements for ensuring the most exact observance of them that is possible. He has to define what belongs to a man, and what does not; what one man may insist upon another performing for him, and what he may not. This is what Bentham terms Distributive Law, and relates to the doctrines of property and obligations. The legislator has further to secure a man's personal security, and for this end to prescribe certain punishments for aggression, by way of deterring. He has also, with a view to enforce his regulations of distributive law, to prescribe punishments for their contravention. From these two sources springs the Penal Law, which is accessary to the distributive. Further, the legislator must provide for the enforcement of his laws in their real sense, by devising set forms calculated to ensure that end: this is the third branch of legislative science—the doctrine of Procedure. Next in order comes the application of *stimuli* to those whose business it shall be to carry into execution what is prescribed, in conformity to the principles of these three sections: this gives rise to a fourth branch of topics, which may be classed as the principles of legislation in matters of reward. The necessity of providing matter of Reward—the concomitant necessity of doing so with the least possible inconvenience or annoyance to the general body—renders necessary a fifth class of investigations—those relating to Finance. At this stage of our progress, we are brought to the most important question of all—To whom is to be entrusted the legislative and tax-imposing authority? The answer to this inquiry is furnished by the principle of Constitutional Law. The conclusions which Bentham arrived at on this head, rendered necessary the establishment of a seventh set of principles, bearing the same relation to Constitutional which Procedure does to Distributive or Penal Law; and to which he has given the name of Political Tactics. Lastly, as mankind are split up into a great number of independent societies, the mutual relations of these different bodies rendered necessary a code of regulations for their conduct to each other: this forms what is now called pretty generally International Law.

These constitute the first eight heads of the scheme of distribution to which we have referred above. That list, it may be remarked, is both excessive and defective. In addition to the eight heads of what ought to be constructed or enacted, it contains two heads of theoretical inquiry—preliminary investigations necessary for the recommendation and defence of the codes of practical principles. These belong evidently to a different class of works, and ought not to have been included in the same list with the others. In themselves, they are defective; for

they do not exhaust those necessary preliminary inquiries. They are—the principles of political economy, and the principles of universal jurisprudence. The principles of morals are omitted—strangely enough, in the preface to a treatise on them. The theory of judicial evidence is also a work belonging to this class. With this remark, we submit Bentham's own list of the great heads under which he distributed his body of legislative science.

"Part 1st—Principles of legislation in matters of *civil*, more distinctively termed, *private distributive*, or, for shortness, *distributive* law.

"Part 2d—Principles of legislation in matters of *penal law*.

"Part 3d—Principles of legislation in matters of *procedure*; uniting, in one view, the *criminal* and *civil* branches; between which no line can be drawn, but a very indistinct one, and that liable to continual variation.

"Part 4th—Principles of legislation in matters of *reward*.

"Part 5th—Principles of legislation in matters of *public distribution*—more concisely as well as familiarly termed *constitutional* law.

"Part 6th—Principles of legislation in matters of *political tactics*, or the art of maintaining *order* in the proceedings of political assemblies, so as to direct them to the end of their institution—viz., by a system of rules, which are to the constitutional branch, in some respects, what the law of procedure is to the civil and the penal.

"Part 7th—Principles of legislation in matters betwixt nation and nation; or, to use a new, though not inexpressive appellation, in matters of *international* law.

"Part 8th—Principles of legislation in matters of *finance*."

The works published by Bentham, or extracted by others from his manuscripts during his life, and the materials he has left behind him, completely exhaust these topics—the practical part of his system. In like manner, the materials he had accumulated in his cabinet—larger or less fragments of which were promulgated during his life—exhaust pretty completely the theoretical part upon which the practical rests. A third and numerous class of his works may be regarded as applications of his principles to ephemeral events and discussions, serving at once to give sound advice, and to illustrate the advantages which are to be derived from systematic habits of thought in matters of politics and morals.

Perhaps the best way of illustrating the practical soundness and nature of Bentham's principles, will be to apply them to the most urgent question of the day. This will justify a remark we hazarded at the outset, that the minds of men, feeling rather than seeing what was wanted, were beating about in search of guiding principles; and that the works of Bentham furnished those principles which, to all human appearance, were to give form to society for the greater part of the next century. The most urgent question at present agitated, is the constitution of the representative legislature. Lord John Russell tells us that it is formed by a section of the community; and, consequently, we must infer that it legislates in the interests, and according to the views of that section—we will not shock his Lordship's politeness by saying prejudices. From a body so constituted, no good can be expected. When we find it cheering a declaration that reform shall go no further; when we find it in ecstasies with a juggling pretence of investigation into a few pensions; when we find it ready to trample on the liberties of Canada—the creature but acts after its kind. What good can come out of Nazareth?—what pure stream can flow from a troubled source? The Reformed Parliament—as in mockery it is termed—must be reformed. But how? Let us consult the principles of Bentham, and see what answer they furnish to the question.

Bentham's first principle is, that the sole recognisable end of all institutions is the promotion of the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number. A representative legislature—call it a House of Commons, or what you will—must be constructed in such a manner as to conduce to this end, or it is indefensible. From this it follows, that, having to promote the greatest possible good of the greatest possible number, it must consult the feelings and opinions of all. This establishes three conditions necessary to a sound House of Commons:—*First*, Every citizen must have a voice in the election of its members; *second*, Every citizen must have an equal voice in the election of its members; *third*, Every citizen must have a free voice in the election of its members. These are the three conditions which determine the nature, distribution, and mode of action of the constitutional or electing body; and the popular expression of them is:—Universal Suffrage; Electoral Districts, based upon population, of equal extent, (*i. e.*, containing equal numbers;) Secret Voting, or Vote by Ballot. The conditions which determine who are to be eligible, and how they are to be kept to their duty, are likewise three in number:—Free choice of the most competent person, whatever his circumstances may be; the provision of motives to stimulate those who are elected to act right; the provision of checks to prevent those who are elected from acting wrong. The popular expression of these three conditions is:—No Property Qualification; Short, or, with more precision, Annual Parliaments; and paid Members of Parliaments. In short, the creed of Bentham concerning Parliamentary Reform is, when expressed in the popular phraseology of the day:—Annual Parliaments; Universal Suffrage; Vote by Ballot; Electoral Districts, of equal extent, based on population; No Property Qualification; and Wages to Members of Parliament. We shall go over each of these points in succession, annexing to it a brief illustrative explanation.

Annual Parliaments.—The object of Short Parliaments is to keep the representative in the interest of his constituents, by his need of a frequent renewal of his lease of office. If he require

to renew it often, the preponderating motive with him, will be, by acting for their good, to secure a continuance of their good will. If, by lengthening his tenure of office, the sense of depending upon their good will is rendered less continuously and vividly present to his mind, other motives become active—inclination to use his power to procure some desirable end or object for himself, inclination to use it for the advantage of an intimate friend, and such like. All these motives tend to divert him from the prosecution of the public good. Every addition made to the length of his tenure of office, renders him more accessible to their influence. Yearly renewals of office have been suggested: first, because some definite term must be fixed upon; second, because any longer term is unsafe—as even this may be; third, because shorter terms would expose to trouble and inconvenience, outweighing the advantage of additional security conveyed by them. It may be said that even annual parliaments will, by their frequency, occasion undue trouble and disquiet. Answer:—The regularity of their brief periodical recurrence, will prevent this; it is the rare event of elections which mainly contributes to the keenness of the contest. The extension of the suffrage, and the secrecy of voting, will also diminish (as will be shewn) the turmoil and disquiet.

Universal Suffrage.—The object being the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number, every person ought to have a vote. Every person feels when he is comfortable or the reverse; every person forms an opinion (such as it is) on the cause. The election of a representative is the demonstration that the real majority believe themselves benefited by his line of policy. The only method of altering their belief, if erroneous, is to let them feel the contrary. The minds superiorly gifted are so few—the means of distinguishing between real superiority and quackish pretensions to it so inadequate—that to talk of placing the government of society in the hands of the wise, is nonsense. What is called education or knowledge, is so imperfect and partial, that no claim to superior privileges can be based upon its possession. With many, it is merely the acquirement of a parrot-like facility of repeating words by rote; with the best, it is the strengthening of one or two faculties—the obtaining of a glimpse through an opening in the mist which envelopes us all. In selecting his legislator and tax-imposer, every man must act for himself; if he defer to the opinion of wiser heads, it must be his own free act, not the result of legislative coercion. No exclusion is necessary. Women are excluded, in consequence of a social prejudice, resting on no better basis than the veiling and locking up of the same class in Turkey. Children are excluded because their parents, by law, act for them in other matters. As children are mere imitative beings, their admission to vote would not produce a different result from their exclusion. Weak-minded persons, if allowed to go free and act for themselves in other matters, why not in this? The class is too few in numbers to be dangerous. Habitually and systematically dishonest persons have sense enough to see the advantages of social order in the mass, although they live by contravening some of its principles in detail. Besides, they are an imperceptible minority. Finally, the main argument with the opponents of universal suffrage is, that it would unsettle society and produce turbulence. On the contrary, it is the only thing to settle society, and prevent turbulence. All violent struggles in society, spring from one or both of two causes: the discomfort of the masses; their jealousy that they are oppressed and cheated, because they have no voice in the government. If all had a voice in the election of legislators, the well-being of all would be cared for. If all had a voice in the election of legislators, there would be less distrust of their proceedings. Trades-unions, poor-law riots, illegal associations, election squabbles—all are the effects of the jealousy of the masses, because they have no voice potential in elections; and of the habitual inattention to them, occasioned by their having no voice.

Electoral Districts of Equal Extent based on Population.—This is a subsidiary means of giving effect to universal suffrage: its object is to ensure its due weight to every vote. It is immaterial whether a man obtain a greater share in legislative authority by one means or another: it is prejudicial every way. When 300 men elect two members, and as many thousands only one, the 300 are an aristocracy, members of a privileged class, having powers and interests apart from the community. Small constituencies, moreover, are favourable to bribery, by rendering the practice of it cheaper: they are favourable to bribery and intimidation, by rendering secret voting difficult or impossible.

Vote by Ballot.—This is the expression generally used, although secret voting would be preferable, inasmuch as it would put an end to the cavilling of sophists, who try to demonstrate the inefficiency of a *mode* of ballot-voting, and then, under the cloak of the conventional phrase for *secret* voting, assume that it is unattainable. The object of secret voting is to prevent undue influence. There are only two kinds of allowable influence—influence exercised by argument upon a man's convictions, influence exercised by continuous benevolence upon a man's kindly feelings. The power of these, the ballot-box cannot and ought not to destroy. If you really convince a man, by the necessity of his nature he will act in private as in public, upon that conviction—more surely in the former, for there is nothing to prevent him. If you win a man by past kindness, the surrendering of his convictions to feeling is an expression that, in existing society, he is happy—it is a fact, the true expression of which is a necessary ingredient in our calculations, and ought to be uttered. What secret voting interferes to prevent, is—first, the obtaining a false expression of a man's sense of his present and past condition, by promises of future

contingent benefit; second, the obtaining of a similar false expression, by means of threats of present or future pain. These are undue influences, by whatever name, and from whatever source they proceed—from the many or from the few. Secret voting leaves untouched due influence, and prevents undue influence. A secret vote is a true vote—it is what the voter really wishes and intends to give.

No Property Qualification, and Wages to Members of Parliament.—A property qualification is a direct exclusion of all who belong to a certain class, from being eligible to the legislature. The refusal of remuneration to Members of Parliament, is an indirect method of excluding a much more numerous class. It is for the interest of the community, that no talents possessed by any of its members, should be rendered unavailable. The direct or indirect exclusion of any class of men from the legislature, must necessarily place a portion of ability beyond the public use. The denial of remuneration forces the electors to choose from a class so limited in number, that, in the first place, the chances against finding a sufficient supply of ability in it are infinite; in the second place, the individuals selected, are almost all of them inevitably touched with an *esprit de corps*, alien to and incompatible with the general interest. We are told, that to give wages to Members of Parliament, would lower the legislature in public estimation. Are military commanders, eminent pleaders, judges, ministers of state, clergymen, less honoured, because they are remunerated for their labour? We are told, that to remunerate Members of Parliament, would introduce "political adventurers" into the House of Commons. Well, and what then? The term "political adventurers," is supposed to mean something very bad: let us see what is its real meaning? A "political adventurer" is one who, knowing or believing that he possesses aptitude for serving the state, and that an adequate remuneration is to be obtained by thus employing his time and talents, devotes himself to this line of business. False pretenders, dishonest men, may choose this path; but from them, what path in life is free? In the idea of "political adventurer" itself, quackery or dishonesty is no necessary ingredient. Is the present system free from "political adventurers?" What was Canning? What was Huskisson? To descend infinitely in the scale of respectability and talent, what are Peter Borthwick and Benjamin D'Israeli? The present system affords no security against political adventurers; but its natural and necessary tendency is to make them dishonest. They see wealth and property alone regarded as honourable, and are led to attribute an undue importance to it. They hear direct legitimate payment called mean and discreditable; and are driven to procure it by indirect means, and under false pretences. They see nothing to be gained by promoting the happiness of the greatest number, and, therefore, they sell themselves to do the dirty work of the few. Under a reformed system, the services of "political adventurers" would be as available as under the existing one they are indispensable; and they themselves would be kept pure, rendered sensible to "clearer spurs" of ambition than now; taught to identify their own interest with that of all; accustomed to stand erect in conscious power, instead of crouching as court sycophants. We have named among political adventurers, Canning and Huskisson; we may add Burke and the younger Pitt. Why, the "political adventurers" are precisely those whose eminence lends an adventitious lustre to the old rotten system.

These are the views advocated by Bentham. Each is a whole, defensible in itself. All are parts of solid structure, mutually lending and giving strength. The age may not be ripe for them; it may be that men must yet blunder on for a while, picking here, tapping there—discerning by painful experience that they are going wrong, and groping for the right road. In this period of confusion and blundering, he who has patience, by following out a train of systematic argument, to adopt comprehensive and rational views, will be best off. He will have before him an ultimate object, towards which all his labours tend; he will have means for working out that end. He will see clearly when others turn aside into devious ways; and, seeing that there is "no thoroughfare," he will be able to wait with patience until they return at his call, or of their own accord. While others are busying themselves fretfully, and to little purpose, he will be at his ease; knowing what ought to come, and what must come. He will know when he can be useful, by lending a helping hand; and when he can be useful, if men will not listen to him, by sitting quietly by until they work out experimentally the demonstration of their error. He will never refuse to make a point, because he cannot sweep the board at once; he will never, in childish triumph over any partial advantage, lose sight of the great end towards which it is a step in advance. Above all, even at the risk of being called "dogmatical," he will lose no opportunity of avowing and enforcing his opinions. The worst taint of existing society is an all-pervading system of conventional falsehood. Men neither dare to speak their own sentiments, nor to hear those of others. "God-sake! what will people say?—think of the consequences of using such language!" Why, what harm can a word do? If true, it must benefit—if false, then whistle it down the wind. If Bentham had done nothing else than in his works advocated, and by his example inculcated invariable and unrestricted sincerity in word and deed, he would have done infinite service. But he has done this and more.

We have preferred selecting and dwelling upon one chapter of Bentham's system, which seemed applicable to immediate exigencies, to giving a long, dry catalogue of his works and writings. Our object has been this:—Look at the country—you see suffering and jealousy at work to drive the masses mad. Look at their demands—look at the recommendations of pub-

lic men—how rarely do you hear a sensible word spoken in season? Turn to Bentham's *recipe* for the construction of a representative body, and you have at once an instrument of amelioration put into your hands. You are provided with a body to legislate; you are furnished with securities for the industry, honesty, and ability of its members; you are furnished with securities that their labours shall tend to promote the happiness of all. The note of preparation is already heard throughout the land; the day of battle cannot be far off. To use, with a slight adaptation, the words of Steele—words more worthy of this occasion than of the trivial one on which he uttered them—"The banner under which we are to enter this conflict, whenever we may be called to it, are the laws mentioned in this discourse. When we lose sight of them we have no standard to fly to, no discipline to preserve us, but are devoted, and have given ourselves up to slaughter and confusion. [The principles of Radical Reform] are the ark of God to Great Britain, which, like that of old, carries death to the profane hand that shall dare to touch it."

To revert to what furnished occasion for these remarks—the new issue of Bentham—we shall embrace the frequent opportunities afforded by its periodical appearance, to press upon the minds of our readers the results of his investigations in the matter of Church, Law, Financial, and other reforms. We shall furnish them, from time to time, with such *résumés* of his moral and logical disquisitions as may tempt a further study. Above all, we shall seek to disabuse the public mind of certain silly misapprehensions relative to alleged peculiarities of his style. His works are a manual for every man who would form just notions of government and its ends—furnish himself with principles to insure the honourable and useful discharge of his duties as a citizen. We do not say that men ought to adopt all opinions of Bentham—the great labour of Bentham's life was to put down the "fallacy of authority"—but, by a study of his writings, they ought to exercise themselves in fearless candour, close, logical reasoning, and the formation of accurate and comprehensive opinions.

Something we would have wished to say of the personal habits of Bentham. They form a tempting theme—the purity of his private pleasures, the incessant activity of his benevolence, the majesty of repose in all his thoughts, words, and actions. Even those peculiarities which have furnished matter of mockery to the unthinking, are valuable in our eyes, as expressions of the child-like sincerity and ingenuousness which breathed beneath the snowy locks of fourscore years, as in the blush of infancy. On the south side of St James's Park stands a modest, but elegant mansion, the simplicity and lightness of the appearance of which impresses pleasurably even the unheeding stranger. A small patch of smooth green lawn, with a few venerable trees in front, harmonizes with the house. The spirit of its venerated master seems still to breathe from every lineament of the mansion. The earthly abode of the purest benevolence ever incarnated in mere human form is hallowed by his memory. But our limits forbid us to diverge into the tempting field of his domestic character. Is not the task in the hands of Bowring?—of him whom we would term, with a feeling the very reverse of irreverend levity, the beloved disciple! The work will be accomplished ere long, and in a right spirit.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON THE TOWER OF RAITH, NEAR THE SEAT OF ROBERT FERGUSON, ESQ.*

As a lone prisoner from his loophole feels
That earth, indeed, is beautiful and fair,
Rapt in ecstatic thought that o'er me steals,
I hear the skylark's joyance make the air
Melodious with the love that urged him there;
And gaze upon far ocean's mirrored sheen—
The lake—the shady plains that dim the glare
With clustering trees—and fields of richest green—
And, deep below, the shadows of the wild ravine.

Afar, where hills seem crouching in their lair,
The new Athena's classic towers aspire,
Dim, 'mid the noontide's sultry gossamer,
And vapours as from a volcano's fire.
She seems, in lonely splendour, to admire
The silent ocean, slumbering at her feet—
But, oh, what joys, what griefs, and toils, inspire
The thousands now that wander on her street!
How many longing for the country's calm retreat!

Our spirits there, piercing their primal goal
With burning ken, unto their fountain soar,
The quickener of the universe—the soul
That wakes the beauty panting in the core
Of boundless nature, till it radiate o'er
The heart in love and rapture; and the face
Of Earth seems as with us it would adore
The spirit that had clothed her in such grace,
Breathing from all her pores intensest happiness.

Lo! where the horizon cleaves the depths of blue,
In wavy lines of mountain peaks sublime,
Peaks where the Roman eagles never flew,
But Freedom hovered from remotest time!
Sons of the mist! dark as when tempests climb
Your summits, where the wild bird screameth shrill,
When lowering Vengeance lurketh for her time;
But, oh! when kindness prompts the ready will,
Mild as the last ray of sunset flashing on the hill!

In fancy oft I wander in the glen,
'Neath pine-clad rocks, and precipices hoar,
And soothing cascades—poetry's wild domain,
Breathing romantic of the days of yore.
I view the lake whose ripple's gentle roar
Smote on the soul of Scotland's fairest Queen;
Again sad Mary flies Lochleven's shore—
I see the love that breathes on Douglas' mein,
And the pale moon that pours her beauty o'er the scene.

The smile of sunset on the verdant plain,
Is solemnized amid the stillness here:
Oh! could the heart its ecstasy retain,
And pour its freshness on the coming year!
But, as the Autumn, with her yellow bier,
Comes up, with Winter lowering from afar,
So will great Mammon scorch the starting tear.
With thoughts of nature thus, and want, and war,
I slowly left the tower, much wondering why we are.

* The extensive and romantic grounds of this gentleman are thrown open to the public.

THE NEW NOVELS.

NO. II.—ERNEST MALTRAVERS, &c. &c.

HAVING last month taken first in order the *new novel* which the most forcibly appealed to our feelings, we pass transiently to that which has most touched and elevated our organ of surprise—Mrs Trollope's "*fearless*" exposure—we borrow part of our definition from Lord Byron's account of Lady Morgan's characteristics—of cant, and of the vile hypocrisy of the black sheep among the best order of Churchmen. Yes! Churchmen; for Mrs Trollope has had the magnanimity to seek her examples of the weakness of devotees, and the utter villany and sordid baseness of the sanctimonious ruffian who converts his sacred vocation and character into the instrument of his wickedness—not from the Meeting-house, but from the Church. She has acted courageously, if not wisely. A Dissenter, in her suspicious hands, would not have answered any earnest or honest purpose of instruction. For such purpose, we conclude, her novel was intended; for no one, surely, could seek either pleasure or entertainment in those repulsive, bitter, and satirical delineations of the "unco guid."

Mr Bulwer has also given us a picture of one of those "rigidly righteous," in a pious banker; but it is far more exquisite in discrimination and finish than the outrageous caricature of Mrs Trollope. The banker is, indeed, portraiture well worthy of Crabbe, in depth, breadth, and precision, and without Crabbe's hardness of outline. Mr Bulwer's novel is a fragment, or rather a Part First. How it is to be filled up and finished, will be a Christmas enigma to many a circle, and probably to the author among other individuals. It is impossible to foresee what he is evidently at a loss about himself; for Mr Bulwer's book-moralities are far from being immutable principles. He can tamper and sport with a few of the more glaring English conventionalities; but to shew us a hero who is by birth and education a gentleman, marrying a poor though very charming girl, whom he has seduced, and with whom he is what is called in love, is a flight, we fear, beyond his daring. He may laugh or sneer at the great world's hypocrisies, but he dare scarce offend its taste. While still in the dark, we conjecture that the moral regeneration of Mr Ernest Maltravers, like that of the reformed ruffian Anastasius, is to be the work of his awakening paternal affections. But Ernest is not a ruffian. He is, on the contrary, a young man of healthy feelings and generous dispositions; possessed of fine original genius, accomplished by education; a second son, but enjoying an independent fortune; handsome and ingratiating; and, finally, just as much of a Tom Jones as the ladies will now tolerate. In the last century, Ernest would have been "a very devil among the women;" but, in the march of refinement, instead of being the *roué* or fine gentleman of Farquhar's or Congreve's plays, he is the irresistible hero of Mr Bulwer's and the younger D'Israeli's novels—the fortunate youth before whose fine genius, fine person, and *beaux yeux*, every woman bends, a proud and willing slave, provided she possess any quality that can aggrandize his universal empire over female hearts, and add a grace to his triumph. The principle of chivalry in all that relates to the sex, is turned quite topsyturvy in the modern love romances, and in the poetry of the Byron school, from which they arose; but it is only vainglorious masculine pens which have contributed directly to the portentous revolution. Female writers have not yet taken the all-devoted dark pages, and the new race of crouching, clinging, spaniel-like, madly-enamoured damsels, under their patronage; though we fear these heroines already excite not a little tender sympathy in female bosoms. The first of this species of heroine may perhaps be found in "The Bravo's Bride" of Matthew Lewis; and Byron has not the merit, such as it may be, of the original invention. The character has since been presented in fifty melo-dramas and vulgar romances, as eminently that of—WOMAN. With more delicate lineaments, and more decently draped, it now figures in the most popular French and English novels—in "The Danseuse" of D'Israeli, in the Esmeralda of Victor Hugo, and now in Bulwer's ——But no. We shall leave his fair readers to be the judges in this. Of one thing, they are certain—Milton and these old-fashioned folks might be starched, but Shakspeare knew something of love, and of the true nature and character of women; and so, we think, did Scott. They have produced heroines of all ranks and degrees, and in every situation, as lovers; from the high-souled Rebecca down to little Mysie Happer, the miller's daughter; from her "who never told her love," to the passionately-enamoured Juliet; but all true to their nature—to the instinctive dignity and modesty of their sex—to the dearest interests of society, inseparably knit up with the developement of their affections. And if, while we revere these great writers for their wise elevation of female character—for upholding a noble and bracing morality—we may tacitly condemn those who slide into the opposite insidious course, with themselves be the blame! Juliet, when it was at the very worst with her, could still firmly say—

> "If that thy bent of love be *honourable*,
> Thy purpose *marriage*, send me word withal."

And if the gentle Romeo had sentimentally whispered that, loving and worshipping her, his purpose was no such thing, we may fairly presume that his mistress had sufficient spirit and self-respect to have either boxed his ears, or made her servants turn him down stairs; and have given her misplaced love to the winds, though her loving heart had broken in the effort.

The case of Mysie Happer is still more in point at present; but the reader must remember it,

and also the honourable character of the coxcomb lady-killer who had gained her light heart. But it may be said that the female creations of Hugo, and D'Israeli, and Bulwer are truer to nature than those more tightly-laced damsels. We think they are not: but, if it should be so, is it not the first duty, the noblest privilege, of genius, of poetry, of invention, of all that is best in literature and art, to raise and purify society, to widen the sphere of our sympathies with the pure and lofty, as well as with the tender and beautiful; to plant high and firmly the standard of virtue, whatever of toil, and pain, and self-denial, is to be encountered in pressing upward and onward towards the mark? Mr Bulwer frequently assures his readers that the character of by far the most interesting and original of his heroines, Alice Darvil, is taken from nature. Nor do we doubt it; but it is nature seen through his spectacles, and delineated by the graces and artifices of his pen. The seduction of Alice will be the most attractive part of the work to young hearts; and, for that reason, it is the most insidious—if we may not say, the most pernicious. In real life, the contact of a character like Alice, with such individuals as her patroness, the benevolent Mrs Leslie, and the self-sufficient banker, may often be replete with whatever is tender, humanizing, and instructive; but the character of Alice, sketched in an engaging romance, comes to the young fraught with unimaginable mischief. Its extreme beauty and tenderness constitute its danger.

But we must make ourselves intelligible. Alice Darvil is an English Haidee—the spotless, innocent Miranda of a moral wilderness—a beautiful soul asleep for fifteen years, whose dormant faculties and affections are in an instant touched, awakened, and rapidly developed by the spell of love. The wielder of the talisman is, of course, Ernest Maltravers. At the age of eighteen, in consequence of some frolic or political scrape, this youth abruptly quits the University of Gottingen, and, unknown to his family, returns to England. He is benighted, in a dark wintry night, on a wide desolate common, in some dreary manufacturing district of the county adjoining the shire in which his Norman ancestors had flourished, and where his father, at all points an old English gentleman, still dwelt. He finds refuge in a lonely, miserable cottage, of which the sole inmates are Luke Darvil—a ruffian, long hardened in the worst of crimes, and whose physiognomy the brand of the hangman could not have stamped more plainly with the characters of brutality and villany—and his beautiful daughter, Alice, whose guardian and companion this man had been all her life long, as her mother died while Alice was an infant. Luke had been counting the coins, the gains of crime, remaining to him; and, finding them so few, he cried—

"I had two pounds in the drawer but Monday, and now——Alice, you must have stolen some of the money—curse you!"

The person thus addressed sate at the opposite side of the smouldering and sullen fire: she now looked quietly up, and her face singularly contrasted that of the man.

She seemed about fifteen years of age, and her complexion was remarkably pure and delicate, even despite the sunburnt tinge which her habits of toil had brought it. Her auburn hair hung in loose and natural curls over her forehead, and its luxuriance was remarkable even in one so young. Her countenance was beautiful, nay, even faultless, in its small and childlike features, but the expression pained you—it was so vacant. In repose it was almost the expression of an idiot—but when she spoke, or smiled, or even moved a muscle, the eyes, colour, lips, kindled into a life which proved that the intellect was still there, though but imperfectly awakened.

"I did not steal any, father," she said, in a quiet voice; "but I should like to have taken some, only I knew you would beat me if I did."

"And what do you want money for?"

"To get food when I'm hungered."

"Nothing else?"

"I don't know."

The girl paused—"Why don't you let me," she said, after awhile, "why don't you let me go and work with the other girls at the factory? I should make money there for you and me both."

The man smiled—such a smile!—it seemed to bring into sudden play all the revolting characteristics of his countenance. "Child," he said, "you are just fifteen, and a sad fool you are: perhaps, if you went to the factory, you would get away from me: and what should I do without you? No; I think, as you are so pretty, you might get more money another way."

The girl did not seem to understand this allusion; but repeated, vacantly, "I should like to go to the factory."

"Stuff!" said the man, angrily; "I have three minds to"——

Here he was interrupted by a loud knock at the door of the hovel.

It was Ernest that knocked.—Such was the rank soil from which this fair flower had sprung: such "the moral training" of Alice Darvil. The plan of the father to murder and rob the young man who sought the hospitality of his hearth until day dawned, is frustrated by the presence of mind and kindness of Alice; whose understanding kindles in an hour under the influence of a new affection. The situation is one of interest. Maltravers, by the good offices of the girl, escapes from the den of murder, and, after wandering all night on the moor, at dawn finds himself near a market town, unharmed; and breathes deep gratitude to Heaven for all its mercies of the night. And now comes a *leading* passage—

He passed a slow waggon—he passed a group of mechanics—he passed a drove of sheep, and now he saw walking leisurely before him a single figure. It was a girl in a worn and humble dress; who seemed to seek her weary way with pain and languor. He was about also to pass her, when he heard a low cry. He turned, and beheld in the wayfarer his preserver of the previous night.

"Heavens! is it indeed you? can I believe my eyes?"

"I was coming to seek you, sir," said the girl, faintly. "I too have escaped; I shall never go back to father—I have no roof to cover my head now."

"Poor child! but how is this? Did they ill-use you for releasing me?"

"Father knocked me down, and beat me again when he came back; but that is not all," she added, in a very low tone.

"What else?"

The girl grew red and white by turns. She set her teeth rigidly, stopped short, and then, walking on quicker than before, replied—"It don't matter; I will never go back—I'm alone now. What, what shall I do?" and she wrung her hands.

The traveller's pity was deeply moved. "My good

girl," said he, earnestly, "you have saved my life, and I am not ungrateful. Here," (and he placed some gold in her hand,) "get yourself a lodging, food, and rest; you look as if you wanted them; and see me again this evening when it is dark, and we can talk unobserved."

The girl took the money passively, and looked up in his face while he spoke; the look was so unsuspecting, and the whole countenance was so beautifully modest and virgin-like, that, had any evil passion prompted the traveller's last words, it must have fled scared and abashed as he met the gaze.

"My poor girl," said he, embarrassed, and after a short pause—"you are very young, and very, very pretty. In this town you will be exposed to many temptations; take care where you lodge. You have, no doubt, friends here?"

"Friends—what are friends?" answered Alice.

"Have you no relations?—no *mother's kin*?"

"None."

"Do you know where to ask shelter?"

"No, sir; for I can't go where father goes, lest he should find me out."

"Well, then, seek some quiet inn, and meet me this evening, just here, half-a-mile from the town, at seven. I will try and think of something for you in the meanwhile; but you seem tired, you walk with pain; perhaps it will fatigue you to come—I mean, you had rather, perhaps, rest another day."

"Oh! no, no! it will do me good to see you again, sir."

The young man's eyes met hers, and hers were not withdrawn; their soft blue was suffused with tears—they penetrated his soul.

Alice kept true tryst.

She came up to him timidly and gently. His heart beat more quickly; he felt that he was young, and alone with beauty. "Sweet girl," he said, with involuntary and mechanical compliment, "how well this light becomes you! How shall I thank you for not forgetting me?"—Alice surrendered her hand to his without a struggle.—"What is your name?" said he, bending his face down to hers.—"Alice Darvil."—"And your terrible father, is he, in truth, your father?"—"Indeed he is father and mother too!"—"What made you suspect his intention to murder me? Has he ever attempted the like crime?"—"No; but lately he has often talked of robbery. He is very poor, sir. And, when I saw his eye, and when afterwards, while your back was turned, he took the key from the door, I felt that—that you were in danger."—"Good girl—go on."

The story is prolonged. It unfolds ignorance and innocence, stupidity and intelligence, which we take leave to think quite incompatible, incredible, and out of nature, in a girl brought up by a profligate father, near the factories, and somehow endowed with a mysterious "intuitive notion of right and wrong." She had no idea of religion, or the being of a God. When asked, if she had never thought of who made the stars and the earth, she answered, "Why should I? What has that to do with being cold and hungry?" So acute a logician, living in sight of churches, ought to have been a better theologian. Alice, further questioned, knew nothing of church or school. "Good Heaven!" exclaimed the young philosopher, "what shall I do with this unhappy child?"

"Yes, sir, I am very unhappy," said Alice, catching at the last words; and the tears rolled silently down her cheeks.

Maltravers never was more touched in his life. Whatever thoughts of gallantry might have entered his young head, had he found Alice such as he might reasonably have expected, he now felt there was a kind of sanctity in her ignorance; and his gratitude and kindly sentiment towards her took almost a brotherly aspect.

And being a wild, enthusiastic, odd being, this Ernest Maltravers, as the girl, in her artless innocence, protested against going to school, he inquired what could make her comfortable in her own way. She replies, "I should like to live with you, sir." But it was honest service the poor girl meant; for she had always wished, she said, to go to service, and she was sure Maltravers would be a kind master. He was half disenchanted by this tame explanation; but the Miranda of the black moor and the burglar father, fascinated him again.

"No very flattering preference," thought he: "so much the safer for us. Well, Alice, it shall be as you wish. Are you comfortable where you are, in your new lodging?"

"No."

"Why? they do not insult you."

"No; but they make a noise, and I like to be quiet, to think of you."

The young philosopher was reconciled again to his scheme.

"Well, Alice—go back—I will take a cottage to-morrow, and you shall be my servant, and I will teach you to read and write, and say your prayers, and know that you have a Father above, who loves you better than he below. Meet me again at the same hour to-morrow. Why do you cry, Alice? why do you cry?"

"Because—because," sobbed the girl, "I am so happy, and I shall live with you and see you."

"Go, child—go, child," said Maltravers, hastily—and he walked away with a quicker pulse than became his new character of master and preceptor.

This hopeful scheme was put into immediate execution, and we have charmingly pictured, not the cave and island haunts of Juan and Haidee, but an English thatched cottage, embowered in jasmine and roses, with its small lawn, verandas, and conservatory; a virtuous young philosopher, assuming the name of Butler, and not yet far gone in love; and Alice, a nominal servant, learning to read and write from an old Mr Simcox, her patron having tired of the drudgery of teaching these elements. And now her pretty little hands and complexion are becoming more delicate; her hair and her dress are better arranged, and her manners and personal charms improving every day. We leave to Mr Bulwer, the description of his own Maltravers, given immediately after he had left the tuition of his protegée, of which he had tired, to

The very oldest and ugliest writing-master that the neighbouring town could afford. It is astonishing what care Maltravers took of her morals. The poor girl at first wept much at the exchange; but the grave remonstrances and solemn exhortations of Maltravers reconciled her at last, and she promised to work hard and pay every attention to her lessons. I am not sure, however, that it was the tedium of the work that deterred the idealist—perhaps he felt its danger—and at the bottom of his sparkling dreams and brilliant follies, lay a sound, generous, and noble heart. He was fond of pleasure, and had been already the darling of the sentimental German ladies. But he was too young, and too vivid, and too romantic to be that which is called a sensualist. He could not look upon a fair face, and a guileless smile, and all the ineffable symmetry of a woman's shape, with the eye of a man buying cattle for base uses. . . . He very easily fell in love, or fancied he did, it is true—but then he could not separate desire from fancy, or calculate the game of passion without bringing the heart or the imagination into the matter. And, though Alice was very pretty and very engaging, he was

not yet in love with her, and he had no intention of becoming so.

The evenings hung long with the young poet, although Shakspeare and Schiller lay on his table, and his inseparable meerschaum enlivened his solitude. He read and smoked until he was inspired, and then he wrote poetry adapted to music; and next he would try the melody of his yrics with his voice—

For he had all the passion of a German for song and music—that wild Maltravers!—and his voice was sweet, his taste consummate, his science profound. As the sun puts out a star, so the full blaze of his imagination, fairly kindled, extinguished for the time his fairy fancy for his beautiful pupil.

It was late that night when Maltravers went to bed—and, as he passed through the narrow corridor that led to his chamber, he heard a light step flying before him, and caught the glimpse of a female figure escaping through a distant door.—"The silly child!" thought he, at once divining the cause—"she has been listening to my singing. I shall scold her." But he forgot that resolution.

Much beautiful writing leads to the catastrophe of the most objectionable portion of these volumes. The young patron discovers that his pupil has a fine ear and a beautiful voice. He sagely reflects that this natural talent may be the means of enabling her to earn an honest subsistence; and accordingly he becomes her master in music.

And now every evening, when the windows were closed, and the hearth burnt clear, while the winds stormed, and the rain beat without, a lithe and lovely shape hovered about the student's chamber; and his wild songs were sung by a voice which nature had made even sweeter than his own.

Alice's talent for music was indeed surprising; enthusiastic and quick as he himself was in all he undertook, Maltravers was amazed at her rapid progress. He soon taught her to play by ear; and Maltravers could not but notice that her hand, always delicate in shape, had lost the rude colour and roughness of labour. He thought of that pretty hand more often than he ought to have done, and guided it over the keys when it could have found its way very well without him.

. . . . . .

In the course of his musical and vocal lessons, Maltravers gently took the occasion to correct poor Alice's frequent offences against grammar and accent; and her memory was prodigiously quick and retentive. The very tones of her voice seemed altered in the ear of Maltravers; and, somehow or other, the time came when he was no longer sensible of the difference in their rank.

The old woman-servant, when she had seen how it would be from the first, and taken a pride in her own prophecy, as she ordered Alice's new dresses, was a much better philosopher than Maltravers.

And so we leave the old woman-servant's sagacity to explain the story, which is, however, given rather circumstantially, leaving just as much in the dark as may stimulate imagination, and suffering results only to be alluringly perceptible. "Maltravers was only eighteen," and

Alice knew no remorse, though she felt agitated and ashamed; she did not comprehend that she had lost caste for ever in the eyes of her sex. In fact, she never thought of herself. Her whole soul was with him; she gave him back in love the spirit she had caught from him in knowledge . . . And they strolled together through the garden all that day, and Maltravers grew reconciled to himself. He had done wrong, it is true; but then perhaps Alice had already suffered as much as she could in the world's opinion, by living with him alone, though innocent, so long. And now she had an everlasting claim to his protection—she should never know shame or want. And the love that had led to the wrong, should, by fidelity and devotion, take from it the character of sin.

"Natural and commonplace sophistries!" *L'homme se pique!** as old Montaigne said, man is his own sharper! The conscience is the most elastic material in the world. To-day you cannot stretch it over a molehill, to-morrow it hides a mountain.

O how happy they were now—that young pair! How the days flew like dreams! No doubt we blame them, and women very properly; but men, at least, cannot blame them very justly. For all of us male animals have either been as happy once in our lives, or wished we were so. Time went on, winter passed away, and the early spring, with its flowers and sunshine, was like a mirror to their own youth. Alice never accompanied Maltravers in his walks abroad, partly because she feared to meet her father, and partly because Maltravers himself was fastidiously averse to all publicity. But then they had all that little world of three acres.

The reader may guess all the rest. Alice should never know shame, though soon overwhelmed with shame; nor want, when on the verge of poverty and misery. Her poverty is, however, we presume, not to be regarded as the fault of her lover. It came by accident, from which his wife and legitimate child could never have suffered, but to which his mistress was unavoidably exposed, in spite of the often-vowed everlasting protection of that honourable Maltravers. Far be it from us to condemn him, or yet his example. That the second son of a family of old gentry, scions of "Norman knighthood," should degrade the entire *caste*, by alliance with an Alice Darvil, is out of all rule, either in the world of fashion, or that faithful image of itself which it has moulded in novels. We offer no objection. But, oh! thou much calumniated Mr Thomas Inkle of London! when we think of thee, in the true genius of thy mercantile craft, merely selling thy sable love for a handful of dollars or a puncheon of rum, even-handed justice compels us honourably to acquit thee. You sold your fond and trusting Yarico to exile and slave-labour—to sorrow and suffering; but hers was still a high and an enviable lot, when compared with that of the seduced and abandoned mistress of an English gentleman, and the life-long degradation of her branded offspring. On the whole, we would have womankind, although "male-animals" have no right to condemn, pause before they give their suffrage to these parts of Mr Bulwer's best novel. Yet, "If a jury of cherubim had tried Alice's offence, they would hardly have allowed the heart to bear witness against the soul!"

We scarce venture to dissent from the verdict of so pure a tribunal, but demur to the case being tried save by Alice's peers.

The Elysian dream continues for a while; and the home of love wants only honour, integrity, justice, and security, to render it a terrestrial paradise. Alice—an admirable lover—already prattles the metaphysics of the passion charmingly "to her entranced and silent lover." But a sudden change comes; and Maltravers, on learning accidentally from his weekly newspaper

* Old Bardett has borrowed or made a juster translation. Mr Bulwer may remember it.

that his father is dying, hurries away, devoured by remorse. And before Alice

Were the flowers, and the star-lit lawn, and the playful fountain, and the bench where they had sat in such heartfelt and serene delight. He was gone; and often—oh, how often!—did Alice remember that his last words had been uttered in estranged tones—that his last embrace had been without love.

Old Maltravers dies. The father of Alice, and one of his wicked accomplices, meanwhile, commit a burglary at the cottage, unconscious of who are the inmates; and the accomplice being recognised by Alice, who, in her alarm, exclaims his name, she is carried off in a state of insensibility in a cart along with the other plunder. Maltravers finds her flown, and is in despair. He had written to her; and, recollecting that he had left her no money, he sent some; but he did not ask her to write him—"he felt such a repugnance to disclose his real name, and receive the letters of clandestine love in the house in which his father lay dying." He was full of honour and sentiment, and also a nice casuist, that young Maltravers; and poor Alice—

She thought it singular he did not wish to hear from her; but Alice was humble. What could she say worth troubling him with, and at such an hour? But how kind in him to write! how precious those letters! and yet they disappointed her, and cost her floods of tears: they were so short—so full of sorrow—there was so little of love in them; and "dear," or even "*dearest* Alice," that, uttered by the voice, was so tender, looked cold upon the lifeless paper. If she but knew the exact spot where he was, it would be some comfort; but she only knew that he was away, and in grief.

She was now away herself, and Maltravers' time for sorrow was come. He made every effort to trace her; and gives the first proof of true and manly generosity which we discover in him, in indignantly refusing to credit that Alice had played booty with the thieves, and carried off his spoons and forks.

We are now introduced to Mr Cleveland, the guardian of our youth, a polished old English gentleman and classic scholar; mediocre in genius, but with good talents and highly-cultivated tastes; fond of dabbling in literature; fond, too, of the fine arts; and exceedingly indulgent and amiable. His classic villa, his picture-gallery and library, are all very fine and unimpeachable. He is, moreover, quite the friend our youth requires, as he has sunk into a state of morbid melancholy upon the death of his father, and the loss of his mistress—of Alice, "the watchful, the humble, the loving, lost Alice." He wanted an object in life, and was near becoming a fanatic, and almost mad, when Lumley Ferrers crosses his path—a character admirably commenced, and for a time well-sustained, although he descends at last into the vulgar Iago of hackneyed romance. Mr Bulwer states that many of his characters are taken from real life. Ferrers, in his general outline, must be one of those realities drawn from the Well of Truth.

Lumley Ferrers, his age about twenty-six—his fortune about eight hundred a-year—he followed no profession. Lumley Ferrers had not what is usually called genius; that is, he had no enthusiasm; and, if the word talent be properly interpreted as meaning the talent of doing something better than others, Ferrers had not much to boast of on that score. He had no talent for writing, nor for public speaking, nor for music nor painting, nor the ordinary round of accomplishments; neither at present had he displayed much of the hard and useful talent for action and business. But Ferrers had what is often better than either genius or talent: he had a powerful and most acute mind. He had, moreover, great animation of manner, high physical spirits, a witty, odd, racy vein of conversation, determined assurance, and profound confidence in his own resources. He was fond of schemes, stratagems, and plots—they amused and excited him—his power of sarcasm and of argument, too, was great, and he usually obtained an astonishing influence over those with whom he was brought in contact. His high spirits and a most happy frankness of bearing carried off and disguised his leading vices of character, which were an extraordinary callousness of affection, and an insensibility to moral principles. Though less learned than Maltravers, he was on the whole a very instructed man. He mastered the surface of many sciences, became satisfied of their general principles, and threw the study aside, never to be forgotten, (for his memory was like a vice,) but never to be prosecuted any farther. To this he added a general acquaintance with whatever is most generally acknowledged as standard in extant or modern literature. What is admired only by a few, Lumley never took the trouble to read. Living amongst trifles, he made them interesting and novel by his mode of viewing and treating them. And here indeed was *a* talent—it was the talent of social life—the talent of enjoyment to the utmost, with the least degree of trouble to himself. Lumley Ferrers was thus exactly one of those men whom everybody calls exceedingly clever, and yet it would puzzle one to say in what he was so clever. . . . . It only remains to be said of this singular young man, whose character as yet was but half developed, that he had seen a great deal of the world, and could live at ease and in content with all tempers and ranks; fox-hunters or scholars, lawyers or poets, patricians or *parvenus*, it was all one to Lumley Ferrers.

As we have little taste for Ferrers, after he becomes the regular villain of the piece, we shall now take him up again, five or six years afterwards, when he had returned from travelling in Greece, Turkey, and Italy, along with Maltravers—of whom and his fortune he made ample use, while waiting the opportunity of turning him and the rest of the world, to still better account:—

Lumley Ferrers was one of the few men in the world who act upon a profound, deliberate, and organized system—he had done so even from a boy. When he was twenty-one, he had said to himself, "Youth is the season for enjoyment: the triumphs of manhood, the wealth of age, do not compensate for a youth wasted in unpleasurable toils." Agreeably to this maxim, he had resolved not to adopt any profession; and, being fond of travel, and of a restless temper, he had indulged abroad in all the gratifications that his moderate income could afford him: that income went farther on the Continent than at home, which was another reason for the prolongation of his travels.

Looking round the English world, Ferrers saw that, at his age, and with an equivocal position and no chances to throw away, it was necessary that he should cast off all attributes of the character of the wanderer and the *garçon*.

"There is nothing respectable in lodgings and a cab," said Ferrers to himself—(that "*self*" was his grand confidant!) "nothing stationary. Such are the appliances of a here-to-day-gone-to-morrow kind of life. One never looks substantial till one pays rates and taxes, and has a bill with one's butcher!"

Accordingly, without saying a word to anybody, Ferrers took a long lease of a large house, in one of those quiet streets that proclaim the owners do not wish to be made by fashionable situations—streets in which, if you have a large house, it is supposed to be because

you can afford one. He was very particular in its being a respectable street—Great George Street, Westminister, was the one he selected.

No frippery or baubles, common to the mansions of young bachelors—no buhl, and marquetrie, and Sevre china, and cabinet pictures, distinguished the large dingy drawing-rooms of Lumley Ferrers. He bought all the old furniture a bargain of the late tenant—tea-coloured chints curtains, and chairs and sofas that were venerable and solemn with the accumulated dust of twenty-five years. The only things about which he was particular, were a very long dining-table that would hold forty, and a new mahogany side-board. Somebody asked him why he cared about such articles. "I don't know," said he; "but I observe all respectable family men do—there must be something in it—I shall discover the secret by-and-by. In this house did Mr Ferrers ensconce himself, with two middle-aged maid-servants, and a man out of livery, whom he chose from a multitude of candidates, because the man looked especially well-fed.

And here Ferrers gave a great many dinners—not fine, foolish dinners: he knew better. He made people that were likely to be useful to him, feel free and easy over his "respectable fare," his cod-head and shoulders, "with plenty of flour in the oyster sauce;" and, because they felt easy, they came again; and by degrees—

The large dingy drawing-rooms became a frequent resort for public men to talk over those thousand underplots by which a party is served or attacked. Thus, though not in Parliament himself, Ferrers became insensibly associated with parliamentary men and things; and the ministerial party, whose politics he espoused, praised him highly, made use of him, and meant, some day or other, to do something for him.

This is clever portraiture, though that of the banker, of whom we have spoken above, is better by many degrees. We shall see him in his connexion with Alice. Poor Alice!—she had been carried as far as Cork by her miscreant father, where she escapes from him and the horrible bondage to which he would have subjected her, and lives on, we know not how, until we find her back in England, and, with her child, repulsed from the garden-gate of "the dear cottage," now enlarged, and occupied by a Mr Hobbs and his progeny.

The second stage of Alice's trial is more pathetic than the beginning, and not liable to the same grave objections. She could find no trace of Maltravers, who had been long on the Continent; and now—

Alice felt that she was on the wide world alone, with her child—no longer to be protected, but to protect; and, after the first few days of agony, a new spirit, not indeed of hope, but of endurance, passed within her. Her solitary wanderings, with God her only guide, had tended greatly to elevate and confirm her character. She felt a strong reliance on His mysterious mercy—she felt, too, the responsibility of a mother. . . Her humble manner, and sweet, well-tuned voice, so free from the professional whine of mendicancy, had usually its charm for the sternest. So she generally obtained enough to buy bread and a night's lodging; and if sometimes she failed—she could bear hunger, and was not afraid of creeping into some shed, or, when by the seashore, even into some sheltering cavern. Her child throve too—for God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!—But now, so far as physical privation went, the worst was over.

It so happened that, as Alice was drawing herself wearily along to the entrance of the village which was to bound her day's journey, she was met by a lady past middle age, in whose countenance compassion was so visible that Alice would not beg; for she had a strange delicacy or pride, or whatever it may be called, and rather begged of the stern than of those who looked kindly at her—she did not like to lower herself in the eyes of the last.

The lady stopped.

"My poor girl, where are you going?"

"Where God pleases, madam," said Alice.

"Humph. And is that your own child?—you are almost a child yourself!"

"It is mine, madam," said Alice, gazing fondly at the infant—"it is all I have."

The lady's voice faltered. "Are you married?" she asked.

"Married!—oh, no, madam!" replied Alice, innocently, yet without blushing, for she never knew that she had done wrong in loving Maltravers.

The lady drew gently back, but not in horror—no, in still deeper compassion.

Alice, simply and candidly, related all her story, and the lady's interest was fairly warmed in her behalf. The kind-hearted matron would make her musical talents subservient to her support; she would befriend her; there was less to forgive than she had anticipated—

Still she deemed it necessary to enlighten Alice as to the criminality of the connexion she had formed. But here Alice was singularly dull—she listened in meek patience to Mrs Leslie's lecture; but it evidently made but slight impression on her. She had not yet seen enough of the social state, to correct the first impressions of the natural; and all she could say in answer to Mrs Leslie, was—"It may be all very true, madam, but I have been so much better since I knew him!"

She would not hear one syllable insinuated against Maltravers; and Mrs Leslie was just enough, to love her the better for this true womanly delicacy and generosity. That lady was aware, however, that, unless Alice's misfortune was concealed, all her benevolent schemes would prove abortive, and sorely perplexed between the propriety of candour and its cruelty in the ruin of Alice's prospects. In this dilemma, and to have the case of conscience properly resolved, she determined

To confide her scruples to one who, of all whom she knew, possessed the highest character for moral worth and religious sanctity. This gentleman, lately a widower, lived at the outskirts of the town selected for Alice's future residence, and at that time happened to be on a visit in Mrs Leslie's neighbourhood. He was an opulent man, a banker; he had once represented the town in Parliament, and, retiring, from disinclination for the late hours and onerous fatigues even of an unreformed House of Commons, he still possessed an influence to return one, if not both the members for the city of C——. And that influence was always exerted so as best to secure his own interest with the powers that be, and advance certain objects of ambition, (for he was both an ostentatious and ambitious man in his own way,) which he felt he might more easily obtain by proxy than by his own votes and voice in Parliament—an atmosphere in which his light did not shine. And it was with a wonderful address that the banker contrived at once to support the Government, and yet, by the frequent expression of liberal opinions, to conciliate the Whigs and the Dissenters of his neighbourhood. Parties, political and sectarian, were not then so irreconcilable as they are now. In the whole county there was not a man so respected as this eminent person; and yet he possessed no shining talents, though a laborious and energetic man of business. It was solely and wholly the force of moral character which gave him his position in society. He felt this; he was sensitively proud of it; he was painfully anxious not to lose an atom of a distinction that required to be vigilantly secured. He was a very remarkable, yet not perhaps (could we penetrate all hearts) a very uncommon character—this banker! He had risen from, comparatively

speaking, a low origin and humble fortunes, and entirely by the scrupulous and sedate propriety of his outward conduct. With such a propriety he, therefore, inseparably connected every notion of worldly prosperity and honour. Thus, though far from a bad man, he was forced into being something of a hypocrite. Every year he had grown more starch and more saintly. He was conscience-keeper to the whole town; and it is astonishing how many persons hardly dared to make a will or subscribe to a charity without his advice. As he was a shrewd man of this world, as well as an accredited guide to the next, his advice was precisely of a nature to reconcile the Conscience and the Interest; and he was a kind of negotiator in the reciprocal diplomacy of earth and heaven. But our banker was really a charitable man, and a benevolent man, and a sincere believer. How, then, was he a hypocrite? Simply, because he professed to be far *more* charitable, *more* benevolent, and *more* pious than he really was. His reputation had now arrived to that degree of immaculate polish that the smallest breath, which would not have tarnished the character of another man, would have fixed an indelible stain upon his.

We wish that we could go deeper into the saintly banker.

From nature, this gentleman had received an inordinate share of animal propensities; he had strong passions, he was by temperament a sensualist. He loved good eating and good wine---he loved women. The two former blessings of the carnal life, are not incompatible with canonization; but St. Anthony has shewn that women, however angelic, are not precisely that order of angels that saints may safely commune with. If, therefore, he ever yielded to temptations of a sexual nature, it was with profound secrecy and caution; nor did his right-hand know what his left-hand did.

Does Mr Bulwer not perceive one indefeasible reason why the vices of excessive eating and drinking are not, and ought not, to be visited with the same severity, in the penal code of "the saints," as the third of his specified carnal indulgences? By drunkenness and gluttony a man vitiates and degrades his own nature—he sins against himself; but the luxurious viands and the generous wine which perish in the use, are not guilty participants, but the unscathed ministers to his sensual appetites. They have neither bodies to be polluted, nor souls to be saved or lost; while, in the third case supposed—— but it is idle to pursue the illustration. "The saints" are emphatically in the right. So long, however, as women, whether wedded or kept, are in reality tacitly regarded, by many of their masters—rich or aristocratic—in much the same light as other purchaseable luxuries—as wines or horses, for example—this point of morals must remain obscure to the fashionable world, and to all who, with the recognition of woman's equality on their lips, make no distinction among the vices specified by our author, save, perhaps, to regard that which, he states, makes canonization impossible, as the least gross and heinous of the three.

This gentleman had married a woman much older than himself; but her fortune had been one of the necessary stepping-stones in his career. His exemplary conduct towards this lady, ugly as well as old, had done much towards increasing the odour of his sanctity. She died of an ague, and the widower did not shock probabilities by affecting too severe a grief.

"The Lord's will be done!" said he; "she was a good woman, but we should not set our affections too much upon His perishable creatures!"

This was all he was ever heard to say on the matter. He took an elderly gentlewoman, distantly related to him, to manage his house, and sit at the head of the table; and it was thought not impossible, though the widower was past fifty, that he might marry again.

Alice is comfortably settled with her child in the town of C———, under the name of Mrs Butler, a young person, separated for the present from her husband; for the banker, though a man of severe truth, after conversing about the lovely Alice, discovers that there may be some few exceptions to the strict rule of veracity—

Some exceptions. The world is a bad world; we are born in sin, and the children of wrath. We do not tell infants all the truth, when they ask us questions, the proper answers of which would mislead, not enlighten, them. In some things the whole world are infants. The very science of government is the science of concealing truth—so is the system of trade. We could not blame the tradesman for not telling the public that, if all his debts were called in, he would be a bankrupt.

Is the following remark judicious? Does Mr Bulwer soberly denounce the necessity to which Maltravers and his fellow-sinners condemn society, its benevolent Mrs Leslies, and its relenting, though saintly bankers?

Now, as Alice Darvil, this young person would have been just as good, as pure, as modest---and yet more honest---but, as Alice Darvil, she would have died on a dunghill.

The banker observed her conduct with silent vigilance. He met her often. He visited her often. He was intimate at houses where she attended to teach or perform. He lent her good books---he advised her---he preached to her. Alice began to look up to him---to like him—to consider him as a village girl in Catholic countries may consider a benevolent and kindly priest. And he---what was his object?---at that time it is impossible to guess;---he became thoughtful and abstracted.

The banker soon afterwards released Alice from the persecution of her brutal father, who again discovered her retreat, and, after a powerfully-painted scene, in which the man of mixed virtue and great pretensions to holiness, is placed in bold contrast with the reckless, godless ruffian, Luke Darvil meets the reward of his crimes in a violent death; and, to the great contentment of the banker, is not recognised by any one, save himself, as the parent of pretty Mrs Butler.

While abroad, the all-conquering Maltravers, with whom, as we said, every woman falls in love, whose love is worth having, forms a sort of half-liaison with a beautiful married Frenchwoman, upon whom Mr Bulwer takes great pains. That Madame de St Ventadour will interest the reader in the same degree, is very doubtful—perfect specimen, as she is, of her class. He talked to her of the classic life of old Greece and Rome, of a life more elegant than that of Paris; while, from the accomplished Valerie, he receives that last polish which only such a woman can give. Was he in love with her? He was on the fair way to it; and "he was not so good a man as when he left England." He had been dissipating his affections. He had no high aims, nor fixed pursuit—

He had lost much of his chivalrous veneration for women, whom he had begun to consider rather as playthings than idols; he found that they deceive us as often as we deceive them. He found, also, that their feelings are frequently less deep than they appear, and that they fall in love, and fall out of it, without breaking their hearts. . . . .

In his present intercourse with Madame de St Ventadour, he formed no plan. He was interested and excited; and Valerie's manners, which to-day flattered and to-morrow piqued him, enlisted his vanity and pride on the side of his fancy.

Madame is sage and high-spirited, though tender and sensible. She magnanimously proclaims her love, and dismisses her lover, who parts and flies. There is now a charming domestic episode. We have a perfect French gentleman, who realizes all our ideas of the honour, integrity, and good sense of the character, married to a sweet, little, *virtuous* Italian girl, whom he had taken from the opera, and with whom he lives in happiness, on the Lake of Como. Teresa, happily married, and in the midst of her children, luckily escapes the fate of all Maltravers' female acquaintance; and the reader lingers with delight in the midst of this charming group; and in a wholesome atmosphere, where the manly intellect of De Montaigne braces the virtues of the friend for whom he foretells the highest destinies.

Maltravers, an enthusiastic scholar, and a man of high genius, was already an author. In his literary revelations, and the progress of his mental developement, the reader who imagines that he reads the real Confessions of Mr Bulwer, will probably not be very far wrong, however far the same thing may hold of certain incidents, which are also said to be true history, though he disclaims the imputation. But those matters, with all that is essay or criticism, we prudently leave to the reader.

His affectionate late guardian wishes Maltravers to return, to go into Parliament, and to settle in life, and summons him to England. Soon after he returns home, an accident throws him again in the way of the elegant, the witty, the wise Madame de St. Ventadour. It is all over with this poor lady now.

Ernest was no longer in love with her---he had outgrown that youthful fancy. She had exercised an influence over him---the new influences that he had created had chased away her image. Such is life. Long absences extinguish all the false lights, though not the true ones. The lamps are dead in the banquet-room of yesterday; but a thousand years hence and the stars we look on to-night will burn as brightly. Maltravers was no longer in love with Valerie—Ah! perhaps *hers* had been true love!

The travelling party, of which Valerie made one, were one day driven by a storm into an old country inn.

Bells rang---dogs barked---hostlers ran. A plain, dark, travelling post-chariot was before the inn-door; and, roused perhaps by the noise below, a lady in the "first floor front, No. 2," came to the window. This lady owned the travelling-carriage, and was at this time alone in that apartment. As she looked carelessly at the party, her eyes rested on one form---she turned pale, uttered a faint cry, and fell senseless on the floor.

While Maltravers is ministering to the comfort of Valerie,

The lady who occupied the adjoining chamber, had recovered slowly from her swoon. She put both hands to her temples, as if trying to recollect her thoughts. Hers was a fair, innocent, almost childish face; and now, as a smile shot across it, there was something so sweet and touching in the gladness it shed over that countenance, that you could not have seen it without strong and almost painful interest. It was the gladness of a person who has known sorrow! Suddenly she started up, and said---"No—then! I do not dream. He is come back—he is here—all will be well again! Ha! it is his voice. Oh, bless him, it is *his* voice!" She paused, her finger on her lip, her face bent down. A low and indistinct sound of voices reached her straining ear through the thin door that divided her from Maltravers. She listened intently, but she could not overhear the import. Her heart beat violently. "He is not alone!" she murmured mournfully. "I will wait till the sound ceases, and then I will venture in!"

It is impossible, we presume, for novelists to dispense with the machinery of extraordinary meetings, surprises, accidents, and cross-purposes, since even the best of them require such helps. The conversation between Valerie and the man who had outlived "his fancy" for her, had brought the gallant and merciful Ernest, in the burst of her bitter feelings, to the necessity of attempting to soothe her; so he fell on his knee by her side, "pressing on her hand kisses as pure as ever cavalier impressed on the hand of his queen," when, as the deuce would have it, and as it always happens in novels, and nowhere else, in glided "a fair form—a form fairer and younger" than that of the French lady—and poor Alice saw him, herself unseen! "He did not look up: and Alice Darvil turned away—and her fate for life was fixed."

This gives us bad hopes for the coming volumes, if ever the romance shall be finished, which we consider not very probable. And now, with the eloquent farewell letter of the accomplished Valerie, is tied up a lock of Alice's hair; and Ernest goes forth into the world, to gather more trophies among the fair and young, the noble and gifted; and, in particular, to engage the secret admiration of the high-born, brilliant, beautiful, wealthy, and proud Lady Florence Lascelles who, adoring him in secret, and with a noble enthusiasm, becomes his unknown correspondent, his monitor, his guardian angel, the inspirer of every noble thought and act for his country and mankind. It looks like poverty of resource to find so many women condemned to the same destiny—hopeless love; for Florence is not beloved. But we have nothing to say to the noble-minded Lady Florence or her story. The *plot* hinges there, on the black villany of her cousin Ferrers. Let us stick by Alice. One day Ernest chanced to visit the chapel of a celebrated mountebank preacher, accompanied by an Italian poet—another character very ably drawn, but a secondary personage, at this time, in the drama. While the discourse was drawing to a close—

The dim outline of a female form, in the distance, rivetted the eyes and absorbed the thoughts of Maltravers. The chapel was darkened, though it was broad daylight; and the face of the person that attracted Ernest's attention was concealed by her head-dress and veil. But that bend of the neck, so simply graceful, so humbly modest, recalled to his heart but one image. . . The more intently he gazed, the more firmly Ernest was persuaded that he saw before him the long-lost, the never-to-be-forgotten mistress of his boyish days, and his first love. On one side of the lady in question sate an elderly gentleman, whose eyes were fixed upon the preacher;—on the other, a beautiful little girl, with long fair ringlets, and that cast of features which, from its exquisite

delicacy and expressive mildness, painters and poets call the "angelic." These persons appeared to belong to the same party. Maltravers literally trembled, so great were his impatience and agitation.

It was Alice. She was lost in the crowd. For many succeeding Sundays he returned; but she appeared no more. But at last consolation came. "He saw her in reputable, nay, opulent circumstances." "He would sleep in peace." "She was not a wanderer upon the face of the earth who had slept in his bosom."

Was she married to that staid and sober-looking personage whom he had beheld with her? was that child the offspring of their union? He hoped so—for he loved her now as a brother. Poor Alice! could she have dreamed, when she lay at his feet gazing up into his eyes, that a time would come when Maltravers would thank God for the belief that she was happy with another!

Ernest Maltravers now felt a new man: the relief of conscience operated on his literary compositions. A more buoyant and elastic spirit entered into them---they seemed to breathe as with a second youth.

Alice was the wife of Mr Templeton, the rich banker, and the same plebeian uncle from whom Lumley Ferrers expected a great fortune, until he had somewhere picked up this mysterious young widow and her lovely child. But Lumley was not a man to be easily disconcerted or driven from his point. His machinations to separate Lady Florence from Maltravers, to cajole his vulgarly ambitious uncle, and forward his selfish and villanous schemes, are often improbable, and break in upon the identity of the character. Another puzzle for the reader is, What is to become of Ferrers in the future volumes? Poetic justice must be satisfied; and the author, at the close, leaves himself a clear stage. Lady Florence, rather tedious on her death-bed, is killed off; and Lord Vargrave, the sanctified banker, having gained one grand object of his worldly ambition, a peerage, is also sent abruptly home, having made a will, bequeathing his step-daughter at eighteen, and an immense fortune, to Lumley. Even the base nature of Ferrers—now Lord Vargrave, in Parliament, and a flaming orator—feels the moral beauty of the ever-pensive, subdued, and retiring wife and widow of his late uncle. On a lovely May morning, some months after the death of Lady Florence and the banker, and when Ernest, sickening at life and all its interests—annoyed, too, by malignant and petulant criticism of those writings whose beauty she had felt so deeply and admired so much—had abandoned his Parliamentary duties, and gone abroad, Ferrers sate alone,

By the window in his late uncle's villa, in his late uncle's easy chair—his eyes were resting musingly on the green lawn on which the windows opened, or rather on two forms that were seated upon a rustic bench in the middle of the sward. One was the widow in her weeds, the other was that fair and lovely child destined to be the bride of the new lord. . . . Lumley gazed on them both, and on the child more earnestly. "She is very lovely," he said; "she will be very rich. After all, I am not to be pitied. I am a peer, and I have enough to live upon at present. I am a rising man—our party want peers; and, though I could not have had more than a subaltern's seat at the Treasury Board six months ago, when I was an active, zealous, able commoner, now that I am a lord, with what they call a stake in the country, I may open my mouth and—bless me!—I know not how many windfalls may drop in! My uncle was wiser than I thought, in wrestling for this peerage, which he won and I wear!—Then, by-and-by, just at the age when I want to marry and have an heir, (and a pretty wife saves one a vast deal of trouble,) 200,000*l.* and a young beauty! Come, come, I have strong cards in my hands, if I play them tolerably. I must take care that she falls desperately in love with me. Leave me alone for that—I know the sex, and have never failed except in——Ah, that poor Florence! Well, it is no use regretting!"

Thus ends the first portion of the work, "with what, though rare in novels, is common in human life—the affliction of the good, the triumph of the unprincipled."

Come we now to our third romance, "Concealment"—ill-omened name, and most effective in concealing a carefully-finished and very meritorious fiction. "Concealment" is a novel of the Edgeworth school, with a pleasant dash of Madame D'Arblay and Miss Austin. Its moral object is to inculcate sincerity and truthfulness, or rather those habits and principles and that strength of mind upon which truth depends. By no direct failure in truth, not even by the lie acted—but by the want of the moral courage requisite in a great emergency, a lovely, and amiable, and passionately-beloved young woman, involves a whole family in the deepest distress, and her husband in disgrace and misery. She expiates the crime of bigamy by remorse, penitence, and death. We do not mean to enter upon the story; and, to say truth, there is nothing more in it than a thread upon which to hang the variety of well-sustained characters who carry forward the business to the catastrophe, and secure the purpose of revealing the author's opinion on men and women, morals, manners, politics, poetry, and literature. In the character of Lady Darcy, the author has developed the idea of a woman coming as near perfection as humanity permits: self-sustained—how different from self-sufficing!—and self-denying; dignified, nobly-principled, affectionate, earnest, devoted to those she loved, and continually doing good—a Christian heroine, in short; and emphatically a *gentlewoman* as distinguished from a mere lady. We must, however, leave this beautiful character, and the no less engaging younger heroine, Clara, to the reader's study. The minor personages are less in danger of suffering from our partial representations. There is, first, Mrs Winifred Loraine, an ancient maiden gentlewoman, the kinswoman and hereditary appendage of an aristocratic family, who is the type of thousands of a class that would be amusing were they not really more mischievous than the feebleness of their intellect and the absurdity of their prejudices render probable. The hold this lady has over her proud relation—himself a capital moral portrait—is thus accounted for:—

It was one of Sir Edward's "blessed inconsistencies," that, with all his contempt for weakness in general, he always exacted from others, and paid himself, the most punctilious respect to Mrs Winifred. This arose partly from feeling annoyed that one of his name should be so ow in the scale of intellect, and he supposed this to be

the only way of counteracting the insignificance into which she would otherwise have fallen; and partly because she was dependant, and he was too gentlemanlike in feeling to allow others to discover this from his manner towards her. She had two especial points of violence, almost of delirium—her religion and her politics—or, as she herself expressed it, "her King and her God." These were so identified in her mind, that the terms "Atheist" and "Republican" were with her almost synonimous, and were indiscriminately bestowed on all who differed from her in opinion. Yet, with all this, there was such an absence of malice, the mind was so perfectly clear of guile, even the guile of concealing its own defects, that those who were most the objects of her dislike could not be persuaded to return it. It seemed strange that one so destitute of the reasoning faculties should have perplexed her small apprehensions with those subjects on which even the strongest heads are apt to go astray; and it could only be explained by her having spent her youth with a grandmother, whose grandmother had, when a child, sat on the knee of Charles I.; and having herself been betrothed to a gallant captain who was killed by the monsters of the American revolution.

This old lady, one day, hears that the heir, the *representative* of the family, is to be married to a foreigner:—

"So, ladies, you have come at last;—that I have lived to see this day—this dreadful day! the heir of Sir Edward Loraine married to an Indian—a black heathen!" "An Indian! my dear Mrs Winifred—an Italian you mean—a beautiful Italian," said Clare, eagerly, glad to have the power of alleviating the blow.

"He told me it was an Indian; but it is all the same—these Italians are as bad as heathens; and almost as black. The Pope is an Italian; I know all about it—my great-grandmother married an Italian, and he ran away, and left her with five children. O Lord! have mercy upon us!" . . . . . .

"Oh! Baroness Darcy, if you had but allowed him to be disinherited, I might have died in peace. I always thought he would bring disgrace on the family. But what's her name? Am I to hear nothing about it, but what that old painting man told me? Sir Edward would have told *me* first; that he would—but times are changed now."

"Her name is Theresa Doria; she is of a noble Italian family."

"A noble family—the name of a *fish*—I remember 'em at Bath—the John Dorys—I always hated 'em. She's a nun, too, I suppose; they're all nuns in Italy. Is she a nun?"

But Mr O'Connell is the awful bug-a-boo of this ancient spinster and her compeers. We are not sure but that the "Liberator" has a piece of Mrs Winifred's death to answer for. She has a congenial, or rather an appropriate gossip in Miss Catt, an individual of the *Pratt* genus. Those inferior personages, some of whom must be from the life, with the family group of the Mactavishes of Castle Avish, for whose identity we pledge ourselves, might make the fortune of a novel altogether, independently of its higher characters and main interest. The five or six young ladies of Castle Avish, hearing that their new neighbour, Clare Loraine, the protegée of Lady Darcy, was a beauty and an heiress, made up their minds that she might, by a small degree of condescension on the part of the family, be a match for their brother, the heir. The scene is very clever and admirably truthful.

Spring is said to be the season of hope, and hope the prototype of spring—therefore August may safely be said to be the spring of the Highlands, for it is then the lairds begin to live, the moor-game to die—the heath to bloom, and the ladies to dress. As it was now approaching this season of mighty import, the family of the Laird of Mactavish, of Castle Avish, presented the usual appearances of "big and busy enterprise." The young ladies, four in number, were seen presiding from dawn to twilight over the labours of their sewing handmaidens—taking sleeves of moderate dimensions from the gowns of last year, and cutting up webs of muslin and tulle into gigantic gigots, and overpowering pelerines. The mamma of the family was equally occupied with forward-looking thoughts in her own department, and delighted to see her girls so usefully and properly employed. She had arranged, in her mind's eye, the desserts of the first week after the 12th—which was the important week—and had thrown herself into an arm-chair after this great mental effort, to enjoy the sweets of repose, and to admire her daughters, who were that day in the agonies of composing a cape, to make a dinner gown act the part of a morning one, if necessary. Do not let it be supposed we think lightly of such efforts; we have too often suffered from the want of such *prevoyance* to feel anything but admiration, which word sometimes means wonder. The young laird of the family was by no means idle during this universal activity of mind and finger. His vocation was to exercise and whip his dogs, preparatory to the important day, and occasionally to stride in amongst his family, to be admired in his new shooting dress, and to report to them the news of the country. The old laird was still in existence, but was kept much in the background; and to him the month of August brought nothing but neglect.

Mr Fergus M'Tavish—or, as he was called in the district, Captain Fergus, being a lieutenant on half-pay—was a tall, slim man, with a small skull, and a bushy crop of good dark hair. His whiskers were much cultivated, his head much elongated from his neck, by a black stiff stock, his nose hooked, his colour good, and he was altogether what is called a very handsome young man; he had of course the military air, and was, besides, the heir of Castle Avish, and the chief of that ancient clan. He was an only son, had been brought up at home, and had joined the army at a time when no battles were to be fought, except at balls, and no sieges to be attempted, but ladies' hearts. On the day we have mentioned, Mr Fergus M'Tavish made his appearance in a new shooting dress, and, striding up to the drawing-room mirror, exclaimed, in a voice as good-natured as its harshness would allow—

"Well, girls, what do you say to this?"

"Oh, beautiful, Fergus!—never saw you look so well—the fit behind is beautiful," exclaimed five voices at once.

"I thought you would all like it—it certainly does set off my figure; I think I told you before what the honourable Miss Montjoy, at Cheltenham, once said to me."

"What did she say, Fergus, darling?" said Mrs M'Tavish; "I like to know about such good company."

"Yes, she certainly is a devilish fine woman; why, she said, in her *impressée* manner, 'Mr M'Tavish, your figure is so fine that your tailor has no merit; you would become any coat.' Well, but girls, I have famous news for you; some of you must be off this year. Who do you think has taken Leven Farm?"

"I hope it is an officer," said Miss Lilly M'Tavish, who was yet innocent enough to think that all officers were heroes.

"Faith, Lilly, it's much better than an officer; they are often poor enough, but this is a man of great fortune, heir to a title too. His name is Arundel; he is to have a large party after the 12th, and he is coming to-morrow to look about him. Now, I think if we strike in at first"——

Mrs M'Tavish looked alarmed at this unexpected overturn of her domestic arrangements.

"I think that would look pushing, Fergus darling; but, on the 12th, I would certainly invite him, and as often after as you like. And, Fergus dear, I'll tell you what I have been thinking about for you—I hear there is a Miss Loraine coming with Lady Darcy, and that she is likely to get Glenleven, and a great deal more

now, don't you think that would be a nice catch for you?"

"Faith, mother, that's a good idea; that is to say, if the girl's presentable. I could not do with an ugly one; the officers would quiz me to death, for they called me a great beauty-fancier; and, to tell the truth, some beauties have fancied *me*. Is she young, mother?"

"Mrs Becky M'Intyre told my Lizzy she was quite young, and very comely; she has a brother a baronet, and she's a cousin of Lady Darcy."

"That all sounds well—the sister of a baronet; it would do, and Glenleven would be a nice addition to us. I've a good mind to walk down, and ask when they are expected. So, good bye, girls, and make haste with your gowns. Eh, do you think Miss Loraine will have me?" taking a last look at the mirror.

"Have you?" said the admiring group, while a loud laugh and five giggles succeeded this modest interrogatory.

We finish the sketch with the first visit of the Mactavishes of Castle Tavish.

The story was scarcely concluded before the clan Tavish made their appearance in great force; all the young ladies being too impatient to see their future sister-in-law at the same moment to consent to separate. The family coach had therefore been filled outside and in, and the young laird, his portly mother, and four blooming sisters poured in upon the unconscious trio. Mr Fergus made the opening speeches, in his most striking manner; his *entrée* was a remarkable contrast to the polished tranquillity of their late visiters. He was in a military undress, and contrived to turn and twist himself round for the purpose of exhibiting the fit of his coat behind, which was evidently the idol of his imagination.

"Hope your Ladyship has quite recovered from the fatigues of your voyage. I consider myself most fortunate in having this day, before our important business commences, to wait upon your Ladyship and Miss Loraine, particularly after our romantic meeting in the wood. I told my sisters, and advised them to do the same. Ha! ha! ha!" "Don't you find it takes your hair sadly out of curl, so early in the day, too?" said Miss Maria M'Tavish, in a confidential tone, to Clare who sat near her. "Walking in the woods, do you mean? No, it makes no difference to me; and if it did, I believe I should still do it." "No difference! how very strange now! Do tell me if you have been out this morning, that I may judge; but, perhaps, your hair has a natural curl, and that makes such a difference. I am sure it has, by the way it falls. Fergus's does, and I think that's the reason he always looks so handsome; many gentlemen look better at one time than another; but he always looks the same." "Indeed!" said Clare, "that is unusual." "Oh! how I wish my hair curled as yours does! Do you know of anything new that makes the hair look as if it curled naturally? I should so like it—there is nothing in the world I think so important as fine hair." Clare was saved from a reply by an appeal from Miss Lilly M'Tavish, a younger sister, whose desideratum was next to be attended to. "Miss Loraine, can you allow me to copy any new military airs you may have brought with you from the south? We are expecting Captain Twistlemere of the Hussars, and he is so fond of military music. He says it always puts him in mind of battles. I should like so much to have some pretty airs to play to him." "I am sorry I am not musical; but some new music is mentioned here," taking up a journal from the table; "you may, perhaps, like to look over it." "Dear me, don't you play? Fergus, Miss Loraine can't play!—dear me!" Miss Lilly's simplicity called forth a frown from her brother, and she busied herself forthwith in her list of music. Clare liked her the best of the party, and was going to give her some further information when the solemn Miss Maria again assailed her. "Miss Loraine, have you seen Mr Arundel?" "Yes, he was here this morning." "Did you ever see hair so beautifully kept? What a time it must take to brush it!" "I am not sure that I observed it particularly." Captain Twistlemere's hair is a prettier colour; but then it does not look quite so well attended to." "What colour is Captain Twistlemere's hair?" "I think it is nearly the colour of yours; perhaps not quite so dark an auburn, but near it." While this wise discourse was going on at one sofa, Lady Darcy was the victim of something equally profound at the other. Mr Fergus talked—the sisters giggled at his wit, and the mother inwardly rejoiced at the impression he must be making. After a pressing invitation was given to dine and spend a few days at Castle Avish, the following week, the visit came to an end, Mr Fergus casting, as he departed, an irresistible look at Miss Loraine, and hoping that they might enjoy another romantic walk together, as charming as the last.

The modest proposal of Captain Fergus to Clare, is as rich a "popping the question" as we have met with; but we leave it to the curiosity of young ladies. It is enough that

With a profound bow, which was intended by its elegance to plant daggers in Miss Loraine's bosom, Captain Fergus strode off to his steed, whipping the innocent bushes as he went, while Clare, tired, disturbed, and disappointed, retreated to her own room, to ponder over what had passed, and to moralize on that strange animal man, and his various appearances. When she related the adventure to her cousin, which she did with much comic effect, Lady Darcy's remark was:—

"Well, I am sorry for what he has suffered; but you could not avoid saying what you did; it may perhaps do him good."

"No," replied Clare, "I fear it may do him harm; for hatred is worse than vanity, and he certainly can hate, although I entirely acquit him of all love."

Captain Twistlemere, the only son of a rich and fashionable Cheltenham widow—we say Cheltenham *widow*, holding it as equally characteristic with *wife* of Bath—is, meanwhile, during his grouse-shooting, captivated by the charms of Miss Lilly Mactavish. When Fergus, "nursing his wrath," reaches home, he sees a carriage, which is rather a phenomenon in the Highlands, and "posting and reeking horses," on the castle lawn.

"What can this be about?" said Fergus to himself, striding into the house, "some more English insolence, I suppose. But Lilly shan't be cheated—that she shan't!"

As he approached the drawing-room, he heard female voices in sharp and angry variety of discord, and occasionally a man's voice attempting to interpose between the disputing parties. He listened for a minute or two; but, curious to see as well as to hear, he opened the door, and walked in. He found the scene within equal to the sound without. Mrs Twistlemere, whose back was towards the door, was a tall, well-dressed, fashionable Irish widow of forty. The back and sleeves, skirt, collar, and bonnet, were evidently the work of able *artistes*, and the Hibernian block on which they were established gave an unction to the whole. She was standing in the middle of the room, pouring forth every irritating invective which the genius of her country and of her sex could supply, against poor Mrs M'Tavish, who, meek and helpless, wordless and stingless, had sunk into her easy chair, quite exhausted with the defence she had made of the M'Tavish versus the Twistlemere pedigree.

The gentleman who stood meekly beside the widow was a little fat man, in a green coat and drab conclusions. He was her agent, and one of the guardians of young Twistlemere, who, seeing nothing in the general look of affairs so degrading to the house of Twistlemere, and, being aware of the extreme folly of his ward, and of his ward's mamma, was very desirous to make things verge towards an amicable arrangement.

The close is admirable. Fergus marries the dashing widow, and becomes father-in-law to his brother-in-law. In another vein, we give a random specimen or two of a work into which we

should have liked to enter fully, had any opportunity offered, before, in these days of hot haste, twenty newer books had overlaid it for a time. With these specimens, we commit "Concealment" to the patient excavators of the library. Unhappily there are now no patient excavators of the periodical press, and a book destined to emerge is still as good as manuscript. Here, first, is the spirit of tolerance, or, better, of Christian charity.

Mr Delaney, the chaplain of the de Clifton family was a person who would have been an honour to any church, and his society proved a great pleasure to the circle into which he was thus accidentally introduced.

No one rejoiced more sincerely than Lady Darcy did, at finding goodness and piety anywhere, and it perhaps gave her the more pleasure to discover it amongst the Romish priesthood, because, from the unlimited power of the office in that church, she less expected to find that union of holiness and humility which a "steward of the mysteries" is so solemnly enjoined to possess.

In her own intercourse with Theresa, she avoided all controversy, being thoroughly persuaded that life is too short, and human reason too imperfect, to correct the speculative errors of others, and that all the good that can be effected by one human being towards another, must be by the silent influence of example, rather than by the force of argument and the strife of words.

Her indulgence to errors of faith arose, not from indifference to the spiritual condition of her fellow-creatures, but from a deep sense of human weakness, and an abiding sense of divine power and mercy. Where she saw a mind, darkened by ignorance, or misled by sin, she spared no pains, no prayers, to enlighten and to heal; but where others denounced, she was silent; where others feared, she hoped. She was, however, in no degree blind to the different shades of character or of creeds.

Our next specimen shall be an ingenious estimate of character:—

It happened one evening, about this time, when the Hall and Cottage inmates were assembled as usual, that the conversation turned on examples of elevated virtue, and Herbert called upon the party to name those personifications of excellence, real or fictitious, which had exercised most power over the minds of the assembled group.

"I am sure," he said, "you will all agree that '*la dame de mes pensées*' is most unexceptionable, and she has the merit of being a real personage, although best known to us by her fictitious name; I mean 'Jeanie Deans.'—Young Stuart, who read the book to me with true spirit, said, his sister would have acted as she did in the same circumstances. Now, Willoughby, let us have your lady or ladies."

"If you allow of two," Willoughby said, "I think mine must be Madame Roland and Mrs Unwin—one the heroine of my youth, the other of my age. You may laugh, but I can defend my choice. Lady Darcy, we call upon you for your heroes."

"I am disposed to bear you company," she said, smiling, "and take Cowper and La Fayette. Now Theresa, it is your turn."

Theresa shook her head, and saying, "Clare, you must speak for me," she went on with her embroidery.

"I am afraid," said Clare. "I am not so moderate as any one of you; but am like a child when asked who it likes best. How many may I have?"

"Not more than three," said Herbert.

"Only three—and one for Theresa, as she has deputed me to choose. I say, in her name, Max Piccolomini; and in my own, at the risk of being thought even more wild than Mr Willoughby—Don Quixote, John Howard, and Hamlet."

Clare's trio were received with some merriment, and Willoughby said—

"As illustrations, I suppose you mean, of the purest heroism, the truest philanthropy, and the highest intellect."

"Exactly," said Clare, blushing. "Thank you for helping me out with my meaning; how do you justify your own choice of two such very opposite ladies? I conclude that you admire the one for her talents, and the other for her patient friendship?"

"Yes, and I love both for that self-devotion to what they felt to be right, for that steadfastness of virtue which enabled them to act and suffer up to their own principles. Mrs Unwin seems to me unequalled in the annals of enduring friendship, and Madame Roland still rises, amid those fearful days, as the one unsullied landmark of the cause she could not save."

"Yes," said Lady Darcy, "she has always seemed to me a marvellous creature. In her country and age, to be so faultless a wife, so tender a mother, so warm a friend, and, if I recollect right, so dutiful a daughter to a father she could not respect—all this, apart from her great ability, makes her character truly worthy of admiration."

"I am delighted to have you on my side," said Willoughby, "because it convinces me I am right. She was a beautiful illustration of what human philosophy, enriched by the affections of woman, can accomplish. Mrs Unwin's philosophy was divine—the highest and the holiest, and one cannot but feel that, so far as action is concerned, there might be many more Madame Rolands than Mrs Unwins; but in both, there was that preferring of others to themselves, which is of all qualities of our nature the most approaching to the divine."

"And which," said Herbert, "my heroine possessed in perfection, with, at the same time, the strictest sense of truth and justice. Many people can make great sacrifices for those they love; but few have the moral courage to love truth better than the object of their affection."

As Herbert said this, he rose and approached the fire. Lady Darcy and Willoughby turned towards him; but Clare's attention was arrested by Theresa's appearance, which betokened strong internal agitation, produced by what Herbert was saying.

Theresa, it may be noticed, is the unhappy wife, whose *guilty concealment* gives the name and the tragic interest to a work which we leave to make its own way. All that it requires is to be known.

THE WIND UNBOUND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TIM BOBBIN'S GRAVE."

God doth unbind the unchained wind;
He bids him go, and he straightway goeth.
The mighty one from the Lord is gone—
O'er ocean wide and o'er land he bloweth.

From mountain peak doth he terror shake;
'Mid caverned echoes he wildly crieth;
His wings descend where the pine woods bend;
Over desert plain in thick cloud he flieth.

On moonless night doth he take his flight;
Star-spangled regions he then exploreth;
Flings wide his pinions in heaven's dominions;
And to God's own palace-gate he soareth.

Then back he bends, and to earth descends;
Cloud-rending stormer! the world he shaketh;
Pale fear lies wailing, the brave are quailing;
The proud he humbles, the strong he breaketh.

On shoreless main when his path is ta'en,
Howling he calls on that 'whelming ocean;
The great deep cleaveth, the billow heaveth,
And wind and flood meet in dire commotion.

No ship may ride through that dreadful tide;
Stark horror yells, every hope denying;
The fierce wind breaketh, the wave down taketh—
O God! have mercy upon the dying!

STRICTURES ON WILLIAM HOWITT'S OBSERVATIONS ON THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.

BY A MEMBER OF THAT SOCIETY.*

"Now for consistency, where is thy merit?
Thou sayst that thou a Quaker art in spirit.
Spirit must have a mode to manifest
Its latent essences, as trees are drest
According to their kind; for trees and fruits
Declare the nature of their hidden roots."—KNOWLES.

FRIEND TAIT,—In the two articles written by William Howitt, on "The Society of Friends, as it was and as it is," addressed to the public, as well as to the members of that body—as a member of the same, to whom he appeals for the truth and correctness of his picture, I am desirous of replying to a few of his observations, wherein I do not think he has correctly given our reasons for some of our peculiar practices, although, in the main, I admit that his portraiture of our *religious* society (for in no other light did we ever consider our associating together) is generally faithful and correct. But, although I admit the truth of his picture, and consider that, in describing our peculiarities, he may be well qualified for his undertaking, from his being brought up and educated amongst us, which has given him a knowledge he scarcely could otherwise have acquired; yet, perhaps, the unprejudiced reader in favour of any of our views, may scarcely believe that he has entirely acquitted himself of any other motive than the reasons which he adduces, for refusing to subscribe to those views wherein he, in common with others, dissents from us. If, therefore, the columns of the widely-circulated periodical which has admitted, I believe, three pretty long articles on our body from the same pen, remain open for any of its members to testify to the truth, or correct any misapprehension of our views that may be contained therein, I am anxious to step forward for the further elucidation of some points in which William Howitt does not hesitate publicly to join issue with the religious society of which I understand him to be an acknowledged member. And, in so doing, he appears, through the medium of a political periodical, in the character of a reformer ecclesiastical. I never heard of any suggestion from his pen in doctrine or practice, or of his offering anything for our consideration, in the way of exhortation, through any of the usual mediums adopted by those in membership with us. But, presuming our principles were too little known, and charging us with hiding our light under a bushel, he proceeds at once to comment upon our rise as a distinct church, on the characters of those who were made instrumental in forming it, and holds up what he describes as our principles and practice, contradistinguishing them from others, and invites all to come to the light of truth.

So far as the principles we profess are found to be truth, I hope all will obey the call to an impartial investigation; and if, upon inquiry, we have been forced to produce the fruits in our practice that are awarded to us, let the *tree be judged of by its fruits*. If, with all our imperfections as individuals, and I acknowledge they are not a few, our peculiar views and principles continue to produce the honesty, the extended philanthropy and benevolence towards ourselves and others, which many of the censorious freely award us, I say, let our principles, and our peculiar practice also, be judged of by the fruits they produce; for, if we are in reality what our friend describes us to be, perhaps few will blame us for not being in haste to put the chief recommendations which he suggests for our further improvement, into immediate operation—viz., a few tunes on the piano, the violin, the guitar, or some other fashionable instrument; a greater cultivation of the fine arts, of painting and sculpture; a more extended and latitudinarian taste for literature—especially works of fancy—in which he considers us too restricted, although he admits that "almost all kinds of books, that are strictly of a pure and laudable kind, they read and enjoy, especially history, natural history, and science, and that in science some of the Society are well known to the public." He admits, also, that "the Friends are now great admirers of nature; no people are more frequently seen among the visiters of our mountains and lakes than they;" and that "a considerable number extend their visits to the cities and scenery of the Continent." If this statement, then, be correct, it appears that we have hitherto preferred nature to art, both in investigation and contemplation. What the probable effect might be, by a more devoted attention to the latter, without any depreciation of the former, will be, perhaps, best answered by an inquiry respecting the characters of artists generally, and their patrons; the lovers

* From principle and prudence we eschew religious controversy, especially where the difference lies rather in words than in essentials. But, as this amicable explanation affects not merely the opinions of an individual, but of a large religious society, and as the respectable quarter whence it emanates is known to us, we shall for once break through our rule. In our opinion, the entire subject of debate between Mr Howitt and our correspondent arises from the latter interpreting too narrowly the text—"The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive." We may observe that the address to the Queen, cited against Friend Howitt, in proof of the bad taste of his lax notions about the use of the plural pronoun, is scarcely fair; as, in a document so grave, the Quaker use of the pronoun is peculiarly emphatic. Neither Mr Howitt, nor any one, even among "the world's people," could, we apprehend, object to its use in this instance, where the effect is, to our feeling, impressive and solemn. —*E. T. M.*

and composers of music, and those gifted with and devoted to the developement of musical talent. Is it found that the cultivation of these give dignity to the character, or have a tendency to call forth or adorn it with the graces and virtues of Christianity? If not, why does our friend endeavour to lead away his fellow-members from the *useful* pursuits which he describes them to be engaged in?

The style in which he details our mode of officially acknowledging those who appear as ministers amongst us, I think, sufficiently indicates that it does not meet with his entire approbation, although he does not expressly say so, or find fault with us on that account. But he says, that, in every meeting "there are two or more persons, of both sexes, who are *supposed* to live closely under the divine influence, under the name of elders, whose office it is to judge of the authenticity of such public effusions; in other words, to exercise the office of spiritual tasters." Now, it appears to me an omission not to state that these elders are elected or chosen for their office by the meeting at large, for their consistent life and conversation, and general virtue; and, on this *supposition* alone, practically exemplified, are they considered by the body "as living most closely under the divine influence;" their lives practically evincing that they are in measure "renewed in the spirit of their minds," again into the image of Him who created them, and, therefore, "most fit to exercise the office of spiritual tasters." Does the author of the "History of Priestcraft" find fault with the mode, or is he so much a lover of latitudinarianism in this respect, as entirely to set aside the judgment of his fellow-members, and allow of uncontrolled freedom?

Again, if William Howitt, when speaking of family visits, in sincerity can say "that I have felt on such occasions a sense of the beautiful purity and cementing spirit of Christian love, such as no other services have called forth," why does he endeavour to derogate from their usefulness, by saying—"he had more than once heard them predict strange things to different individuals," and then, by relating a prediction in his own case, that he says was not verified, practically say that he believed them to be all delusions? And then follows the observation—"I do not here, of course, concern myself with the propriety or impropriety of the practice." This is, I suppose, what he means by the language—"I have not hesitated to praise what I admire, and to speak frankly of things as they are."

Our ancient scriptural and grammatical language of *thou* to *one* person, and *you* to *two* or more, according to our friend, is not now *grammatical*, whatever it might be formerly, as grammar is established by custom, which is against us. I admit that, for the last two or three centuries, the *plural* pronoun has been in almost general use for the singular. But custom is ancient usage; and the practice of mankind in all nations, from the beginning of the world, is *for* us. Yet custom can no more change numbers than genders. If *thou* is to be discarded, let us have a distinguishing word in the room of *you*, to be used in speech to more than one. I know words are nothing, but as we give them a value or meaning by use. But *thou*, as singular, was used in the Hebrew, Assyrian, Chaldean, Grecian, and Latin speech; and now, in the modern tongues—amongst the Turks, Tartars, Muscovites, Indians, Persians, Italians, Spanish, French, Dutch, Germans, Polonians, Swedes, Danes, as well as English—there is a distinction preserved. Although some of these modern tongues have fallen into the same practice, yet, in some cases, they are obliged to use the singular pronoun. In law, our indictments still run in the singular number, which cannot be avoided without great circumlocution. Therefore, if this be admitted, I think our friend's assertion is not made out—that the use of *thou* is a "violation of *modern grammar*," though it may be of modern practice. William Penn, in speaking of the origin of this modern custom, says—"It seems the word *thou* looked like too lean and thin a respect; and, therefore, some bigger than they should be would have a style suitable to their own ambition." William Howitt asserts this cause is removed. I suppose he will argue that the prevalency of the practice has removed the cause. That must, I think, be matter of opinion. He does not say that the pride of humanity is removed. However, he appears to consider there is now no occasion for this "outward testimony." Yet, perhaps, he will allow me to place before him the reason which had most weight with William Penn, as he informs us in his "No Cross, no Crown:"—"Because it is a most extravagant piece of pride in a mortal man, to require or expect from his fellow-creature a more civil speech or grateful language than he is wont to give the immortal God, and his Creator, in all his worship to him. Art thou, O man, greater than he that made thee! Canst thou approach the God of thy breath, and great judge of thy life, with *thou* and *thee*, and, when thou risest off thy knees, scorn a Christian for giving to thee (poor mushroom of the earth) no better language than that thou hast given to God just before?" Is, then, our friend's assertion, that "the language has now firmly settled into the other form," a sufficient proof, so long as man cannot, yea, *dare* not approach his Maker with any other language than that which he knows to be right and grammatical?

The following address to the Queen, on her accession, is a specimen of our style and grammar, but apparently repudiated by the author of the "History of Priestcraft." It might, perhaps, be more popular and modern written in the usual style; but is it less manly and respectful?

To VICTORIA, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Dominions thereunto belonging:—

May it please the Queen,

We, thy dutiful and loyal subjects, Members of the Religious Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers,

and representing that body in Great Britain and Ireland, are anxious to take the earliest opportunity of thus expressing our cordial and faithful attachment to our Queen.

We sensibly feel the loss of our late beloved Monarch, King William the Fourth. We look back upon his reign as a period of no common importance in the history of our country, marked as it has been by the extension of civil and religious liberty, by mercy and compassion to the guilty, and by the recognition of the rights of our enslaved fellow-subjects. We rejoice in these features of his government, as evidences of the increasing sway of Christian principle in the legislation of our country.

Under feelings of thankfulness to Almighty God, we offer to thee, our Queen, on thy accession to the Throne of these Realms, our sincere congratulations on the prevalence of peace abroad and tranquillity at home. May nothing be permitted to interrupt these blessings, and may the conviction more and more prevail, that war is alike anti-Christian and impolitic.

Convinced as we are, that the religion of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Redeemer, is the only foundation for the true happiness of man and the prosperity of a people, and that it is the surest bulwark to any government, our prayer to God is, that it may be the stability of thy throne, and may influence all the deliberations of thy council.

Be pleased, O Queen, to accept our earnest and heartfelt desire, that thou mayest seek for heavenly wisdom, to enable thee to fulfil the arduous duties which, in the ordering of Divine providence, thou art thus early called to perform. Mayest thou live in the fear of God, and may he incline thy heart to keep his law, and richly endow thee with the graces of his Holy Spirit. And at length, when the days of thy delegated trust on earth are ended, mayest thou, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, enter upon an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

Signed by us, members of a meeting appointed to represent the said religious Society in Great Britain and Ireland.

(Fifty-two Names.)

London, the 12th day of the 7th month, 1837.

With respect to dress, I have little to observe. This must, and has always been, left to individual taste and approval; and, if we do not adopt a "rational conformity to the genius of the national costume," I presume it is because it has been found that the best plan of preserving a simplicity amidst the variations of fashion, has been to adopt a particular mode. The Society never held out any form for its members to adopt. The query on this subject is simply this—"Do our members train up their children, servants, and those under their care, in a religious life and conversation, consistent with our Christian professions, and in plainness of speech, behaviour, and apparel?" What peculiarities in dress individuals may adopt inconsistent with plainness, have ever been repudiated. But if any member do not approve of another's dress, he is under no obligation to imitate it. Yet a plainness, and general uniformity, has still been preserved amongst those who abide by our "outward and visible testimonies," as our friend calls them, and by which peculiarities a Quaker is distinguished all over the world. And all those who profess unity with their views, and not in these particulars, are not deemed strictly consistent members of their profession, as they are not adopted from *peculiarity* but *principle*, and nothing short of principle ever has been able consistently to carry them out.

Much more might have been said on this subject; but I am not so anxious to extend my observations, as to place these things in their true light—namely, as the "mint, annise, and cummin" of the law; which ought not to be neglected, although the weightier matters of judgment, mercy, and truth, are the chief. If, like the Pharisees of old, we make our religion altogether in the former, and overlook the latter, we are justly condemned. But, from the flattering picture our friend has given of us in his last essay, we are far from that state, although the danger is predicted. Perhaps he may think we should be in less were we entirely to conform to the world around us, and allow an observance of the weightier matters alone to distinguish us; but nonconformity to prevailing fashions, in small things, where it arises from a purely conscientious motive, will always command the respect of good men.

In conclusion, I invite all to an investigation of our doctrines and practices, and to compare them with the written revelation of truth, and example of the true Church in all ages, as recorded in the Holy Scriptures. To this standard we appeal. We have no new doctrine or practice, as a body, that is not in accordance with this record. A new edition of "George Fox's Journal" is just published in two duodecimo volumes, and may be had through the medium of any bookseller, at a very moderate price. Let the unprejudiced reader, who is anxious for the inquiry, read an account of his labours and sufferings in the cause he advocated; of his intrepid courage upon all occasions, and under every circumstance, which nothing but an unshaken faith and confidence in the reality of that which he emphatically preached and styled "the Truth"—namely, the *inward* and *spiritual* work and operation of religion on the heart; and that which he considered to be his peculiar message, to use his own phraseology, to turn the minds of all to the "teaching of the grace of God in themselves." He, and his followers, in supporting, looking up to, and inquiring of a separate order of men, set apart by the State, for the substance of religion, found out their delusion, that they had *spent their money for that which was not bread, and their labour for that which satisfied not.*—Isaiah, lv. 2. To use the language of Dr Fothergill, one of their most exemplary and distinguished members, for piety as well as talents:—"They found themselves impoverished amidst the imaginary treasure of exterior profession, and famished amongst the multiplicity of forms. Their situation was like that of the poor woman mentioned in Mark, v. 26, *who had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse.* In this exercised condition, labouring and heavy laden, they remained without any prospect of relief from exterior rites and observations, having proved their inefficacy by long trial. They therefore turned towards God, and earnestly sought Him whom the Father had appointed, to give rest to the weary soul. The anxious concern of their

minds was evident, and sometimes might occasion, upon divers of them, the literal accomplishment of that most necessary injunction, Phil. ii. 12—'Work out your own salvation with fear and *trembling*.' Hence, the name of *Quakers* was given to them, at first in scorn, and by many continued from the same motive. The apprehension of imminent danger to the *body* hath often produced this effect without reproach to the parties affected; and why should it be thought to merit any epithet of contempt, to tremble at the sense of danger to that *immortal part*, which must inevitably abide the decisive sentence, of 'Come, ye blessed!' or, 'Go, ye cursed!' I freely and thus publicly acknowledge, that, notwithstanding the contempt poured upon the name of a *Quaker*, I would rather sustain it with propriety than any of the most dignified titles among the sons of men. But to proceed:—A degree of divine light arose in their minds to shew them wherein the essential light consisted, which was accompanied by faith in the name of Jesus Christ, by whom salvation and strength are only attainable. Through a fight of afflictions they followed him; cruel mockings, severe imprisonments, banishments, sequestration of their goods, and almost every species of oppression and cruelty were exercised upon them, and even death. Yet, as a collective body, *no occasion was ever found against them, except concerning the law of their God.*—Dan. vi. 5. This fervent cry of soul after substance was graciously regarded by a prayer-hearing God. He led them in the way to peace, and spoke comfortably to them; raised in many thousands the same religious hunger; and, by the baptism of the Holy Spirit, united them together as men of one heart. *To this we owe our being as a people separate from others.*"

While, therefore, in the present day, the Established Church of Scotland is trying to procure a grant from Government off the national revenue, and denouncing the Catholic Church of Ireland, because it has applied, for the purpose of *general education*, for a part of the money granted to the law-established and supported Episcopal Protestant Church, I am glad to find such a general sense in the country against any further application of the national purse for the support of any particular party, whereof all are not partakers, though all are contributors; and that the time appears rapidly approaching when more will unite with the Quakers in refusing to believe that the ministers of the gospel are to be set apart as a *separate order of men*, and that they are not now, as formerly, appointed and ordained by the Minister of Ministers to go forth freely, and, "*freely having received, freely give.*"—Matt. x. 8.

THE WEIRD OF THE DOUGLAS.

A METRICAL TALE.

Up sprung the warrior grim and old—
"And saddle me my coal-black steed;
For, long ere curfew-bell hath tolled,
His hoof shall tramp along the Tweed.
Yon haughty warden—wo to him!
My belted brand for lady's ring,
If of his beeves be left a limb!—
Sword, casque, and steed, haste, Barbour, bring."

His coal-black steed was at his side,
But groom nor warder lists his call—
"*Ave Maria*, shield!" he cried—
"Rank grass is growing in my hall!"

He little weened, that warrior bold,
That full five hundred years had rolled
Their suns o'er human hope and pain,
Since last his courser felt the rein;
Since last, when donning sword and plume,
He vowed the English warden's doom.

The bold mosstrooper gazed with awe,
As if enchantment's power he saw;
His courser pawed the grassy ground,
And crumbling ruins mouldered round.
He deemed it could not be,
That one night's slumber, overspent,
Had crushed each massy battlement,
And made and veiled each yawning rent
With cobweb pageantry.

"Sure 'twas but yesternight when rung
The watchful warder's bugle-horn;
Nor note of worse its echoes flung,
Than fantasies for warrior's scorn.

It told of screaming phantoms near,
Of him, my bitter foe, I slew;
And licked his heart's-blood from my spear,
Jabbering as by the moat he flew.
It told how maiden's bloody form
Right o'er the donjon-keep was hovering:
I laughed at all—I knew the storm
With foam her billowy tomb was covering.
'Tis magic all!—kneel, Barnard, kneel!"
Knelt the black steed—up sprung the knight
To saddle-bow. His blade of steel
And bugle-horn were fitly dight.
He grasped the blade, and cried "Ha, ha!
And have they left *thee*, Border law?"
A blast he blew; and, ere the tone
Had filled the cave, he stood alone,
With steed, and sword, and bugle-horn,
Beneath the breezes of the morn;
Beneath the blue and bending sky,
Where the cold moonshine fadingly
Struggled amid the blaze of gold
That from the fount of radiance rolled;
And close beside him lay
A hoary ruin, weed-besprent,
Whose bulwarks Time's strong hand had rent,
And turret with foundation blent,
Through ages of decay.
Long gazed, in mute amaze profound,
The Knight, above, below, around—
Long strained his look, from hill to hill,
On cliff and cottage, tree and rill—
And felt a creeping awe.
"By heathery peak and verdant vale,
I cannot read the wondrous tale;

But, sure as magic's in the gale,
This is my own blue Liddesdale,
And yon is Dinleyshaw.
Each pinnacle I know full well,
Of rugged cairn, and crag, and fell;
But where is vassal, groom, and page?
And where is Castle Hermitage?
Vile sorcery!" Another blast
Upon the morning breeze he cast—
When, as in hour of battle's need,
With thundering hoof and frantic speed,
A hundred horsemen rushed around him,
And with their steel-bright phalanx bound him.
Right joyful was the knight to hail—
Their garb was that of Liddesdale;
And chiding, as he wont to chide
When failed the rush of the battle's tide,
He poured his questions thick and fast,
Like sleet in Liddal's wintry blast.
But mute were all and motionless,
And vizarded each warrior's face;
Each stern and silent sat—his hand
Upon a shining Border brand;
Each fixed his keen glance steadily
Upon the chieftain's falcon eye.
"Know ye not me?" the Douglas said,
And fiercely grasped his glittering blade,
Then back recoiled—for well I ween
He ne'er met glance so strange and keen
As shot from eyes whose light seemed given,
Too bright for earth, too wild for heaven;
Then shouted, in a desperate mood,
"By Mary, mass, and Holyrood!
Whate'er ye be, come one, come all!
Shakes Dinley's base as soon as I—
Many have seen a Douglas fall,
But none has seen a Douglas fly;
Come devil, goblin, ghost, and fay,
This is the wizard's holiday."

Dread was the low, deep, thrilling tone,
A hollow laugh, a stifled groan,
Which seemed of fearful mirth to tell—
While from one brow the vizor fell.
The face wore famine's ghastliest hue,
And you might swear the deadly yew
Had waved above the wasted brow,
For many a day, its dismal bough.
A smile within his eye that played,
Like lightning's flash round battle-blade,
Set, as he said, with fearful glee,
"Proud Lord of Liddal, know'st thou me?"
Deep groaned the chieftain's labouring breast—
"Can thy dark spirit find no rest,
Dalhousie? Cannot dungeons deep,
And the strong earth, their secret keep?"

"Douglas, thy hour is come—the hour
When vengeance o'er thee claims its power—
For which I've longed through ages past,
To hear that bugle's wakening blast.
Centuries have crushed thy castle wall,
Since last in Liddal's courtly hall
Vassal and chieftain bent the knee,
And hailed thee 'flower of chivalry;'
Since, flinging down, with fiendish laugh,
Into my cell, some corn and chaff,
Thou saidst—'Be such thy princely fare!
Ramsay, thy hour is come—despair!'
Now fling thy bugle's echo shrill,
From Bilhope to the Gritmoor hill;
And summon all thy slumbering kerne,
For ages couched beneath the fern;
And bid them tell why lock of rust
And iron-bar forsook their trust—
Why, braving Douglas' stern decree,'
The famished captive wanders free."

"Is there no hope?" the Douglas said,
And dropt on earth his horn and blade.
"Ha! hath the eagle stooped so low?
Can Douglas quail before his foe?
Beseems a cheek with terror pale,
The haughty knight of Liddesdale?
Such lowliness might well atone
A dying rival's feeble moan.
Then, if thy felon ire is dead,
And vengeance from thy lip hath fled,
Ere the warm beam, by brake and fell,
Hath kissed the dew from heather-bell,
My hate to thee must bow to Heaven—
Part of thy weird shall be forgiven.
Fly, dogs of hell! and wait beside
The nether ocean's raging tide;
And watch where hopeless spirits groan
Beside the Douglas' burning throne."
A rushing sound, an instant heard,
Like forest leaves or ocean stirred
By sudden gust, that dies away
Ere one might note its passing sway—
And Douglas and the Ramsay stood
Alone, in Liddal's solitude.
"Now speed we forth," the Ramsay cried,
"And waste not here the morning tide;
There's nought to charm a Douglas here,
None trembles now for Liddal's spear.
That ruined pile, yon tombstones grey,
Faint traces of thy line afford,
Tell of a name long passed away,
And Liddal owns another Lord."

Like firegleam when the clouds are riven,
Meteors the moveless stars among
Gleaming across the fields of heaven,
Darted the coal-black barbs along.
And ne'er in frenzy's maddest mood,
With fevered strength and fiery will,
Could steed of mortal breed or blood,
So spurn the vale, so breast the hill,
As these two sable coursers, winging
The morning blast, behind them flinging
Gulf, pinnacle, and fragment clinging
By slenderest twig o'er yawning steep,
Where rushed the torrent wild and deep.
Horseman and horse no shadow cast
On hill and valley as they passed;
The soundless hoof, as on they flew,
Nor bent the stem, nor brushed the dew;
Nor marked their flight, by sudden spring,
The deer, nor bird by flap of wing;
Nor ceased his ballad tale to trill,
The early shepherd on the hill;
Nor earth nor sky gave note of fear,
To mark the demon-barbs' career.

Few minutes passed, and they had been
Where Gritmoor heaves her edge of blue;
Had glanced through Harden's groves of green,
By Todrig's links of oak and yew;
Paused not the fiery demon brood,
When Selkirk chime the strained ear pealed on;
The tones still echoed when they stood
Upon the heights of hoary Eildon.
"Douglas, farewell!" the Ramsay cried—
"I hear a call I must abide;
It comes from a land where sun nor star
Shines on the captive's prison bar.
But thou—'tis thine at will to roam
In quest of kindred, friends, and home;
O'er Scotland fair from sea to sea,
Thy will, thy words, and feelings free."
Brief space did Douglas watch the form
Of knight and steed, as lessening dim,
Like cloudspeck heralding the storm,
They vanish o'er the blue sky's brim.

Then fierce emotions wildly blent—
Hate, rage, and dread, and wonderment—
In tumult rushed o'er soul and sense,
And centred in one look intense

Of baffled vengeance; but deep awe
O'er lip and word maintained its law.
His burning breast dread memories stung;
And o'er him strange forecastings hung.

By waning moon and morning light,
Mirrored in skies as cold and bright,
Slept the blue Tweed—the dying breeze
No longer stirred "the Abbot's" trees;
And, wearing nought of melancholy,
Like virtue, beautiful and holy,
Stood, in its fair and faded grace—
The loveliest ruin of its race—
Time-honoured Melrose! tenanted
By dust of Scotland's noblest dead;
Shrine of a heart that beat to free
Its mountain land from slavery;
Tomb of a prince beneath whose smile
In solemn pomp arose the pile;
Temple whose arch, with cobwebs hung,
Hath oft to midnight *Ave* rung:
And heard the "*Dies irae*" roll,
When passed from earth a sinner's soul.

An ancient man, with locks of snow,
His toil-worn body bending
O'er pilgrim staff—faint, feeble, slow,
Up the steep hill is wending.
Now by the coal-black steed he stands,
And grasps the mane with trembling hands:—
"From Liddal's lord, a boon to pray,
I've track'd a long and weary way.
I know thee, Douglas, by the garb
Of eld—and by thy demon barb;
And I have passed, since midnight moon,
Three zones, to crave thy knightly boon:
Which, granted, ample power is mine,
Thy wildest wish to render thine."
"Pilgrim, small power hath Douglas now,
Fetters to break, or might to bow;
Avails not now bold Liddal's brand,
Far gleaming in her chieftain's hand.
A mouldering tower, a blasted name,
Are the sole relics of her fame;
And Douglas, weak, despised, forlorn,
Hath quailed beneath his rival's scorn.
Then what the boon, so mean, so low,
This knightly arm can now bestow?"
"Douglas, to ride the lightning's wing,
The fiery bolt of wrath to fling,
To shoot from glowing star to star,
The gates of death to burst or bar—
Such is the boon a weary wight
Craves from the power of Liddal's knight.
Within yon walls, beneath a stone
That ne'er was stretched o'er mouldering bone,
Is hid a charm whose fearful spell
Unlocks the nether depths of hell.

On that black stone, with bended knee,
Name the dread name which ne'er must be,
By night or day, by wizard spoken,
And the strong seal of fate is broken."

The pledge is given—the pilgrim springs
Upon the coal-black steed;
And, away, like the rushing of eagle wings,
Is the demon's fiery speed.
Deep quiet hung over bank and brae,
Not a hum in the vale was heard;
Fair Melrose asleep in its greenwood lay,
And the Abbey gates were barred.
On its hinge the massy portal swung
At a blast of the wizard's horn,
But no echo that arch or cavern flung
To the keeper's ear was borne.
Dismounts the knight by the long black stone,
And the courser—where is he?
The knight and the wizard are there alone,
And the knight is on bended knee.
He named the dread mysterious name,
And a voice was heard "Beware!"
He named it again—and a hue of flame
The wall was seen to wear.
Again—and a fearful stillness fell;
On the graves was a ghastly light;
And the wizard cries—"I have found the spell:
Now crave thy wishes, knight."
"Vengeance," the Douglas cried, "be mine!
A spirit-piercing sword!
And before me the rival of my line,
Dalhousie's hated lord!"
"Have, then, thy wish!—Dark spirits, hear!"——
Where stands the Douglas now?
Strange shapes are around, and pain and fear
Are stampt on every brow.
Each one is placed on a burning throne,
And a vacant throne is there,
And a voice is heard, 'mid the gathered groan,
"Thy hour is come—despair!"

Forced by a dread o'ermastering might,
To the vacant throne moves Liddal's knight.
He feels, but he may not see, the power
That guides him in that awful hour.
On the burning summit he sits: his hand
Has the likeness of a fiery brand;
With a fillet of flame his brows are bound,
Shedding pale light on the gloom around.
The famished face is before the throne,
Stern mockery in its dark eye speaking;
From its lips wild laughter's hideous tone
Is blent with the mingled moan and shrieking.
Dread sounds—"To the darker realms descend!"—
With the waves of mirth and misery blend;
And the thrones of punishment sink from sight,
In the nether world of endless night.

G. P.

THE PEACOCK.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

"It is a Hindoo prejudice, that the track over which a peacock has been observed to fly and alight, is that of a vein of gold."—*Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. No. XXXIII, p. 471.*

The Peacock, with its plumage rare,
Is a holy bird, and wise;
For he knoweth that gold is an evil thing,
From which foul thoughts and fancies spring,
To blind our mental eyes;
He knoweth it is the seed of sin,
Whose fruit may ripen the soul within:
For (if legends tell true) he will not tread
On the earth of the track that covers its bed!

Yea, the Peacock is a wise, wise bird,
To fly o'er the spot where the ore of gold
Is hid 'midst the mould.
But man, with tool, and toil, and word,
And wanton spell, seeks out the mine;
And digs for himself a chain that shall bind
Each blessed impulse of the mind,
Till all shall peak and pine
'Neath the festering fetters—the craving sin
That dwarfs the soul within!

Copy the Peacock, then, which flies
Over the path where temptation lies;
Tread not the track that glisters with gold,
Or thy fingers will bend the ore to hold,
Whilst instant round thy heart shall freeze
The milk of human charities!

THE SPECULAWTOR.

A TALE ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MODERN PRINCIPLES OF COMMERCE.

BY JOHN GALT.

CHAPTER I.

THE minister of our parish was a long-headed man; and to the effect of a sermon which I heard him preach far on the other side of my teens, I can trace back the issues and kithings of my life. He said that, UNLESS A MAN HAS ANOTHER OBJECT TO ATTAIN, EVEN IN THIS WORLD, BEYOND THE MAKING OF MONEY, HE IS BUT A SORDID, VULGAR CHARACTER, BE HIS PROFESSION WHAT IT MAY. The words took infoeftment of my spirit: I have ever since syne felt the admonish as a spur to endeavour, determined, as I then became, to be something better in the Maker's world than what the minister called a cumbering benweed, which even the douce cows reject.

Money, in short, has been with me but a means—the wherewithal to get something else; but what that should be, I could not say; certain, however, I was, that, when I got the money, a worthy way of using it would not be difficult to find.

Towards that airt have my ettlings been aye drifting; and it is anent the course of them, that I have to speak. But, first and foremost, I must give an inkling of what I was—the upshot will shew forth what I am; and will conclude with an admonishment that may be useful.

My mother, a widow, brought me, when a bairn, from St Mungo's to the house of her aunty, in our clachan; and, though then but a playrife wean, I mind that there was a doleful weeping when we met—I knew not then for what, though I may now guess; but I joined chorus in the spring; and it was well I did so, for my audible lamentation drew the attention of the women, and had the effect of making them restrain their sorrow.

We were not many days in that sojourn, till mother fell into the arms of a malady, which carried her, as I was told, into another and a better world. Soon after her departal, auld aunty took what the neighbours called a sore income, and made haste to follow her.

Thus it came to pass that I was cast on the hands of Providence, an orphan.

What would have become of me when aunty was blanketted aneath the haps of the kirkyard, the Lord only knows; but, on that very night, He sent the leddy of Broomlands to the inns, and she heard there of my desolation.

Being of a pityful nature, she sent for me, and said she would pay any decent woman that would undertake to bring me up; and for this gospel-mindedness, her memory is yet as a sweet odour in the parish.

Mrs Patrick was gotten, a very kind woman, for the turn; and she took me home with her, and was both mother and aunty to me.

I was not long removed till the calamity of the smallpox fell upon me, of which my face bears the vestiges; but it is no for that I make mention of it; but only for the motherliness that it brought out of the warm heart of Mrs Patrick. Often yet do I mind her tender care, and the thought of't renews, in a sense, the experience of my early days, making the remembrance of my orphanship like the taste, somehow, of a delicious orange in summer weather. Sure am I, therefrom, that the world, with all its faults, abounds in needful charity, if we ourselves be rightly directed to awaken it.

When I grew better, I spent two years and more as an idle runagate, before being sent to the school; but, although I did not overly join the rank-ringing enemies of the town, as Mrs Patrick called the other childer, I was not conducmacious against playing. Only the loneliness of my condition made the sproutings of gladness within me often dowie; and I was, now and then, filled with a serious amaze, sitting often forlorn at a dike-side in the fields, musing of many things that were the workings of an elder understanding, insomuch that some douce Christians, who saw my habitudes, said I was surely ordained to be a minister of the gospel.

"I would not object to be a minister," said I, one day, to Mrs Patrick when she was telling me what the neighbours thought; "but how may it be brought to a bearing? Nobody can be a minister without a father or a friend—and I have none;" which saying caused compassion to flood her eyes; but she told me to be of good cheer, for Providence had wealth enough in the coffers of eternity to supply the needs and wants of all the world.

It was not long after this that my benefactor, the good leddy of the Broomlands, was seized with her dead-ail, and, after a sore time o't, was taken off the earth. A cousin came to be her inheritor, who was a man of most strict legalities, and, for anything I ever heard to the contrary, might have been honest likewise; only it was not surely a very comely thing of him, considering the stocking-foot he got by the leddy, to utterly refuse to bear the cess of me—so, had I not by this time been fastened to the heart of Mrs Patrick, by affection, I might have been a waif that knows not where to lay its head. But she, seeing that there was no longer trust to be put in man for me, put confidence in Providence, and had blithe hopes that I would be seen to.

The first thing she did, on learning how I was commended by needcessity to her affections, was to go to the schoolmaster, and see if he would take me for the poor scholar; the laddie who had the post having gone to be a cabin-boy. It was just in the nick of time, for the master was glad to get me; which caused Mrs Patrick

to be thankful that, as one door steeks, the Lord is sure to open another.

After my education was finished—for all I got was as the poor scholar—I was bound a 'prentice to Mr Sheddles, a most methodical weaver, to learn the trade; and here I cannot but make a noty-beny, that it is a blessed contrivance of heaven, for the benefit of poor folk, that prenticeships have been invented; for the friendless and fatherless thereby get their pick, and learn a business whereby, in riper years, they may come to be topping characters.

CHAPTER II.

When my time was out, I went with another shop-lad intil St Mungo's; and we got work in the muslin line from Maister Webs—anent whom it behoves me to be very particular; for, after I had been with him about the space of a year, he said to me, when I met with him one Sabbath morning on the Green, where I used, every Lord's Day, to take a walk by myself—

"Peter," said he, "it's no to be expeckit, man, that a lad of a geny like you will stay longer at the looms than he can help it; and I have had a thought thereof running in my head for some time. In short, Peter, maybe ye have a friend, that ye little trow'd of, who is right willing to serve you. To be sure, muckle is no in my power, but there is a something; and if ye're of a conformity to hearken to cannie counsel, I'll give you an advice that may whelp a provostry some day."

Thus did he, at one and the same time, give me an advice, and a reason to ettle to rise in the world.

"Deed, Mr Webs," quo' I, "I'll never lee: I didna think I was so well aff in the warld. Howsever, if the thing ye would wise me to can be compassed with eidency, I'll no say but I have a wish within that ought not to be a talent tied in a napkin."

"Very discreetly spoken," replied Mr Webs; "and now that we are in a manner of secrecy, I'll unbutton my breast to you, and we can then lay our heads thegither, and discourse of an advantage and mutuality that may be a come-to-pass in time to us both; for, although I have more nicks in my horn than you, I'm no sae auld as not to have a to-look."

I thereupon told him, that I had long thought him a gash carle, and that he might be sure I would give good heed to his whys and becauses.

"Weel," said he, "mair cannot be expeckit—and noo I'll begin. Ye see, ever since this galloping on treddles, in the muslin line, had a right set-out, I have had a notion that there would be a great prosperity; and, day after day, I have seen a progression—verily, in so much that I have often said to myself, It will come. In short, Peter, I have thought that, as David was anointed to be a king when but a herd laddie, ye were surely anointed for a purpose in the manufacturing line—which is the cause of my now speaking as ye hear me speak."

"But, Mr Webs," quo' I, "what may be that purpose?—for I'll no deny that I have had cleckings in my own head to the same end."

"I thought so," replied he—"for I have an ee in my neck, and can spae some fortunes. However, no to mak a sprose aboot my sagacity, I'll come to the point. Seeing that there is an outcoming in this cotton-trade, I thought, if I happened to fall in with a lad willing to do weel, I might get a market for some of my notions; and now I have made a bit gathering, which maks me, I'll no say overly just crouse, to let you see the lining of my bosom. But, to make a short of a long tale, I have a nest-egg with Robin Carrick, the banker, and it may encourage laying, though we needna keckle about it. So you see, Peter, having this nest-egg, what's to hinder us to be marrows in nesting? I have been thinking of taking a trig mansion in a creditable land, and, with the help of your hand, to put up the sign of 'Webs & Patterns, manufacturers;' and try how good luck is disposed to befriend us."

"Really, Mr Webs," quo' I, out of the bodie to hear him, "ye have opened to me a vista; and if ye think I can help, I am ready, heart and hand, to go all the righteous lengths ye would wish."

So, out of this confabble, we had in time a bearing, and by-and-by after it, there was, in naturality, a christening, and the bairn's name was "Webs & Patterns, manufacturers," on a sign fastened under the windows of the fourth story of Ettle's Land, in the Candlerigs.

CHAPTER III.

Having thus, as rehearsed in the foregoing chapter, gotten a degree with Mr Webs, and no longer a weaver—he sitting on a three-legged stool within a railed bunker, with a green durant curtain around, and book-muslins on shelves ahint him in a warehouse, as a manufacturer—the wherewithal that was in me began to ope and kittle upsettings.

I looked after the men of the shop maybe a wee owre particular at first; but I soon learned to mind my hand, for I did not need a dominie to tell me, far less a professor of philosophy in the college, that to notice everything like a fault, is no the way to manage every sort of mankind, to the attainment of a satisfaction, either to yourself or for them. No doubt, weavers, and those of a sederencie, are often of the fashious gender, being troubled with vapours that sometimes get the better of their parts when trade's guid; and the man who does not discern this, is liable to turn to the left when he means to take the right. If he has, however, a natural gumption, he soon finds the length of his tether, and contains himself within it. But this observe, I must say, is an after-thought, begotten of experience; for, in the sooking months of Webs & Patterns, I cannot hold forth of myself that I was in all things perfect, having naturally a brittle temper, as it kithed, and gleg een—qualities in an overseer that need guid cooking to make into wholesome kail.

But really Maister Webs was a cordial of a

partner. He sat in the wareroom all day at his desk like an image ; and was never to be sought for when a customer came in ; nor did he ever miss going to the Tontine Coffee-room at news-time, by the which he earned a character for regularity, that did not make them any waur, when we had occasion to gang to Robin Carrick with bits of stampit papers.

The first year I cannot, however, say the advantage of this clockwork was very notour ; but by-and-by the seed came to a braird that kithed into harvest. Before the back of the second year of our partnership was well turned, it was a plain visibility that Webs & Patterns had not only put on a new coat, but was as straught in the shoulders as ony sutor lad could be, that is ordained to perform King Crispianus at the fair.

At this time, as I am in a manner obligated to confess, seeing how things were on the thrive with us, my thoughts were not all on the concerns of our trade. I had my dreams, in the watches of the night, anent provostries and other big-bellied adjuncts of corporate bodies, with now and then a flake of fancy between hands, concerning a wife that should be of a degree ; for the auld-farrant counsel of Mr Webs was becoming every day more manifest, and it was clear to be seen, that, if our prosperity did not suffer a wallow, we were on the trongate to a topping way, there being a by-hand talk of taking Mr Webs into the town-council of the city, which is a way of testifying to the world that a man is well-doing in other things as well as the moralities.

However, I saw by the way of a squint that we were not yet far enough up the tree for me to make a cast for a wife among those that I wished. Nevertheless, I began to take pains with myself, and so, by little and little, to creep quietly in among the gentry and the like of families that keepit companies. I dressed no out of fashion, eschewed those who had only thriven in the fore-part of their lives, and was, in short, a young man that looked to the blue lift when he walked the plain-stones and was meeting a divour foregoing acquaintance or a lad that he had been marrows with in the loom-shop.

But this conduct was no universally approved of ; folk that had their doubts, if in the long run, the manufacturing would be found a good trade, shook their heads, and minted I was carried ; and a man whom I knew well, said of me to a friend, who spoke to him of the alteration in my clothes, that *Pride never left its maister without a fa'*—thereby prognosticating that there was an uncomeliness about me that betokened a humiliation.

But when I was told this envious say, it did not fash me ; for I had observed, from the time I left the loom, that ill-speaking was to be found in every rank of life, that saw or thought it saw a superior ; and that it's no just confined to manufacturers. However, I was then a young man, with a heart as lightsome as a blown bladder, and no easily dunkled. Indeed, I had other tow to spin ; for, in this blush and dawning of fortune, Mr Webs coupit off his stool in the wareroom, and was a dead man before he fell to the floor—an unlookit for accident, that gave me sore trouble : no that in my heart I could make meikle mane at getting all the income to myself ; but he was a lang-headed carle, and had a way with him in threading the walls of Troy in business, that made his bit and his drap no an ill bargain, even to his partner as I was, counting his life till then a durability.

CHAPTER IV.

Soon after Mr Webs was covered with the mools, Mr M'Shears came to me, on a Monday morning, and we had a very serious discourse.

He was a man well stricken in years, and keepit a cloth-shop in the Gallowgate—a most creditable man, though there were not wanting some that said he had a finger in the pie with Clippy Cabbage in the tailoring line, in a close off Bell's Wynd, as well as was hand and glove with auld Watty Clouts that lived at the foot of the Stockwell, making cleeding for the lower orders, and corduroy jackets for carriers. But, however this may be, Mr M'Shears himself was a bein man, and had many customers among the country gentry.

So, coming to me on that Monday, I'll no say but I was a thought surprised, for we were not overly acquaint, though on nodding terms when we passed. After the usual guid-days had been exchanged, he told me that he had been out on the Sabbath at the Moorlands, where the laird behaved to him in the most civilised manner.

" Ye know," quo' he, " that it was not to be thought that a 'stated gentleman would make himself joke-fellow like wi' me that had but a lairdship ahint the counter ; but yon's a purpose-like man, and has been in America, where they ken the sleights of making white siller of black bawbees ; and, from less to mair, he invited me to take a chack of dinner with him, and, taking a chack of dinner, we somehow began to speak of the warning that had been given to us all, in the very sudden death of your worthy marrow in trade, Mr Webs. This led on to more confederacy ; and he told me that the concern of Webs & Patterns, he had heard, was in a good way ; at last, that his second son Robert was a clever creature, and, being near upon years of discretion, was anxious to be put in a way. Thus, out of this parly-vooing, he said to me that, if you were not extortionate, he was minded to make you an offer for the behoof of Robin, if I could learn how far it might sort with your views."

" Mr M'Shears," quo' I, " I'll never deny that what ye have been telling me, is not without a sediment that deserves consideration ; for, no doubt, since the sudden removal of Mr Webs from this world, there is a vacancy which it behoves me no to make an obstacle to fill up."

This I said in a dry manner, that he might not suppose I was overly keen to snap ; but I saw, by the ee in my neck, that it would be an unspeakable advantage to me to have a connection with Mr Thristles of the Moorlands' family ;

and I added, a thought more couthy, that he might assure the laird I was not a man of an extortionate breed; but, being in a good way, it was not in course of nature to be expeckit that I would cast my pearls afore swine.

"In short, Mr M'Shears," quo' I, "I canna but say that I have no manner of obstacle to covenant with Moorlands; but, if he will provide for his get, he must come down with a solatium."

"Oh," quo' Mr M'Shears, "he hasna a scrupulosity about onything so reasonable; but, being a man no well read in the outs and ins of business in this part of the world, he would be blithe to get an inkling of the amount of the contentation that ye might may be looking for."

"Mr M'Shears," was my weel-considered response, "as we're halflins on a matter of business the now, I'll be very plain—indeed, it's no my way to scog about the bush at any time; so that, if Moorlands is mindit to make a connexion, I'll no be a balk wi' niggerality. Only ye ken that his son is a greenhorn, and has something to learn, which is an item to be reflected on; for, wi' that defect, it will be some time before he can be a help."

In this way, I let Mr M'Shears ken that, although I was very ready to covenant with Moorlands, in order to wile him on, yet there were dubieties in the case, as the Principal said in his sermon, that called for quest and investigation. However, no to play at pitch and toss langer anent this matter, it came to some fruition soon after; for, in the course of the same week, Mr M'Shears came to me in the wareroom again, and said that Moorlands was in the town, and would be shortly at his house; "where," said he, "if ye have a mind to forgather with him, I would advise you to come and speak to himself anent his second son; for really the man's hite for the connexion, and says the cotton trade will be gold in gowpens to the king's realm or all be done."

So, after a short taigling, that I might not be thought owre yawp, I took my hat down from the pin, and, thrawing the key in the desk, went with Mr M'Shears to his house, to confabble with Moorlands. I did not, however, let wot to him that I could discern that there was a fainness in the Laird for the connexion, that was a kithing of an assurance that there would be a come-to-pass between us.

CHAPTER V.

It would not be savoury, in the perusal, to the courteous reader, to rehearse all that passed between me and the Laird of Moorlands that day, in the domicile of Mr M'Shears. Let it suffice, therefore, to say that the upshot was a paction by which he was to pay a sum in hand, for his son Robert to learn the business, and I was, at the end of the year, to take the lad or not, as suited myself, into partnership, on being paid another sum in ready money.

After this mutuality of understanding, I had my own meditations on the subject when I came back into the solitudes of the wareroom, as I may call them; for they were certainly of that speshy when without customers, and only myself sitting on the three-legged stool, in the conclave of the bunker heretofore described, within the durant curtain.

I saw that by Robin Thristles I would get an augmentation, and be hoisted a step towards the magistracy, which is the natural butt that all men of business aim at that's of a weel-doing habit of body. But, as for the lad himself, he was like the generality of lairds' gets—no catch. To be sure, at first, he was like other new besoms that soop clean; but, by and by, I saw that he had no natural eidency, and would have been glad that all the work in the world for him to do, was to put his hands into his breek-pouches, and to take them out to his dinner. However, as he was, as I must say, an acquisition to the like of me, I was fain to put up with him; but I would advise no lad, come of such an humble stock as me, to mess or mell with the aff-sets of lairds, if he can do better—thinking themselves no small drink, though it's a visibility that they are but burn water, like that which the images bock on the wells of Lithgow.

However, as everything was on the increase, I did not fash owre meikle at Robin Thristles, though he was a saft lad—and maybe had more paritch in his kite than harns in his head, after breakfast—but ettled what in me lay to thrive, thinking of the bailie's chain, and the cockit-hat of the provice. Just, however, as I had waled one for a wife, and was about to speak my mind to her, a blight fell upon our business, and not only on ours, but the general well-doing of the realm.

The French found out that they were a very ill-used people, and, from less to more, that their king was a malefactor whom it behoved them to shorten by the head. Out of the stramash a war was cleckit by William Pitt & Co., at London; and the upshot fell dreadful among us. Trade gaed to pigs and whistles, treddles rusted, weavers listed, workshops grew as quiet as Relief kirks on a week day; and the pestilence of the time entered our wareroom, insomuch that Robin Thristles spoke of the same to his father, who, by giving his vote for the member of Parliament, got him into the army, and sent him to Flanders with the Duke of York; where, in time, he found, at Vallensheens, that a cannon-ball was pot-metal, and his haffit as frush before it as a fozy turnip.

The going away to the wars of Robin Thristles was not, in a sense, a calamity, and, to tell the plain truth, was not a come-to-pass that would have broken my heart; but auld Moorlands was a sicker man; and, when he saw that trade was on the go, and that his son was resolved to follow the trade of his ancestors, as he said soldiering was, he refused to pay the residue of the money he had covenanted to do, and I was obliged to perish the pack, like many others, before I could compel him, by course of law at Edinburgh.

It was a black time that in the west of Scotland; and, indeed, ye might have seen that a judgment was on the land, by the divour-like way that window-brods hung from their hinges on

the outside walls of what once had been canty workshops, blythely birring, as if they had a sensible pleasure in being helps to small families.

Seeing myself so overtaken by the spirit of the times, and driven from house and hauld, loom and wareroom, I wist not what to do. I went about like a ghaist, or a creature demented, wondering when the end of the world would be; for I could see no howf for one that had been in a way of business, and was cast, like a waif, on a moor, where only whin-bushes could be seen, or an auld gibbet, giving lonely admonishment to ill-doers. In short, I dwined and grew dowie; and was no more like the brisk, eident, ettling birkie I had been in the days when Mr Webs took me by the hand, than a toom shawp is like a cod that's prospering on the stalk. I began, in consequence, to see sights with new een. It might be that disaster had turned the milk of my nature, for all seemed then a vain show; and I pondered what it was that had made me covetous of many things. In sooth, I thought, like daft Jamie, that the stars were ugly things, and no worth the ettling for, because they glowered so high up and unreachable.

This melancholious course of meditation, no doubt, wrought a change in my inner heart, though I was at pains to hide it even from myself; which, however, only increased its bitterness, making me think my estate in this world lower than maybe it was, had I been less dwamling. All the method of my bygone thoughts seemed to have been disorderly; and I discerned a glistening on much which I thought fine, no worth a staid man's contemplation. In short, I felt in a way that was not creditable to my discretion, putting a value on things by the difficulty of getting them; reckoning those of the best that were farthest aboon my reach—a left-handed wisdom, in which the blighted are apt to indulge.

CHAPTER VI.

By and by, I got the better of my downfal; and, as I recovered my composity, seeing a new spring opening in trade, I made a settlement with my creditors, which was thought very liberal, paying them a composition which left me a residue to begin the world with.

With that residue, I bought some bags of cotton, cheap, wherewith I was minded to begin manufacturing again; but, before I got it distributed to be spun, there happened, Gude kens how, to come a sudden plumpness into the prices, which caused me, for ready money, to sell what I had bought, by which sleight I turned the penny to a satisfaction. I call it a sleight, because it was so said by others to be, and my sagacity, in consequence, was much commended; but really I had no more to do with the come-to-pass than the wild Scot of Galloway.

However, by this job, I got a preeing that there was a way of making money different from that by the sweat of the brows of labouring men; and, accordingly, I had a consider with myself, if it would not be mair to the purpose to try my hand as a speculawtor than as a manufacturer; and the outcome of that consider was my turning to be a merchant: no that in my own breast I thought myself just a merchant, but folk call speculawtors so, as in village towns they call them merchants that deal, like the shopkeepers of old in the Canongate of the literate town of Edinburgh, in—

> "Meal, barley, butter, and cheese;
> Soap, starch, blue, and pease;
> Train oil, tobacco, pipes, and teas;
> Balls to clean leather breeches;
> Herring and sugar, salt and blue;
> Blacking fine, for boot and shoe;
> Pins to prick, and needles to sew;
> And whisky and loch leeches."*

So it came to pass that, seeing how money could be made with the scrape of a pen in a *notandum* book, without the fasherie of a warehouse, I bethought me of sticking to that line, as just as guid a way of getting to a provostry as by cotton-mills or handlooms—the Power kind were not then invented.

Thus, from less to more, instead of going to the Tontine, to hear the clishmaclavers about the war, I was most particular in reading the London Prices Current; by the which, and a bit touch-and-go bargain, now and then, in a canny corner, there is no saying how eruditical I became. In short, I could discern, with the tail of my e'e, that folk thought of me as they would have done of King Solomon, had he been a speculawtor in cotton bags, as well as in peacocks and hyssop.

But, though I thus lightly speak of the change in my way of life, I had often an inward grue, even when I had made a sappy profit; for I thought the trade of a speculawtor no unlike that of a gamester. Many, many a time has a seroon of indigo reminded me, blue as it was, of a pair of dice, and a weel-spread out sample table, of a dambrod—saying to myself, verily the one is just as beneficial to the world as the other; but cards and dice are the least harmful; for surely to buy commodities, and hold them, that they may become scarce, to fetch a better price when sold, is not a right merchandizing.

Maybe, however, the thought of this did not kithe till I had what I thought was a nest-egg; certain it is, that it was not overly in my meditations till long after I was married to auld Dirdumwhamle's granddochter, begetting sons and daughters, and was on the leet for a bailie. But I should first enlarge a little on the mysteries of that trade, whilk, with every new crop of ettling creatures who know not what they ettle for, beyond getting a crouse look and a fine waistcoat, will be a plague and pestilence to the king's realm, till it is put down by course of law, or what, maybe, is as powerful, the common sense of the people, turned to a right consideration.

It must be rightly understood, and well and clearly made known, what pestiferous black-legs

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* A true sign that was.

speculawtors are, before it can be hoped that those who only buy and sell to make money, will get pans tied to their tails. No doubt, to cheat with cotton bags and rum puncheons is very abominable—just as bad as the cheating with cards, for which the divour Lord has been sent a garssing; but it's of the honest speculawtors I'm speaking—the fair-playing gambling that's just now setting so many weel-doing men with small families, with a rung and a meal-pock, to seek their meat.

CHAPTER VII.

No doubt the end of all trafficking is to make money; but, as the minister said, whereof I have made mention at the beginning of this, the outline and selvidge of my public life, the mere to-look to make money is in itself no great go. For now when I can afford it, I may say that, although my strive was to make money, it was not for the money I strove. My ettle was for something aboon that, the which sanctified the means whereby I struggled; and, therefore, surely there is no brag in saying, that, although my valise now is no found at every dike-side, it was not the God Gear of this world I served, but something of a 'sponsibility, like a provostry. In short, though I aye keepit in mind the minister's paternoster anent commercing, I was just as those are that "*bode of a gowden gown;*" for, if I have not got a provostry, I have "*gotten the sleeve ot,*" and I want now no more. What douce man in his senses would, indeed, in thae times, fash his head about 'lections? Really I jealouse that they are no overly bien at home, who are seen, jokefellow-like, with the clanjamphry on the croun of the causeway. Howsever.

Having rehearsed how I came, from needcessity, to fall into the speculawtor's way of trade, the which was a manifest intent of Providence, I might enlarge on the subject; but it is enough to say, as I have done, that I began the world as a weaver, was syne a manufacturer, and, having perished the pack because of the politics of William Pitt & Co., I took the speculawting in the natural way—I was not 'noculated—as I have shewn forth. Therefore, what I have now to counsel is, that, although some, like me, may make a bawbee by buying and selling commodities, it's a line that's no orthodox; only I dinna think it may well be put down by the law; but it's a duty we all owe to our species, to laugh and gaffaw at it when we can, till we make all sort of speculawtors gang by with their tails atween their legs, and as their noses were bleeding. It's for that I indite this.

Nothing can be more creditable than it is for a merchant, who has correspondents in foreign parts, to send to them to buy up, we'll say, the cotton that may be in their market, and bring it home in veshels, and sell it to manufacturers. But tell me wherein is the commendable of going into the market at home, and giving a better price to the merchant (which the speculawtor does) than the manufacturer, all for no other end than to gar the poor doited manufacturer pay a higher price for the same thing thereafter.

What, noo, would our guidwife say, in her meconomey, if she was mindit to have a goose, or any other sort of a fool, to our dinner, the which we have very often, if, when she sent Leizy to the market, poor Leizy came back with her finger in her mouth, saying that Mrs Chuckies, the hen-wife, had forestalled all the gooses and fools, and that one was not to be had for love nor money, but at two prices? Would not she say that Mrs Chuckies should be put to the ban of the empire? And is it not something in this way that the speculawtors in cotton-bags, coffee-beans, or puncheons of rum, implement, and the big wigs hold forth in the Parliament House of Edinburgh?

When I say this, let me no be misunderstood. Those, I think, are righteous merchants who bring home, from their correspondents in far lands, commodities to sell here; but I account them noughty speculawtors, though maybe I was one myself, that gang into the market and raise the price to the consumer—which the manufacturer, in a sense, surely is, seeing that he digests cotton, for example, into yarn, and maybe into muslin. It is, however, against the trafficking in raw materials that I am most hite—and for this reason: The outlay on manufactured articles is so great that, as yet, folk cannot afford to keep them long on hand; but raw materials are cheap, and everybody in credit kens that the renewal, now and then, of a bit bill for them, is no so ill as maybe to swallow a camel. For God's sake, folk, crunch the speculawtors under your heels, like yird toads. And I say this to you very disinterestedly, for I am now no longer a speculawtor—although ye were to feed them with honeycombs, little of the sweets would come my way.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALTHOUGH I may be casting pearls before swine, Mr Thrift, who knows that I am inditing anent my experiences, has just come in, and said, that I shall not put my foot to the behind of the speculawtors with a proper admonishment, if I do not expound that mystery of the London bankers, the which is in the mouth of gentle and simple, concerning hundreds of thousands of pounds, in those intelligent oracles of veracity, the newspapers. I mean intelligent, as to commercial huggermuggering. So, to please him, for whom I have a very great respect, I set down what I defy any speculawtor of half my insight to deny.

It's a common way for your fozy merchants, as I think now speculawtors surely are, to speak of a man's wealth by the balance between his assets and his engagements, by which many are reputed to be golden images that have but feet of clay. It, however, is a profitable glamour, that; for what is said of one, the rest very well know will be said of them all—and thereby profit may be made.

It's no to be doubted when a man is balancing

his books for a division of profit with another—a partner—he makes count and reckoning of good and bad debts, and an allowance for the same. Nothing can be more just; but is that the way the speculawtor does, when he goes to the Bank of England, or other monied *bodies*, to borrow the needful? Does not he keep his thumb on good and bad debts, and just shews how rich he would be if all were come in, in this way?

Assets, . .	£250,000
Liabilities, . .	150,000
	£100,000 ! ! ! his fortune.

By this statement, he makes it appear that he is worth, as the speculawtors say, a plum. But the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street is a pawkie carlin. When she gets such an account, she says to this effect, in her parlour, "counting o'er her money:"—"Ay, he's a rich man to be in straits, that Mr Galore that wants the loan. He's worth a plum; and what sort of plum is't? An Orleans plum. Well! let me see't.

. . . . .

His plum's rotten in the side; he will not cut up for more than £36,000; and I'll no be safe to lend him above £20,000, and with that he must get me unexceptionable personal security, besides give me what is no to be spoken of to the public, a lien over his good debts, for the amount of the loan. I may then safely lend—to help worthy Mr Galore, and his partner Mr Bray, to go on—£20,000."

So says Mrs Flimsy, the old leddy; but, when she's undressed, she tells her maid Jenny, in the sanctum of her bedroom, that Messrs Galore, Bray, & Co., may, with her help, stand a while; but, when she is paid back her advance, let that soft-headed fat man, John Bull, look to himself.

When, indeed, was it ever heard of, that a speculawtor who needed the help of a banker, to enable him to keep up the price of the commodity he had forestalled, prospered in the end? He must either begin, when he gets a loan, to wind up, or prepare himself to go to pigs and whistles by and by. No doubt, there are out-of-the-way instances of speculawtors getting round the corner of an obstacle; but it's no a good line—and chiefly for this reason, it depends more on good luck than good guiding, which no right trade does. In all trades, craft and skill is of some acccunt; but when a waft of wind may disperse the brightest castles in a cloud, what's the use of eydencie? No doubt, in thir times, to mak money, as the world goes, is the chief end of man; but, like me with my provostry, it should only be as a means. And wiselike folk will ne'er forget that it's next to a cheatry of the world, though it may be honest according to law, to make money as a file makes scrapings—merely by garring a commodity go through hands. Speculawtors are just industrious files—they scrape something off of all they touch; and the thing they work upon is no the heavier of substance for it, nor the thing itself made in any sort for the use of man.

MACGILLIVRAY'S HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS.*

The naturalists, or as many of their number as are only amateurs, slightly tinged with science, and unobtrusive in its display, are the most delightful of all book twaddlers—the novelists, who treat of lady-birds and unfeathered bipeds, hardly excepted. But then it is a special condition that they shall be *non-scientific*, or shew no more knowledge than Izaak Walton, White of Selborne, or Mr Jesse. The sylvan Squire Waterton himself, who resents as an affront, being styled an *amateur*, would sometimes be by far too learned for popular readers, unless the fire of his fancy, and the piquancy of his style, carried off the weight of his matter. We own to grave fears when first opening this formidable-sized volume, and glancing at so many anatomical engravings of subjects much more agreeable when presented on plates of porcelain, as *livered wings* or *stewed giblets*. But a little courage to surmount the first shock is all that is required, even by the most delicate lady; who, according to Mr Macgillivray, thinks nothing of spitting insects, but is utterly horrified at cruel ornithologists untrussing and dissecting birds.

After turning over a few pages of very learned matter, it will be discovered that the work of our scientific ornithologist fully equals, even in their peculiar vein, the works of the most entertaining, eloquent, and fanciful of his *congeners*. If not so far-travelled as some of them, his range of observation at home has been wider; and he has contrived, after all that has been written about birds, to impart not only freshness but originality to many of his sketches. Without going beyond the boundaries of Scotland and its islands, he has led us into a new region.

"There is a freshness of heart," says our author, "manifest in every real lover of nature—a delightful feeling, gratifying not to one's self alone, but to his companions." They are, indeed, the most enlivening of out-door companions; generally open-hearted and kindly; often amiable egotists, and most entertaining in those sparring matches for which they are as remarkable as artists or churchmen—or the cockney sparrows, at those seasons when the males instinctively indulge in sham-desperate Whig-and-Tory combats ending in nothing. Mr Macgillivray is too sensible of the inherent pugnacity of

* A History of British Birds, Indigenous and Migratory. Illustrated by numerous engravings. By William Macgillivray, A.M., F.R.S.E., &c. Vol. I. 8vo, Pp. 360. London: Scott, Webster, & Geary.

the ornithologist, to have given way to it. He at most indulges in one or two sly hits, and deprecates that disputatious spirit, the attempt to eradicate which is, we fear, hopeless. "Some person," he says—

> Proposes a general meeting of British ornithologists at London, York, or Edinburgh, for the purpose of determining the English nomenclature of our native birds; but such a meeting, were it to take place, would disperse without accomplishing the object in view, unless, indeed, its members were placed on the Bass Rock, and interdicted fire and food until they had settled all their differences, and sworn perpetual friendship. Even then, some malicious Celt, capable of subsisting a month on dulse and tangles, with an occasional raw limpet or mussel, might hold out until, rather than be starved, the philosophers should leave the birds to him to do with them as he pleased.

In another place, when comparing wandering naturalists with the *vagatores* or crow tribes, he remarks—

> A friend of mine, for example, who writes to me from Charleston, that he is about setting out to explore the shores of the Mexican Gulf and the south-western limits of the United States, and return to Edinburgh by the end of autumn, is typical of this family. Hunting by sight, not by scent, now sweeping along the Alleghanies, anon searching the mud-flats of the Mississippi, feasting to-day on an old gobbler on the banks of the Red River, to-morrow picking up a water-hen from among the reeds of the St John's, he represents, as Le Vaillant formerly represented, the dark-winged raven, corvus corax. The carrion crow, corvus corone, has its analogue in some other wanderer, who is fond of kicking alligators' ribs, and strangling rattle-snakes. The hooded crow, corvus cornix, clamorous before rain, feeding on small fry, keeping a good look-out when pilfering, but, being pied, easily recognised, represents another; while a fourth resembles the industrious rook, corvus frugilegus, that gleans in the fields, on the hills, and by the shores, finding, in common and neglected objects, much that is not less nutritious than savoury. The jackdaw, pert, and fond of perching on pinnacles, has many representatives; and the chattering, thievish, and handsome magpie, is not without some admirers and imitators.

We leave the *vagatores* to fit themselves with hoods.

Though the non-scientific portion of Mr Macgillivray's volume is that which will find most favour with the general student, as well as with readers for mere amusement, it would be unfair, even in a publication of the popular nature of this Magazine, to omit all notice of what is original in the views or peculiar in the classification of the author of so elaborate an undertaking. The volume before us embraces only the first part of a scientific "History of British Birds;" but in it the original views of the author are, we presume, completely unfolded.

It comprehends the four Orders, with their families, the best known in this country, and most endeared to the affections of the human family. These are—1*st*, The *Scrapers*, or Gallinaceous Birds, including fowls, pheasants, and all the varieties of grouse, partridges, and quails; 2*d*, The *Cooers*, or Pigeons, in their lovely varieties; 3*d*, The *Huskers*, or Hard-billed Birds, comprehending the endless varieties of song birds, finches, linnets, sparrows, and buntings; and, 4*th*, the *Vagatores*, or Wanderers—that is, crows and the allied genera, under the families of which we find the starling and the rare rose-coloured cow-bird. These, it may be imagined, afford abundant scope for description: and faithful and spirited description of the haunts and habits of birds, sketches of the mountain wildernesses of the interior Highlands, and of the loneliest shores of the Hebrides, and many engaging rural and sylvan scenes in the more cultivated midland districts of Scotland, form the charm of this work. Before we arrive at these, it may be briefly remarked that the chief difference in classification between Mr Macgillivray and preceding ornithologists is, as we understand him, that, instead of tracing and establishing relations by the wing, feet, and bill alone, he rests also, and, indeed, mainly, upon the digestive organs and the parts connected with them; concluding that their structure corresponding with the nature of the food instinctively sought, determines the habits and haunts of the bird. Lest we misapprehend this matter, Mr Macgillivray shall himself explain what is so essential and original in his views:—

> I have thought it prudent, in the present unsettled state of opinion on the subject, and under the conviction that all existing systems are defective, to adopt the opinions of no systematist, but to group the species according to their obvious relations. . . . . After much consideration, however, and after examining the digestive organs in a great number of birds belonging to nearly all the families, I have resolved to adopt the intestinal canal as a central point of reference. Instead, then, of describing merely the bill, I attend to the mandibles, the mouth, the tongue, the throat, the œsophagus, the crop, the proventriculus, the stomach, the intestine, and the cœcal appendages; the modifications of which seem to me to throw more light upon the affinities of the larger groups than those of any other organ.

He illustrates his theory—which we presume to be original, though we pretend to no scientific knowledge of the subject whatever—by a comparative view of the organization of the Peregrine Falcon. The most essential characters of the four Orders treated of in the volume are formally stated to be those *derived from the digestive organs*. These organs are figured by accurate engravings; and it is affirmed (page 99) that, "By simply inspecting the intestinal canal of a bird belonging to any of those species, one can invariably refer it to its proper Order." Mr Macgillivray, who appears to have been a zealous and indefatigable dissector, omits, however, none of the characteristics usually recognised by the most scientific ornithologists in his descriptions of form and structure. These are minute and clear; and, we doubt not, accurate. To unscientific readers, his amplifications and superstitiously scrupulous accuracy may even seem, if not a fault, a drawback. He, however, repudiates the pedantry and mysterious gravity of the formal instructor, affirming a truth in which we very heartily concur, that a pompous ornithologist is, of all characters, one of the most absurd. And, again, that "The man who would effectually learn from nature, must approach with affection, and receive her instructions with a humility that would ill accord with any subsequent vain display of the knowledge acquired." This is hopeful.

In nomenclature, Mr Macgillivray is certainly not superstitious. He shakes off the trammels of the whole host of systematic ornithologists, which—after what he had intimated of the probable consequences of a congress even at the Bass Rock—is but ordinary prudence. His unfettered nomenclature—which we do not find quite so jaw-breaking as that of many of his learned congeners—descends to the familiar and pretty, yea, poetical names, which the common people, Lowland and Highland, give to birds; and as we love a primrose, a gowan, a daisy, a violet, or harebell, far better when called by these homely and antique names, redolent of thousands of delightful associations, than by fine botanic appellations, so do we like the *gor-cock*, the *corby*, and the *cushat*, picturesque terms which Mr Macgillivray has had the good taste to adopt.

But having attempted to do an act of justice to our author's science, we take glad leave of his classification and new theory of the digestive organs, which some may fancy a favourite hobby, and others hail as a new era in the history of ornithology; and turn to matters more attractive.

So far as the boundaries of *braid* Scotland extend, Mr Macgillivray's range of study, as we have stated, has been extensive and diversified. He has watched the *ptarmigan* in the wildest mountain glens of the central Highlands; and the *rock dove*, the *raven*, and *starling*, in the midst of which he seems to have been reared, in the caverns of the dreariest shores of the outer Hebrides. There he is ever completely at home, and fresh and animated. With the habits of the song-birds, the *Conirostral* Order, other British naturalists have, we think, been as familiar. Mr Macgillivray's personal experience appears to have been chiefly confined to the extremities of society—the wilderness, or the city. He talks with better knowledge of grey ptarmigan and sparrows, than of linnets and finches, save, indeed, of the chaffinch, which is a suburban bird. His book he states to be the result of twenty years' observation and experiment. With the scientific details and descriptive sketches, there are interspersed what he calls "Lessons on Practical Ornithology," which, in spite of the unpromising name, are not the least attractive portion of the volume. They are, in fact, the narrative of tours and short excursions undertaken by a man of poetic taste, who brings that ardour and enthusiasm to his favourite pursuit, without which the ornithologist is naught—"a dry skin." Instead of following our author in the beaten and civilized tracks around Edinburgh and the shores of the Frith of Forth, or in the vale of the Tweed, we shall at once place the practical ornithologist, wishing to receive a "*lesson*," upon one of the most dismal and distant of the Hebrides.

Having, in October 1817, as I find by one of my notebooks, left Borve in Harris, in company with the Rev. Mr Alexander Macleod, minister of the Forest district, I crossed the sandford and hills of Luskentir, to the little Bay of Kindibig, where we lodged with a farmer, who next day ferried us over Loch Tarbert, to a place called Urga. We remained there for a night, and then continued our journey, proceeding up a long, craggy, and bleak valley, in which is a very dark-coloured lake, famous for a goblin-beast which is seen upon it in summer in the form of a black mass having three humps. The wind was exceedingly keen, the hail came in great showers, and the summits of the mountains were covered with snow. I left the parson a little above Marig, a creek on Loch Seaforth, in which was his dreary-looking habitation; and, having resolved to ascend the highest hill, in order to witness a Hebridian snow storm in all its glory, I proceeded toward Clisheim, the height of which is estimated at somewhat more than three thousand feet. In despite of hail and snow, and the furious whirlwinds or eddying blasts that swept the mountain at intervals, I made my way, though not without labour, to the summit; and well was I recompensed; for there I enjoyed a very sublime spectacle. I was on the highest pinnacle of that range of islands denominated the Outer Hebrides, or Long Island, perched, like a ptarmigan, on a craggy and precipitous ridge. The islands of Uist, Harris, and Lewis, lay, as it were, at my feet. Toward the east and south, in the extreme distance, appeared the mountains of the counties of Ross and Inverness, with the pointed hills, and craggy capes, and sloping plains of Skye. Westward, a long series of summits, commencing with that on which I stood, and forming a broad ridge, intersected transversely by deep valleys, extended for several miles. They appeared to be much lower than the mountain on which I was, and resembled heaps of sand formed by pouring it from a vessel. The snow lay rather deep on them all, and the whirlwinds that swept along their ridges, scattering it in spiral flakes, presented an indescribably beautiful and sublime appearance. I was enveloped in one; but it did not prove very boisterous. The Atlantic was covered with huge clouds, that advanced in disorderly groups, nearly on a level with my position; but the waving streams of snow and hail that poured from them, left no trace on the stormy waters. Toward the north, lay the dreary flats of Lewis, covered with lakes, and flanked with the Park and Uig mountains. Having gazed upon the splendid scene until nearly frozen, I descended with considerable difficulty into a deep valley, where I encountered a fall of snow so dense as to render me apprehensive of being smothered by it. I felt, too, for the first time, perhaps, the benumbing effects of cold, my feet and fingers having become almost senseless, and a feeling of faintness having crept over me. However, by walking and running, I soon recovered heat enough; and, after passing the deep glen of Langadale, ascended an eminence in a kind of pass between two mountains, whence I discovered tokens of cultivation at the distance of three or four miles, so that I was assured of being in the proper direction toward the house of a friend whom I had not seen for many years. By a stream in a desolate valley, I fell in with a herd of seven deer, which, however, I did not attempt to molest; and, in the evening, was welcomed to the cottage of Ewen Macdiarmid, at the head of Loch Resort, one of the dreary inlets of this dismal-looking coast.

Here there is small variety of birds of any kind to be seen, and none are described. Those beheld fall under other Orders; and we anticipate much pleasure from seeing Mr Macgillivray handle them on some future day. Among the sea-fowl he must be quite at home. It is from knowledge of the central Highlands, and especially of the Hebrides, of which Mr Macgillivray appears to be a native, that his work derives its prevailing character. Many ornithologists, scientific and amateur, may be, as we have intimated, as much or better acquainted with the blackbird, the robin, and the goldfinch. He has not, like the lord of Walton-Hall, who lives in the midst of birds, in a sort of great open Austin cage, succeeded in getting the horn owl, the brown owl, the heron, the jackdaw, the magpie,

the common crow, the mallard, the pheasant, the starling, the woodpecker, the ox-eye titmouse, the water-hen, the thrush, and the blackbird, to build their nests and take away their young in safety at a stone-throw from each other. He has not attempted this; yet the Hebridian naturalist had opportunities, which to the Southron or the "closet ornithologist" are rare if not unattainable. In a description of the habits of the red and the black grouse, we have this poetical passage:—

It is pleasant to hear the bold challenge of the gor-cock at early dawn on the wild moor, remote from human habitation, where, however, few ornithologists have ever listened to it. I remember, with delight, the cheering influence of its cry on a cold morning in September, when, wet to the knees, and with a sprained ankle, I had passed the night in a peat bog, in the midst of the Grampians, between the sources of the Tummel and the Dee. Many years ago, when I was of opinion, as I still am, that there is little pleasure in passing through life dry-shod and ever-comfortable, I was returning to Aberdeen from a botanical excursion through the Hebrides and the south of Scotland. At Blair-Atholl, I was directed to a road that leads over the hill, and which, I was informed, was much shorter than the highway. By it I proceeded until I reached Blair Lodge, where I obtained some refreshment, of which I stood greatly in need. The good-woman very benevolently exerted herself to persuade me to remain all night, the hills being, as she said, bleak and dreary, entirely destitute of everything that could afford pleasure to a traveller, and even without human habitation—the nearest house being fifteen miles north. It was now six o'clock, and I was certain of being benighted; but I had promised to be at the source of the Dee by noon of next day, and all the dragons of darkness could not have prevented me from at least striving to fulfil my engagement. They had never heard of the spring in question, nor even of the river; no Cairngorum could be seen; and a woman, just returned from the Spey, informed me that I should be under the necessity of going through Badenoch before I could get to it. I placed more confidence in my travelling map.

We need not chill the reader with the sufferings of a cold night spent on the hill-side on a couch of heather.

Morning actually came at last, and I started up to renew my journey. It was now that I got a view of my lodging, which was an amphitheatre formed of bare craggy hills, covered with fragments of stone and white moss, and separated by patches of peat bog. Not a house was to be seen, nor a sheep, nor even a tree, nor so much as a blade of green grass. Not a vestige of life can be found here, thought I; but I was reproved by a cry that startled me. The scarlet crest and bright eye of a moor-cock were suddenly protruded from a tuft of heather, and I heard with delight the well-known *kok*, *kok*, of the "blessed bird," as the Highlanders call him. It was a good omen; the night and dulness had fled, and I limped along as cheerily as I could. My half-frozen blood soon regained its proper temperature; ere long, I reached the base of the rocky ridge, and, after passing some hills, traversing a long valley, and ascending a mountain of considerable height, I took out my map, and, looking eastward below me, saw, to my great satisfaction, a rivulet running for several miles directly in the course marked. I was assured that this stream, whether the source or not, ran into the Dee, as it proceeded eastward; and, therefore, I directed my steps towards it. But here, too, a scene occurred which gave me great pleasure. Some low croaking sounds came from among the stones around me, and presently after a splendid flock of grey ptarmigans, about fifty in number, rose into the air, and whirred past me, on their way to the opposite eminence. On the brow of the hill I found two large fountains, the sources of the stream below, of each of which I drank a mouthful, and proceeded.

The habits of the grouse, a tribe now so interesting to the sportsman, are farther detailed, both from the author's personal observations in the north, and those of a remarkably *far-keeking* correspondent in the heights of Peebles-shire, bearing the same name as the Ettrick Shepherd, and probably one of his cousins. The author states:—

When disturbed while feeding, the male often boldly starts up, and utters a loud cackle, which may be imitated by quickly repeating the syllable *kok* with a deep voice. In spring and summer, they are often heard uttering the same sound without being disturbed, whether as a call of defiance to their fellows, or of warning or protection to their mates or young. Early in the morning, as well as late in the evening, but also occasionally through the day, you may hear on the moors a loud cry, which is easily syllabled into *go*, *go*, *go*, *go*, *go-back*, *go-back*, although the Celts, naturally imagining the moor-cock to speak Gaelic, interpret it as signifying *co*, *co*, *co*, *co*, *mo-chlaidh*, *mo-chlaidh*—that is, *who*, *who*, (goes there?) my sword, my sword!

Are not these contrasted interpretations characteristic of the genius of Highlanders and Lowlanders? What follows is for our modern *battue* gentry. What would the old lovers of gentle woodcraft have said to those wholesale slaughters which convert a gentleman's preserves into a market poultryman's killing yard?

In my opinion, it is a pitiful and barbarous sport, as pursued by a regularly equipped and legally qualified slaughterer, who, even without the labour of charging his gun, still less of carrying home the produce of his idle industry, destroys as much game in one day as might serve for a dozen. But, in a district where the birds are not very numerous, and where, to procure half-a-dozen braces, one is obliged to traverse a large extent of ground, he cannot fail to find enjoyment, who, starting early with his dog, accompanied by a friend, travels over mountain and moor, inhaling the balmy air of the heathery hills, and renovating his spirits by vigorous exercise, until the declining sun warns him to retrace his course, and he returns to his home, where the comforts of social enjoyment are prepared for him. The pleasure experienced by the young sportsman, who, after much blundering perhaps, returns from a day's long excursion, with two or three braces of ptarmigan, and as many plovers, is scarcely attainable by the experienced wholesale slaughterer. . . .

The nest of the brown ptarmigan is found in the midst of the heath, in a shallow cavity, and formed of bits of twigs, grass, and sometimes a few of its own feathers, irregularly put together. The eggs are from eight to twelve, or even more, generally an inch and seven-twelfths in length an inch and three-twelfths across, of a regular oval form, yellowish-white, pale yellowish-grey, or brownish-yellow, thickly clouded, blotched, and dotted with blackish and umber-brown. The young leave the nest soon after they are freed from the shell.

The red grouse, "the blessed bird," is considered by the Highlanders a bird of good omen. By its crowing at daybreak, the wandering spirits of evil are put to flight—

"They vanish at the crowing of the cock."

The grey ptarmigan or grouse, a bird much less known than the red grouse, Mr Macgillivray had often met with in the Hebrides; but those who would more easily attain the pleasure of seeing it, he advises to start from the Castleton of Braemar at dawn, or soon after it. He does not disapprove of a good breakfast, nor even a thimbleful of whisky on a cold day. It was after ascending the valley of the Dee for some distance, and also after this preliminary adventure, that Mr Macgillivray met the grey ptarmigan.

Started a small covey of black grouse, which, at the time being a novice, I mistook for the capercailzie, and, proceeding northward, came to a deep ravine or "den," in which were some native trees of Pyrus aucuparia, Populus tremula, and Betula alba. Following this stream for several miles up a heathy valley, I entered a decayed forest of white birch. Few objects present a more melancholy picture of the ruin of a primeval world than those blasted trunks, some prostrate and crumbling into fragments, others scattered along the hills like an army of giants, suddenly scathed by the wrath of heaven. . . . . .

Crossing a small stream, by which grew in abundance Gnaphalium supinum, Galium saxatile, and the beautiful though very common digitalis purpurea, I sat down to consider what might be the best route, and reconnoitre the face of the huge, rounded mass, which I divided into three portions:—first, a plain or platform, rising gently at the farther end, and forming a pretty steep acclivity, terminating about a third up; secondly, the middle part, consisting of fragments of rock, stones, and gravel, intermixed with a little vegetation; thirdly, the remaining part, three or four hundred feet high, similar to the last, but more sterile. If one traces his proposed route in this manner, he finds it in general easy enough to ascend a hill without a guide; whereas, if he proceeds at random, he is very liable to become involved among difficulties. Hitherto the sky had been clear; but now clouds began to gather around the summits of the mountains, although that before me was still unshrouded. As I ascended, I saw, to the west, the remains of a natural forest of pine, scattered along the sides of a valley, and, on entering the second region, found the heath and other plants greatly diminished in size, while various species occurred that indicated an approach to what in botany is called an Alpine station. Near the summit of a projecting mass of rock, in this region, I sat down among the crumbling blocks of granite, to compare the Aira flexuosa, which grew in tufts, with its characters in Smith's "Compendium;" and, when I rose, a large covey of ptarmigans sprung from among the stones, about a hundred and fifty yards beneath me.

These beautiful birds, while feeding, run and walk among the weather-beaten and lichen-crusted fragments of rock, from which it is very difficult to distinguish them when they remain motionless, as they invariably do should a person be in sight. Indeed, unless you are directed to a particular spot by their strange low croaking cry, which has been compared to the harsh scream of the missel-thrush, but which seems to me much more like the cry of a frog, you may pass through a flock of ptarmigans without observing a single individual, although some of them may not be ten yards distant. When squatted, however, they utter no sound, their object being to conceal themselves; and, if you discover the one from which the cry has proceeded, you generally find him on the top of a stone, ready to spring off the moment you shew an indication of hostility. If you throw a stone at him, he rises, utters his call, and is immediately joined by all the individuals around, which, to your surprise, if it be your first rencontre, you see spring up one by one from the bare ground. They generally fly off in a loose body, with a direct and moderately rapid flight, resembling, but lighter than that of the brown ptarmigan, and settle on a distant part of the mountain, or betake themselves to one of the neighbouring summits, perhaps more than a mile distant.

We regret to dismiss a fine and characteristic description of the wildly sublime scenery of the mountains which

"Guard the rills of infant Dee."

Many more coveys were seen before the rambler reached the village of Kingussie in Badenoch. Mr Macgillivary seems a genuine mountaineer; with much of the grave and stately enthusiasm of the character. At the termination of this exciting solitary expedition, he says—

It is delightful to wander far away from the haunts, and even the solitary huts of men, and, ascending the steep mountains, seat one's self on the ruinous cairn that crowns its summit, where, amid the grey stones, the ptarmigan gleans its Alpine food. There, communing with his own heart, in the wilderness, the lover of nature cannot fail to look up to nature's God. I believe it, in fact, impossible, in such a situation, on the height of Ben-na-muic-dui, or Ben Nevis, for example, not to be sensible, not merely of the existence, but also of the presence of a Divinity. In that sacred temple, of which the everlasting hills are the pillars, and the blue vault of heaven the dome, he must be a fiend indeed who could harbour an unholy thought. But, to know himself, one must go there alone. Accompanied by his fellows, he may see all of external nature that he could see in solitude, but the hidden things of his own heart will not be brought to light. To me, the ascent of a lofty mountain has always induced a frame of mind similar to that inspired by entering a temple; and I cannot but look upon it as a gross profanation to enact, in the midst of the sublimities of creation, a convivial scene, such as is usually got up by parties from our large towns, who seem to have no higher aim in climbing to the top of Benlomond or Benledi than to feast there upon cold chicken and "mountain dew," and toss as many stones as they can find over the precipices.

An autumn walk, on a cheerful day, in the rich environs of Edinburgh, makes a good contrast to the above Alpine ramble, and introduces the reader to the many gratifying sights in birds, plants, fossil remains, and fine scenery, to be met with in the picturesque neighbourhood of the northern metropolis.

Another section—that which makes us acquainted with the *ring dove* or *cushat*, and the *rock dove*, with whose history and habits our ornithologist is delightfully familiar—possesses more attraction, we think, and, at all events, more novelty. We must, therefore, indulge in a pretty long extract, as we know not where to look for so minute and beautiful a relation of the habits of this charming bird of the wilderness—the true *stock dove*, according to Mr Macgillivray, although the name has been given to the intermediate well-known species.

The rock dove, which is the original of our domestic pigeons, is a very beautiful bird, although its style of colouring is less gaudy than that of many exotic species. It is of a compact form, the body being rather full, the neck rather short, the head small, the feet short and strong, the wings rather long, the tail of moderate length.

. . . . . .

The general colour of the plumage is light greyish-blue, the lower parts being as deeply coloured as the upper. The middle of the neck all round is splendent with green, its lower part with purplish-red. The back and the upper part of the sides, from near the shoulders to near the tail, are pure white, as are the lower wing-coverts and auxiliaries.

. . . . . .

At the western extremity of Ben Capval, a promontory of one of the remote Hebrides, is a vast mass of rock, broken by gaps and fissures into projecting crags and sloping shelves, and looking as if originally produced by the separation of a portion of the mountain which had sunk into the depths of the ocean that heaves its billows against the rugged shores. At the summit is an aggregation of angular fragments, the termination of an elevated ridge, and midway down is a green slope, horizontally traversed by several paths formed by the sheep, which, at all seasons, but especially in spring, are fond of rambling among the crags, in search of fresh pasturage. The declivity terminates on the sinuous and angular edge of precipices several hundred feet in height, near the upper part of which, a pair of White-tailed Eagles have fixed their abode, while the crevices are here and there

peopled by starlings. The shelves of these rocks are totally inaccessible by ordinary means, although an adventurous shepherd or farmer sometimes descends on a rope held by half a dozen people above, to destroy an eagle's nest, or rescue a sheep which has leaped upon some grassy spot, and is unable to reascend; but on one side, by a steep and slippery descent in a fissure, one may penetrate to the base, where he discovers a hole in the rock, barely large enough to admit him on his hands and knees. This hole is the entrance of a narrow passage in a crevice, roofed with fallen blocks. On one hand is a recess, in which a person might recline at full length, and which was actually employed as a bed by Mr Macleod of Berneray, after the battle of Culloden; and a few yards farther, the crevice opens into an irregular cave, communicating seaward with the open air, and formed by a rent in the rock, filled above with large blocks that seem ready to fall. The heavy surges of the Atlantic continually dash against a heap of stones, which partially block up the mouth of the cave. On this heap, the crested cormorants nightly repose, and, in summer, rear their young. The little shelves and angular recesses of the roof and upper parts of the cavern are tenanted by pigeons, the light blue of whose plumage has a beautiful appearance, relieved as they are by the dark ground of the moist rocks, and the soft murmur of whose notes comes upon the ear with a pleasing though melancholy effect. There, and in other places of a similar nature, have I watched these beautiful birds, until I rendered myself in some measure familiar with their habits; and, amid such wild and desolate scenes, have I loved to wander, and indulge in the not less wild imaginings of a spirit that desired to hold converse with the unseen but ever present Spirit of the universe. At early dawn, the pigeons may be seen issuing from these retreats in straggling parties, which soon take a determinate direction, and, meeting with others by the way, proceed in a loose body along the shores, until they reach the cultivated parts of the country, where they settle in large flocks, diligently seeking for grains of barley and oats, pods of the charlock, seeds of the wild mustard, polygona, and other plants, together with several species of small shell-snails, especially Helex ericetorum and Bulumus acutus, which abound in the sandy pastures. . . . . When startled, they rise suddenly, and, by striking the ground with their wings, produce a crackling noise. When at full speed, they fly with great celerity, the air whistling against their pinions. Their flight is very similar to that of the ringed and golden plovers, birds which, in form, approach very nearly to the pigeons, as may be seen more especially on comparing their skeletons; and, as this affinity has not been observed by any other person, I would direct the attention of ornithologists to it. . . . . .

The notes of the rock dove resemble the syllables *coo-roo-coo* quickly repeated, the last prolonged. It is monogamous, as I apprehend all wild birds, even the gallinaceous, are, and its nuptials are celebrated with much cooing and circumambulation on the part of the male. A love scene among the rocks is really an interesting sight. Concealed in a crevice, or behind a projecting cliff, you see a pigeon alight beside you, and stand quietly for some time, when the whistling of pinions is heard, and the male bird shoots past like an arrow, and is already beside his mate. Scarcely has he made a rapid survey of the place, when, directing his attention to the only beautiful object which he sees, he approaches her, erecting his head, swelling out his breast by inflating his crop, and spreading his tail, at the same time uttering the well known *coo-roo-coo*, the soft and somewhat mournful sounds of which echo among the cliffs. The female, shy and timorous, sits close to the rock, shifting her position a little as the male advances, and sometimes stretching out her neck, as if to repel him by blows. The male continues his strutting and cooing, until the female, inadvertently coming upon the edge of the shelf, flies off to the dark recesses of the neighbouring cave, where she has scarcely alighted when her lover is again by her side. Matters go on in this manner; and, in the meantime, a nest is gradually formed, which consists of withered stalks and blades of grass, or other plants, not very neatly arranged, but disposed so as to answer the intended purpose. Two beautiful white eggs, of an elliptical form, one an inch and four-twelfths in length, an inch and one-twelfth in breadth, the other a little shorter, are then deposited; and, in due time, the young make their appearance. During incubation, the male supplies his mate with food, which she picks from his throat as he forces it up from the crop. Even at other times, the female often goes up to the male, introduces her bill on one side into his mouth, and obtains a grain of barley, or a morsel of other food. In about three weeks, the young come abroad; and, after being fed and instructed by their parents for some days, are left to shift for themselves.

The rock dove is found in nearly all the rocky shores of Scotland and its islands; though it seems to have deserted the more frequented coasts. These birds are numerous in Shetland; and, if we are to believe that every pigeon is as voracious as a couple dissected by Mr Macgillivray's correspondent, we may well pity the Shetland farmers. In the crop of the male, above 1000 oat seeds were found, and 510 in that of the female! The bushels that may be devoured in six months by 5000 of these gentle doves, are appalling to think of. But, probably, as in many other cases, matters are not quite so bad as they seem.

Among other birds, *starlings* are found in great numbers in the Orkney and Shetland Isles, and in the Hebrides, where they remain all the year round, breeding in caverns and crevices on the rocky coast. Mr Macgillivray has taken great pains to get acquainted with the habits of this beautiful bird. The scene in which he found them, is singularly wild and interesting:—

Having, with much labour and some danger, descended from the summit of a maritime cliff on the west coast of one of the bare Hebrides, we are now standing in a low and ragged cavern, of which the upper part is formed of great blocks of gneiss, jammed into a rent of the solid rock, while the heavy waves of the Atlantic come rushing up its mouth, and alternately recede, leaving exposed, at intervals, a beautiful bed of polished pebbles. The melancholy tones of the rock dove's cooing issue from one of the recesses; and, as we look for the bird, we observe a starling perched on a projecting angle above, and screaming forth its low harsh note of alarm or anger. Presently, several individuals of the same species issue from various holes and fissures, and fly out of the cavern, followed by a few pigeons, the sound of whose wings echoes from the walls. A shot is fired, and, in the midst of the deafening noise that follows, a whole crowd of starlings hurry over head, to regain the open air, and escape the threatened danger. We have, in fact, strolled into one of their breeding places; and it being the month of June, we may here, at leisure, observe their domestic habits; but the tide is advancing, and, therefore, it may be best to regain the summit of the rock, purposing to return some other time. . . . . Early in the morning, accompanied, perhaps, at first by pigeons and cormorants, you may see them issue from their secure retreats, and hurry along the coast, or over the rocky ground, to the pastures and fields. The places to which, above all, they most frequently resort in summer and autumn, are the cowfolds where the farm stock is enclosed at night, and there, before the cattle are let out, or at milking time, you may find large flocks busily employed in searching among the old and dried dung, for larvæ and worms, keeping up an incessant low chatter, frequently perching for a while on the cattle, and when satisfied reposing on the low walls of the fold, where you may often shoot them by half dozens—I do not say whole dozens, for, although that might happen, I never

obtained more than six or seven at a single discharge. They also follow the cattle in the pastures and meadows, often perching on the backs of cows, horses, and sheep; but, although very frequently seen in this society, they do not always accompany these animals. In winter, they frequent the corn-yards, along with linnets, buntings, larks, and wild pigeons, to obtain a few grains of oats, search the stubble grounds for seeds, pick up small testaceous mollusca from the pastures, and occasionally visit the shores to feed on marine worms. In spring, they find a supply of food in the newly turned fields or patches of ground; in summer and autumn, they are furnished with abundance of larvæ and worms, found chiefly under the dung of domestic animals; and they attack the corn in the same manner as the sparrow, although this kind of food is apparently less agreeable to them than their more usual kind. Starlings always keep in flocks, and generally fly in a compact body, which frequently appears to undergo a kind of rotatory motion, as the individuals shift their position. When in haste, however, they fly in a direct manner, without undulations, and with great speed, employing regularly-timed beats of their wings. . .

In winter, the flocks are often very large, but, even in the breeding season, the individuals that come abroad to search for food for their young, keep in parties. In the Outer Hebrides, they associate with no other birds, excepting occasionally pigeons; but in other parts they are frequently seen intermingled with jackdaws, rooks, and thrushes of different species. In sunny weather, even in winter, starlings congregated on a rock, the top of a wall, or other eminence, enact a very pleasant concert or medley, each singing in a low rather sweet voice, and the united effect being very similar to that of the winter song of a flock of redwings. Individually, the starling's ditty is certainly not equal to that of the throstle; but yet it is by no means despicable. . . . . The flesh of the starling is not much inferior to that of a thrush, although tougher; and, as a considerable number may be occasionally obtained at a single shot, this bird is not unworthy of the attention of the animal designated by the name of sportsman. . . . . .

In the Hebrides, the starlings begin to form their nests in the end of April or the beginning of May, selecting suitable spots in the crevices of rocks, in caverns, or under large blocks, in situations as inaccessible as possible. I have found them also in large winding holes in grassy banks, on an unfrequented islet, which I conjectured to have been originally formed by rats, and afterwards enlarged by the starlings. It appears, however, that they also dig holes of themselves on the grassy shelves of the rocks. The nest is bulky, composed of grass and portions of plants of various species, with a rude lining of feathers and hair. The eggs, which are from four to six, are of a somewhat elongated or regular oval form, glossy, and of a delicate very pale greenish-blue. They vary in length from an inch and a quarter to an inch and two twelfths or a little less, and in their greatest breadth from three-fourths to ten-twelfths of an inch. These birds occur in many other parts of Scotland, but are generally rare in the middle and southern divisions, where their colonies breed in maritime rocks, in old buildings, and sometimes in holes in decayed trees. In winter, they usually scatter over the country, appearing in flocks of greater or less extent in parts where they do not habitually reside.

Starlings are said to be getting more plentiful in the places specified, and to have become scarcer in England. This bird, as is well known, is easily tamed, and may be taught to speak and whistle tunes. Mr Macgillivray gives, at second hand, an account of one or two highly accomplished or *college-bred* individuals of the family. We have ourselves the pleasure of a long and intimate acquaintance with the Ayrshire shoemaker's pupil, whose name is Richard, not Charlie. Though now fallen somewhat into the sere and yellow leaf, he has not forgotten his early acquirements, and we can vouch for the truth of his powers in a monologue. Another pupil of the shoemaker was, perhaps, even more eloquent. "Come in, lads and lasses," was his opening; "take a' chairs, and sit down and hear Richard whistle the 'Laird of Cockpen.'" And here the air was whistled; after which the starling resumed, "Is not that pretty well for a small bird like me?" Our friend, Richard I., whistles "Over the water to Charlie;" but, probably from neglect, he is now at a loss to complete the air. He chatters much more than is set down for him by Mr Macgillivray; and, when informed, the other day, that he was become a distinguished historical bird, he seemed to fancy the compliment no more than was due to his talents. Since Richard has waxed in years, he has become more familiar, and rather fond of good living. At the breakfast hour, he regularly calls for his buttered toast; and, upon the cage-door being opened, he darts out, perches upon his master's hand, and devours his morsel with great relish. He also calls lustily for cream to his porridge, when the breakfast table is about to be cleared; and scolds for an hour, if his call is not attended to. There is, however, not much enjoyment to thinking bipeds, in the mere talk of starlings. One is tempted to say, as of other parrot-talkers, "Could you only learn to hold your tongue, you pretty creature, it might never be found out what a fool you are." Esteem for the intellect of birds is certainly not increased by their taught jargoning.

To rooks, a long and amusing section of the work is devoted. They are plentiful, it seems, about Edinburgh, for reasons which may probably be easily explained by the philosophers of what wont to be called "the Stove School." We remember a paper upon the return of the lawyers of Modern Athens—most high-piled of cities!—from the assizes or the country, to the winter session, having for its motto,

> "To their high-built airy nests,
> See the *Rooks* returning home."

The hooded or Royston crow, so rare in the South—where the people, however, call the carrion crow the "hoodie craw"—and so frequent in the Highlands and the Islands of Scotland, is accurately described, and made out to be rather a respectable, well-conducted bird, which, without encroaching on the rights of others, knows how to keep its own place. Mr Macgillivray has no faith in crow-courts or crow-convocations of any kind, whether for justice or match-making; which last he conceives unnecessary, as the handfasting lasts all the year round. We are told that, when the hooded crow has found small crabs, and other shell-fish, it soars high in the air, and drops them on the ground to open them. We can easily believe this, as blackbirds—which are very plentiful in our neighbourhood, and as tame as the robin, picking out of the house-dog's dish along with the sparrows, and, in severe weather, *scolding* if the customary food is not set out for them—drop the snails they pick up in spring in the fields and garden, not on the walks, but, more effectually, upon the entrance

steps, in order to break them. This fact, which was at first doubted, when asserted by the maid whose duty it was to keep the steps neat, was confirmed by observation. If it was found inconvenient to approach the steps, the flat coping of a wall was employed, on which to drop the snail-shells. The ox-eye titmouse is an equally familiar winter visiter with us. Numerous small perforations, not much bigger than pin points, made in the surface of hanging joints of meat, excited some surprise, and were found to be made by those courageous and clever birds, who made an hourly practice of entering the larder, and dabbing, on the wing, hovering round rather than settling on the joint, like humming-birds about a flower. In the same keeping-place, a robin, last year, made its nest in a small basket hanging against the wall, and safely brought out its young, unheeding who passed in or out. To preserve the robins from cats, and for the convenience of locking the door at night, a small hole was drilled in the door, the use of which Robin understood at once, and by it the parent birds made their ingress and egress until their parental duties were happily terminated. Chaffinches, robins, hedge-sparrows, and also the cockney species, abound in the same sheltered nook; and, in its season, the martlet, the loveliest of migratory birds, whether from the brilliancy of its plumage or the pathetic sweetness of its musical twitter, keeps us shy neighbourhood, though evidently annoyed by impudent hosts of Mr Macgillivray's *passer domesticus*. With us these well-remembered beggars are not merely familiar, but obtrusive, and difficult to be rebuffed; keeping watch opposite back-doors, to snatch any opportunity of entering, and reaching the accustomed dish.

With the raven Mr Macgillivray is well acquainted, as that bird exists in the Hebrides, where its habits, like those of the starling, are modified by situation. He describes it as a

Remarkably grave and sedate bird; and, unlike many men who assume an aspect of dignity, it is equally noted for sagacity and prudence. It is crafty, vigilant, and shy, so as to be with great difficulty approached, unless in the breeding season, when its affectionate concern for its young, in a great measure overcomes its habitual dislike to the proximity of man—a dislike which is the result of prudence more than of mere timidity; for, under particular circumstances, it will not hesitate to make advances which a timorous bird would, no doubt, deem extremely hazardous. Either from natural instinct, or from observation and reflection, it appears toknow, in some measure, the power of its arch enemy; and, finding that its own faculties are insufficient to enable it to counteract his destructive propensities, carefully avoids coming within his reach. On the other hand, it eats from off the same carcase as a dog, and takes its station close to an otter devouring its prey, doubtless because its vigilance and activity suffice to enable it to elude their efforts to inflict injury upon it; and, while it yields to the eagle, it drives away the hooded crow and the gull. It knows the distance, too, at which it is safe from a man armed with a gun, and allows the shepherd and his dogs to come much nearer than the sportsman. . . . The raven never ventures to attack a man plundering its nest, and rarely pretends to be crippled in order to draw him him away from it; but stands at a distance, looking extremely dejected, or flies over and around him, uttering, now and then, a stifled croak, indicative of grief or anxiety. I have, however, on such an occasion, seen a raven fly off to a considerable distance, and, alighting in a conspicuous place, tumble about as if mortally wounded.

. . . . . .

Having enjoyed ample opportunities of cultivating an acquaintance with this species in the Outer Hebrides, I shall describe its manners as observed by me in those dreary, but to the naturalist, highly interesting islands. There, the raven, in search of food, may be seen, either singly or in pairs, in all sorts of situations, along the rocky shores, on the sand fords, the sides of the hills, the inland moors, and the mountain tops. It flies at a moderate height, proceeding rather slowly, deviating to either side, sailing at intervals, and seldom uttering any sound.

When it has discovered a dead sheep, it alights on a stone, a peat bank, or other eminence, folds up its wings, looks around, and croaks. It then advances nearer, eyes its prey with attention, leaps upon it, and, in a half-crouching attitude, examines it. Finding matters as it wished, it croaks aloud, picks out an eye, devours part of the tongue if that organ be protruded, and, lastly, attacks the subcaudal region. . . . . .

Although the raven is omnivorous, its chief food is carrion, by which is here meant the carcases of sheep, horses, cattle, deer, and other quadrupeds, dolphins, and cetaceous animals in general, as well as fishes that have been cast ashore. In autumn, it sometimes commits great havock among the barley; and, in spring, it occasionally destroys young lambs. It has also been accused of killing diseased sheep by picking out their eyes; but of this I have obtained no satisfactory evidence. It annoys the housewives by sometimes flying off with young poultry, and especially by breaking and sucking eggs which the ducks or hens may have deposited, as they frequently do, among the herbage.

In these islands, should a horse or a cow die, as in my younger days was very frequently the case in the beginning of summer, after a severe winter or spring, or should a grampus, or other large cetaceous animal, be cast on the shore, the ravens speedily assemble, and remain in the neighbourhood until they have devoured it. A large herd of grampuses, delphinus orca, having been driven by the inhabitants of Pabbay on the sand beach of that island, which is one of those in the Sound of Harris, an amazing number of ravens soon collected from all quarters, and continued for several weeks to feast upon the carcases. By the time when this supply of food was exhausted, autumn was advancing, and the inhabitants became alarmed lest, should the ravens prolong their stay, they should attack their barley, which was their main stay, as they depended chiefly upon it for the means of paying their rents; a regular system of illicit distillation having, for reasons not difficult to be guessed, been permitted for many years. Various expedients were tried in vain, until at length a scheme was devised by one Finlay Morison, which produced the desired effect. The ravens retired at night to a low cliff on the east side of the island, where they slept crowded together on the shelves. Finlay and a few chosen companions, intimately acquainted with the principal fissures and projections of the rock, made their way after midnight to the roosts of the ravens, caught a considerable number of them, and carried them off alive. They then plucked off all their feathers, excepting those of the wings and tail; and, in the morning, when their companions were leaving their places of repose, let loose among them these live scarecrows. The ravens, terrified by the appearance of those strange-looking creatures, which, it seems, they failed to recognise as their own kinsfolk, betook themselves to flight in a body, and did not return to the island. It was in this numerous congregation of ravens that the white individual, of which I have already made mention, occurred, and which the people, considering it as the royal bird, regarded with a kind of superstitious reverence.

The ravens are social, and almost convivial, in their ravening. They are imagined to have some occult means of sending telegraphic despatches, or speeding the Fiery Cross along the

coast, when an opportunity occurs of banqueting on a dead cow or stranded whale. Mr Macgillivray, however, does not give them full credit for disinterestedly spreading information for the benefit of their distant neighbours. He makes the whole the result of observation, sagacity, or rather the inductive process of reasoning :—

It has seemed to me strange that, in a country where, under ordinary circumstances, few ravens are seen, so many as from twenty to two hundred or more, should collect in a few days. In perambulating these islands, one scarcely meets with more than a pair in the space of a mile or so ; and in Harris, where their breeding places were pretty generally known to me, I could not count a dozen pairs along a coast-line of as many miles. In Pabbay, as mentioned above, several hundreds had come together, so that the people naturally marvelled whence they had arrived. If along a coast-line of ten miles there are ten pairs of ravens, with five young birds to each, or seventy in all, on one of a hundred and forty, there might be nearly a thousand. Pabbay is two miles distant from Berneray, and six from Harris. Even should the wind blow in the latter direction, it is not likely that a raven should smell carrion six miles distant ; and in Berneray, which the effluvia might reach, there are not usually more than three or four resident pairs. The birds of the west coast of Lewis, South Uist, and Barray, could not be guided a distance of fifty miles or more by the smell. How then did they arrive in Pabbay? It seems to me that the phenomenon may be explained thus.

The two pairs of ravens residing in Pabbay itself, would, with their broods, first perceive the carcases. Those of Berneray might stroll over, as they often do, or they might see the prey, as might those on the Harris coast. Ravens have character in their flight, as men have in their walk. A poet sauntering by a river, a conchologist or fish-woman looking for shells along the shore, a sportsman searching the fields, a footman going on a message, a lady running home from a shower, or a gentleman retreating from a mad bull, move each in a different manner, suiting the action to the occasion. Ravens do the same, as well as other birds ; and so, those at the next station, perhaps a mile distant, judging by the flight of their neighbours that they had a prize in view, might naturally follow. In this manner, the intelligence might be communicated over a large extent of country, and, in a single day, a great number might assemble. We know from observation, that ravens can perceive an object at a great distance ; but that they can smell food a quarter of a mile off, we have no proof whatever.

If our author does not believe that ravens can smell carrion at any great distance, still less, though a Highlander, does he believe that they can discover disease and death in a house by smell—a common superstition in the Highlands, where ravens are regarded as unlucky or ill-boding birds.

This that follows is beautifully said, though more melancholy in tone than might have been expected from a native of the dreary region depicted. We have enjoyed many days, many tracts of weather, not merely cheerful, but brilliant, in those islands.

The character of the raven accords well with the desolate aspect of the rugged glens of the Hebridian moors. He and the eagle are the fit inhabitants of those grim rocks ; the red grouse, the plover, and its page, of those brown and scarred heaths ; the ptarmigan of those craggy and tempest-beaten summits. The red-throated diver and the merganser, beautiful as they are, fail to give beauty to those pools of dark-brown water, edged with peat banks, and unadorned with sylvan verdure. Even the water-lily, with its splendid white flowers, floating on the deep-bog, reflects no glory on the surrounding scenery, but selfishly draws all your regards to itself. There, on the rifted crag, let the dark raven croak to his mate, while we search for the species in distant parts of the land.

And Mr Macgillivray falls back upon his correspondent in the South, who describes the habits of the raven in the wilds of Dumfries, Roxburgh, and Selkirk shires. Here he wages fierce war with the goshawk or peregrine falcon, and the fox. He also

Plunders the nests of moorfowls, (red grouse,) and carries away the contents, whether eggs or young chicks ; and, as he is strong, as well as sly and sagacious, he no doubt kills many of the moorfowls themselves after they are full grown. But the raven is a magnanimous bird, compared with the hoodie or carrion crow, which descends to the most despicable shifts, and employs the most cruel methods to support itself that can well be imagined.

It is more than time that we were drawing to a close with a work which we presume to be a great acquisition to ornithological science ; and one which we know to possess the higher merit of popularizing knowledge, by combining its results with the affections, with natural piety, and elegant, refining literary recreation. This is to make science bear its appropriate fruits ; and, for want of this, the bulk of scientific works have hitherto been treated by the mass of mankind, and the whole of womankind, with deserved neglect.

ADÈLE.*

In spite of all that sages say,
I fain with store of gold would meet ;
Then eagerly I'd fly to lay
The treasure at my true love's feet.
Adèle, I'd gratify for thee
The slightest wish thou mightst express :
There is no avarice in me—
But, oh, my love is measureless.

Or might it to my lays belong,
To make immortal Adèle's name,
I'd sing of Adèle till the song
Immortal memory should claim.
Our names in verse together twined,
So may futurity possess !
No love of fame is in my mind—
But, oh, my love is measureless.

Would Providence for me ordain
A sovereign's rank, and dazzling throne,
Adèle should grace the fancied reign,
And all my power should be her own.
More sure of pleasing her to be,
I'd fain see courtiers round me press :
Ambition finds no place in me—
But, oh, my love is measureless.

Song, why with vain desires art fraught ?
Adèle my every wish employs ;
Wealth, glory, empire, ye are naught—
'Tis love, true love, that gives true joys.
From fortune's wheel I fear no blank,
I live secure of happiness :
I have not riches, fame, nor rank—
But oh, my love is measureless.

* Beranger. "Beaucoup d'Amour."

DIVES AND LAZARUS.

A TALE OF IRELAND.

CASTLE CARROL is one of the noblest spots on the Shannon. The old tower stands forth on a rocky eminence, as if the champion of the wild, rough country in its rear, against the smooth, smiling, civil-spoken plain confronting it, on the opposite shore. With all its braggartry, however, the Carrol country has the worst of it—being a barren, ill-regulated district; while the meadow-lands which it overlooks, are fine, fat, flourishing pastures, flowing with milk and honey.

Castle Carrol had not gazed upon this land of Canaan, for so many centuries, without experiencing certain sensations of ungodly coveting; and, accordingly, when, at the commencement of the present century, the thriving estate of Vale Banatha devolved upon a female heir, Castle Carrol lost no time in becoming a suitor; and, after the usual forms of courtship, Miss Florence O'Banatha became Countess of O'Carrol. The old hall rang with the gay doings of the wedding; and, soon after the close of the year, the church bells rang again, in honour of the birth of an heir to hill and valley; and as, within no great distance of time, they tolled out dolefully for the burial of the heiress-countess, no second offspring came to divide the inheritance of the young peer.

It was much about the same time that one of Lord O'Carrol's cottars (who, bearing the same name, would in Scotland have announced himself to be of the castle-clan) married, and begat a son. The bride, in this instance, inherited nothing but a pair of strong arms and strong frame of mind; and, consequently, no church bells announced to the surrounding country the birth of little Jem. The bantling struggled unheeded into life, his course through which was predestined to be a continuous struggle.

"See to him, the darlint!" cried his father, holding the roaring babe up to the sunshine, rolled in one of his own ragged shirts. "Hasn't he got the eye iv him winking up at the cruiskun already, as if he'd got a taste iv it? Och! he'll be the broth of a boy!"

And so he was!—From six years upwards, wherever mischief was to be done or danger confronted, Jem Carrol was foremost. Light-limbed, light-hearted, light-headed, accustomed to hard fare at bed and board, no danger of Jem Carrol's eating or sleeping away his faculties! He was sharp, as he was sharp-set. All his pleasures were boons of Nature's granting—exercise and free air—

> "A savage wildness o'er him hung,
> As of a dweller out of doors."

His face was tanned brown, his hair white; and when, with one hand holding up his tattered vestments, he skimmed the plain, or climbed the cliffs, the little animal had more the untamed aspect of one of the *feræ naturæ*, than of a Christian soul encased in a human body. Christian, however, is a term almost gratuitous, as applied to little Jem; for, though his parents had paid their fee to the priest for bestowing upon him the name of James, which they considered the upshot of the operation that was to keep his infant soul out of purgatory, neither father nor son gave a second thought to the subject. Jem, senior, was too hard-working and hard-drinking a creature to take much account of things spiritual; and Jem, junior's, sins were at present stationary on the shoulders of his sponsors. He had been occasionally licked for "staling" apples, or "thaving" the chicken's meat, when his allowance of murphies proved too small for his appetite and virtue. But his knowledge of the iniquity of "staling" was expected to be instinctive. His sire and dam were too busy to teach—they had only time to cuff; and Castle Carrol being rigidly Protestant, and no priest resident in the district, he was brought up a heathen in all but name.

Not so, young Lord Julius, heir to the noble house of Carrol. *His* cradle was overhung with silks, *his* infancy beset with nurses. At six years old, he had scarcely the free use of his limbs, and, while Jem Carrol was clambering up the cliffs for life and death, could scarcely climb, without assistance, into an arm-chair. If "thaving" and "staling" were not more interdicted to him than poor Jem, everything else was forbidden. It was "Julius, don't do that," from morning till night; till, reared with a notion of being always in the wrong, the boy grew up in a sort of vague want of self-reliance, which gave him the air of a fool, and taught him the mean acts of cunning and lying. At ten years old, the young lord, in his velvet jacket and trowsers of spotless white, was a very dirty little fellow.

At that precise period, however, he ceased to be visible at Castle Carrol. The red velvet and white jean were exchanged for a suit of sables, while the church-bells tolled more dolorously than before, in token that the noble Earl was about to sleep his last sleep beside the noble Countess; and, lo! the chubby-faced, flaxen-headed boy, in whose person were united the honours of Castle Carrol and the wealth of Vale Banatha, reigned in their stead, and was forthwith carried off to England by his guardian, Sir Bernard Moonshine, to be made a man of.

"Long life to the lad, and God's luck evermor' be wid him!" exclaimed James Carrol, sen., as the carriage and four, containing the heir and executors, bowled out of sight. "A betther Lard nor his Lardship's right honourable fader niver was seen at Castle Carrol—bringing a big heiress intho the family, all as one as a bridge over the blessed river 'tween Vale Banatha and the Carrol country—and may his son live to walk in his shoes!"

This adjuration was shortly changed into—

"God send the young Lard's time was come for walking in his noble fader's shoes!" For, instead of the resident Earl, the tenants had now a non-resident agent to look to for justice and protection. The executors had other matter in hand. The Irish estates were allowed to go as it pleased Providence—and Providence seems rarely pleased with anything that occurs on Irish estates. The guardians took care of the young Lord, and trusted the property to the agents; the agents took care of themselves, and trusted the property to chance. The castle was allowed to go to rack and ruin: the rain rained in; the sunshine alone was shut out; floors and furniture mouldered away; the rats kept holiday in the old hall; and mildew overspread the surface of the place.

It was not till the agent, five years after the Earl's decease, sent in a demand of six thousand three hundred and seventy-two pounds, four shillings, and eightpence, for the article of repairs, that the executors appeared to recollect the fact, that, on the Irish estates, stood a castle, in which castle the Right Hon. minor had seen the light. But it did not much signify. Lord O'Carrol, who was now in the fifth form at Eton, already announced that he never intended to reside in Ireland; and money being just then highly advantageous in calling in an English mortgage, the executors decided against further reparation, and let the old house shift for itself. Next spring, there was a promising crop of grass in the western wing, unroofed by the storms of the preceding winter; and even the bats, domiciliated in the blue damask drawing-room, seemed to feel that the place was growing too damp and dismal for them. But what mattered all this to Lord O'Carrol? He was now entered at Cambridge; had a suit of rooms at Mivart's, and a bill at Adams' the coach-maker, the manifold sheets of which might have served to repaper the blue damask drawing-room.

Jem Carrol, meanwhile, had, like his noble contemporary, survived his sainted sire; but, by way of compensation for the loss, he had his mother and an infirm brother to maintain. Himself and the pig were all they had to look to; yet such was the hilarity of his nature, that, so long as the "praties thruv," and the agent who monopolized the preserves of the game and fishery, resided thirty miles off along the river, Jem Carrol continued to keep a good face upon it. No one could say the lad was out at elbows, for small sleeve it was that Jem had to his jacket; and if his comely features were more begrimed than was advantageous to the beauty of his complexion, what wonder? There was nothing about the place but the greenest of ditch water—so green that the family were "forced to quench their thirst (so they were) with buttermilk or sper'ts," and dispense altogether with personal ablution.

Dirt is the parent of disease. The green ditch water brought the fever; "and so, being laid up, kilt with typhus, at sade time," the Carrols' acre was left to the mercy of their neighbours; and their neighbours proved too poor and too busy to be merciful. The crop failed which was to supply both rent and food. The guardian's agent's sub-agent, who inhabited the tumbledown offices of the old castle, grew turbulent and threatened; upon which poor Jem, with a sanguine trust in better times, sold off their few movables, and brought on a relapse of the fever, by sleeping on the damp floor, saturated by the oozings of the memorable green ditch.

It was not probable that the pauper Papist family should obtain much favour in the sight of the Protestant minister of the parish; but, as the present incumbent, the Honourable and Reverend Marmaduke Carrol, uncle of the late Lord, seldom visited the place, except for a fortnight's shooting, and during his residence, fifty miles off, at his deanery at Kilfesant, intrusted the cure of the souls and bodies committed to his parochial charge, to the hands of a curate having sixteen children of his own to monopolize his attention, and assist him to starve upon eighty-five pounds per annum—the case of the cottars was altogether hopeless. They might have been unconscious, indeed, that the parish boasted a dean for its rector, and the dean a pauper for his curate, but for the half-yearly visits of the tithe-proctor; and it almost reconciled Jem and the family to the one-piggedness of their farm, that no tithe-pig ever curled its tail over their threshold, on its way to the Decanatorial sty.

Judy Carrol, as we have already remarked, was a strong-minded, able-bodied woman. But her physical force had now given way under the depression of disease; and it was almost too much for her moral courage to find the utmost efforts of her noble-hearted lad scarcely sufficient to provide a bite and sup for herself and poor Maurice.

"Sure, isn't it a hard thing, now," murmured she, as she sat shivering in a corner of the damp cabin, "to fale the want of a turf, when my Lard's stacks are rotting up yon, undher the viry eyes iv us, and the agent too lazy to so much as make his market on 'em? And isn't it a hard thing, now, to see poor Jim kilt out iv the life iv him, slaving for me and Maurice, who's more helpless nor a baby this day, jist becase the agent wont lind a hand to mind the drain, what's been wanting repair these tin year, and makes the cabin like a mill-pond, and brings the faver, and the faver murdher and ruin? Plase God, if 'twas in the grave that Maurice and I was lying, little it is the loss iv us would be felt; and thin Jem might hauld up his young hid again, and none the warse."

It was owing to the suggestions of this maternal monologue, that poor Maurice Carrol, the hunchback, took a sudden and desperate resolution to minister, for the future, to his own maintenance. It was not much he could do. He could not dig, and, though to beg he was by no means ashamed, there was not a soul in

the country, now the mansions at Castle Carrol and Vale Banatha were shut up, to encourage beggars. A few handfuls of meal or a stale loaf were the utmost he was likely to procure from the wives of the neighbouring farmers. One only alternative presented itself. Maurice had been in his childhood too infirm to be banged into an abhorrence of "thaving and staling;" while the six miles intervening between Castle Carrol and the nearest station of his Reverence, were too long a step for the lame child to be dragged so often as his spiritual education might be supposed to require. His notions of *meum* and *tuum*, therefore, or rather of the degree of turpitude arising from the transfer of other people's property to one's self, were exceedingly vague. He knew for instance, that, in a rushy bottom of the river, in a bend about a quarter of a mile from Banatha manor-house, was the favourite breeding ground of the plovers, abounding in the district. For eleven months of the year, the spot was deserted save by himself—the desolate boy having a liking to the desolateness of the place, and a predilection for the melancholy cry of the birds frequenting the neighbouring moors. But the eggs formed a valuable object of speculation. The chief agent's wife was fond of having them for her ball suppers in Merrion Square; and the sub-agent, accordingly, made it his duty to have the nests watched in laying time. It unluckily happened at this juncture that the keeper appointed for the purpose having made it annually apparent to his employers, that the produce of the place was on the decrease, was apprised that, unless during the present season it proved as abundant as of old, his occupation would be gone. Pat Flanagan had, accordingly, no alternative but rigour or dismissal.

"Well! jistice is jistice!" cried he, when, gun in hand, he took up his solitary position on a misty April morning, just as daylight was breaking on the river. "How I'm to make them bastes of burds giv a bigger complement, is more than my own gumption can guess, ony way; and as to giving up my gun to the kaper, and laving my place about the Castle——Well—Hiven help a poor boy! I'll jist see the inding on't."

He had assumed his accustomed post an hour or two earlier than usual; and, having assumed his seat on the stump of an old alder-bush, around which springing suckers, already shooting into leaf, afforded him some degree of shelter, he sat musing with his pipe in his mouth, and his eyes fixed upon the stream.

It was a pleasant sight to observe the heavy overhanging mists, rendered gradually transparent by the rising sun, wreathing and circling away, till not only the ripple of the current, but the outline of the opposite cliffs became discernible. At that untimely hour no craft was moving on the river; no stragglers were discernible on the cliffs above or shores below—not so much as a truant urchin sauntering along the green strip of grassy soil at the base of the rocks, forming a depository for things washed down by the stream from the higher country. All was solitary, all still, all silent—save that the plovers were already on the wing; shrieking and circling over the rushes, or dotting the green grass as they stood pluming themselves for the day. But, lo! Pat Flanagan's eyes were soon directed from the mists, and his spirit from its meditations, by the sight of one of the leather-covered wicker punts belonging to the Castle salmon fishery, pushing its way clumsily along the shallows of the opposite shore. The hour, the season, and the solitariness of the boat, forbad all notion that it could be occupied by one of those to whose calling it was apportioned; nor could Pat, for the life of him, discern, through the misty morning air, by whose hand it was so feebly punted along. By the stature of the boatman, it might be supposed a child—by its reckless pilotage along that perilous shore, a woman. At length, as the little barque slanted its course hazardously across the current, Pat, who sat watching from his post, exclaimed, in consternation,—"The Lard's mercy be good to me, this day, if it ben't Widdy Carrol's lame Maurice!" At first his sole anxiety was excited by the peril incurred by the urchin in crossing the stream. But he next began to wonder what could be the urchin's object in braving such a peril. There was nothing to tempt him towards that uninhabited moor, but the plovers' nests; and in a moment it rushed into Pat's head, that the appearance of Maurice Carrol on the spot, had some connexion with the disappearance of the eggs. Instead of hailing the boy, therefore, as he had half unclosed his mouth to do, he cowered cunningly among the alder bushes, and "bided his time."

Ten minutes afterwards, when Maurice, after tethering his cockle-shell of a boat to a stump, and, half wading, half walking, proceeded to fill to the brim, with dark-spotted plovers' eggs, the moss-lined basket with which he came provided, he was suddenly felled to the ground, and deprived of consciousness. It was not till he found himself lying in the heat of the noon-day sun under the cliffs on the opposite shore, his tattered clothes covered with the half-dried mire through which he had been dragged by Pat Flanagan, and his bones and head aching with the bruises bestowed on him with the butt of the keeper's gun, that he understood the detection and chastisement which had befallen him. It was by Pat's sense of justice that the marauder was steered over the river, and left half dead upon the beach; and perhaps by his sense of compassion that not a syllable was uttered on his part concerning the transaction. "The boy's had bating enough to kape him from pickin and stealin for some time to come," was Flanagan's commentary on the business, when he resumed his place among the alder bushes; "it would be only shaming the child of honest folk, was I to make his reck'nin for'm wid the agent. But let me catch him at's thricks agin, the spalpeen, and I'll make an everlastin' warnin' on him.'

That night Maurice Carrol lay moaning on the

clay floor of the cabin; and a sore thought it was to his mother and brother that the "fever" had again seized him, and that they were unable to pay for doctor, or doctor's stuff, to free him from the pain against which he seemed to be struggling. But the next night, he moaned no more; and the night following, unnatural lights burned in the cabin, unnatural sounds of festivity issued from its open threshold, from which the door had been unhinged to form a dead-deal to straighten the corpse of the murdered boy. The lads of Castle Carrol were waking poor hunchback Maurice!

He had died without disclosing a word. He was too proud to own that he had been beaten for a thief; though satisfied, according to the conscience of the poor, that poaching is no thieving in the sight of God, and that the wild creatures of nature's breeding are vouchsafed as much for the food of the hungry as for the recreation of the rich. But when the wasted, deformed body of Maurice came to be prepared for the grave, his bruises and contusions became manifest; and it was clear that one of these blows, dealt by some vindictive man, whose hand was stronger than his judgment, had caused an inward injury, and ended the wants and miseries of the widow's son. The neighbours cried shame—the agent was required to appeal to the nearest magistrate for redress. But having ascertained that there existed no evidence to throw light upon the business, (the whole having been privately disclosed to his employer by poor Pat, the day of the affray, when the sub-agent sent off Flanagan with a basket of plovers' eggs, along the river, to the agent in chief, requesting that work might be found for him on another part of the estate,) he informed the Carrol family that it was useless to entail the trouble and expense of legal investigation upon the parish; that it was clear the boy had fallen from the cliffs in some wanton expedition of bird's nesting, and been afraid to acquaint them with the accident.

The pauper is easily answered—easily buried. The earth once heaped over the injuries of poor Maurice, there was nothing further to be said. Most people thought the starving family in luck, to be delivered from their burthen; and if the village did not yield implicit credit to the sub-agent's explanations, it considered the matter not worth inquiring into.

Not so, however, Jem. Young Carrol was now nineteen years of age, embittered in soul by adversity, and worn down in frame by premature labour. It was just as he was becoming conscious of the hardness of his mortal lot, as a perpetual hewer of other people's wood, and drawer of other people's water—the hewing and drawing of which, from July to eternity, would never yield him a decent maintenance—that his brother's mysterious death superadded the consciousness of injury to that of wretchedness. Hitherto, when he found the world too strong for him, he had redoubled his trust in Providence; he now began to fancy the world too strong for Providence itself. His poor, harmless, afflicted brother, Maurice, whose hand was never raised against living mortal, had been murdered in cold blood—and there was no redress! Jem Carrol could not work for thinking of this by day; could not rest for dreaming of it by night! The cabin seemed haunted by the body of Maurice, extended upon the old door—discoloured with bruises—the countenance distorted with its death pang—the long dark hair clotted with blood! Wherever he turned, he beheld that ghastly spectacle. His dying father had committed the helpless lame boy to his charge, to be unto him as a child of his own; and now, his father's voice seemed to sound anew in his ears, bidding him arise and avenge the death of his son! In the midst of some household occupation or labour of husbandry, he would pause suddenly; and, with compressed lips, and big beads of moisture standing out upon his brow, fold his arms across his breast, and give himself up to the agonizing consideration of his brother's martyrdom.

"Niver will I hare that swate voice agin; niver will them blessed eyes, so mild and good, look out from the cabin-door, to wilcome me home," muttered the excited young man. "By God's will, my blood runs no longer in the veins of living man; yet not by God's will, (the blessed saints forgive me this day!) but by the will of the masterful and cru'l, to whose hands I seem evermore committed."

Then followed darker and more discontented thoughts; and an oath, registered in heaven, that, if ever he should discover the originator of his brother's death, a life should be taken to repay the life of Maurice. For Maurice was no brawler. His voice was soft, his arm feeble, his heart gentle as a woman's. The injury *must* have been dealt unprovoked. As Jem Carrol constantly repeated to himself, "The lad had been kilt and murthered in cold blood."

A year actually elapsed before a surmise of the truth occurred to the mind of the young man. It was not till the April following, (when—having dropped down the stream towards the moorlands, on his own account, for the provision of eggs he had long been in the habit of securing annually for his mother—he found the place guarded by an armed keeper,) that threats were uttered against himself, which brought to mind the fate of him of whose death the morrow was the anniversary!

"Murdhering villin!—'twas yerself then, as shure as a blessed sky's above me, that made away with Maurice Carrol!" cried Jem, with sudden conviction, recoiling from the advancing keeper.

"I'll make small account, plase God, of making an ind iv yerself that says that same," retorted the man, flourishing his musket more like a shillelah than a fire-arm; while Jem, excited beyond all self-control, (as a thousand concurrent circumstances rushed into his mind, of a boat's having been found drifting along the current on the day of his brother's death, and the garments

of poor Maurice being stained with mire resembling that of the rushy moor,) burst like a madman upon the keeper, wrested the weapon from his hands, and, whether accidentally in the scuffle, or by deliberate aim, lodged the charge of the piece in the body of the offender.

It was now decreed for Jem Carrol to pursue the course previously taken by poor Flanagan. After lying concealed a day in the adjacent moor, he fled the country. The cry of blood was at his heels; and, with terror in his steps and famine in his face, he at length reached the sea-coast; and, having earned, by a few weeks' labour at some neighbouring marl-pits, the price of a passage, quitted old Ireland for ever. He was now a desperate man. He knew that his mother was penniless and helpless; with shame, and sorrow, and want to abide with her in her desolate habitation. He gave himself up to his anguish—he gave himself up to his infamy; for having accidentally learned, on his escape from the moors of Vale Banatha, that the murdered man was a stranger in the place, newly engaged as keeper by the sub-agent of the absentee Earl of O'Carrol, he found the weight of blood upon his soul, yet his vengeance still unsatiated.

The young Earl, meanwhile, was enjoying his purple and fine linen, and luxuriating in the good things of this life. All he had done to obtain the houses and lands, the hangings and plate, the horses and chariots, ministering to his daily enjoyment, was—to be born; and he appeared resolved to add very little exertion to that original effort. Though a representative Peer, he had not yet taken his seat in Parliament. Clubs, sprees, dice, and claret, engrossed his days and nights. He knew no more of his Irish estates and tenants, than the "per Messrs Latouche & Co., so many thousands" half-yearly entered into his London banker's book. He had fought a duel at Cambridge on being taxed with the brogue; and would have dismissed old Ireland wholly and entirely from his recollection, but for the excellent whisky and beautiful colts annually forwarded to his Lordship's hunting seat in Leicestershire, as a token of respect from his agent in Merrion Square. Yet O'Carrol was not a bad-hearted young man. He was weak rather than wicked; and, had his better qualities been cultivated by conscientious and loving parents, instead of a careless guardian, he might have turned out a useful member of society. As it was, he contented himself with being a man of *ton*, a member of the best clubs, an occasional visiter to the West End police offices. Sir Bernard Moonshine had every reason to be satisfied with his ward.

It happened that, one summer, a few years after his attainment of his majority, Lord O'Carrol, on his way from town to Southampton, to embark in his yacht for a cruise, with a set of his Crockfordite associates, arrived at Winchester just as the bells were ringing and trumpets braying, to announce the arrival of the judges, and the opening of the assizes. The dandy crew in the britzka and four immediately took their cigars from their mouths, to inquire what fun was going on. They were informed that the kalender was a heavy one; that there were eleven capital cases; that the Court would be crowded with all the rank and fashion of the place; and that not a bed was to be had in the city. This was almost motive enough to determine them to stay. But Sir George Gormandize, who was of the party, having reminded the young Earl that his *chef* had been four days at Southampton, preparing for their arrival, and another hero suggesting that their valets and dressing-boxes had preceded them in another carriage, so that they had not so much as a toothbrush at command, they gave up the project, damned the assizes, and started anew for the Dolphin.

That night was a stormy night. The same winds that howled round the cells of Winchester gaol, lashed the Southampton river into a turmoil. The waves broke upon the banks, the old stone walls appeared to yield. The noble yachters, over their claret, cursed the weather; the criminals awaiting judgment recommended their souls to God! Lord O'Carrol called for deviled biscuits and burnt champagne; Jem Carrol murmured, amid the watches of the night, "I have taken thy vengeance into my hands—take thou mercy, O Lord, into thine."

For Jem had now a double stain of homicide upon his hands. Jem was about to give up his life to the justice of his country, in return for the lives of his fellow-creatures. An outcast, an alien; ignorant, untamed; the better instincts of his nature unfortified by the dictates of laws divine or human; seared in soul by the remembrance of an act, the criminality of which he limited to the substitution of persons which had sacrificed an innocent man for a guilty—Jem, on his arrival in England, though relieved from want by employment in the west country, had been unable to settle himself to decent occupation. The wild habits of lawless Castle Carrol clung to him. He became a poacher, a smuggler, an habitual drunkard. Convicted on one occasion of infraction of the game laws, he expiated his offence by a year's imprisonment in Bristol gaol, and quitted it a hardened and desperate offender.

There were moments, indeed, when better impulses recurred to him; moments when, in the prosperity following a busy harvest, his renewed purse suggested recollections of home—of his early misery, his necessitous family; and but that he knew from an encounter in prison with one of the Vale Banatha men, that his mother was no more, he would almost have braved the perils of the law, and returned for her sake to the fatherland which dealt so penuriously with its children. But old Judith was gone! There was no longer a motive for regretting the tremendous barrier excluding him for evermore from his native village. He was a banished wretch—a proscribed wretch; with every man's hand against him, and his own hand embrued in blood!

Such was the state of Jem Carrol's mind,

when accident threw him into the way of a motley band, frequenting the New Forest, smugglers or poachers, according to season and occasion, and including more than one of his ill-fated countrymen. During several months, they managed to evade the detection of justice: but, the dead body of a man, unknown, having been discovered in the recesses of the Forest, precautions and inquiries were redoubled, which ended with the capture of three of the notorious gang. In course of examination, it appeared that the deceased was not only one of their victims, but one of their confederates; and, to the amazement, no less of his companions than of the examining magistrate, Jem Carrol avowed himself the assassin. Though repeatedly admonished against committing himself, he persisted in the declaration; and, on his trial, again and again reiterated the confession of his crime.

"I pursave your Lardship's good marcy in bidding me kape quite," said the prisoner, addressing himself to the learned judge—"but, if it's all the same to yer Lardship. I'd be glad ye'd shew any laniency ye have to spare, to the boys wot was had up wid me, (though innocent of the thing as the babby unborn,) on account of ony little fault they may have committed in pint o' wagrancy or sich. But for me, my Lord, (worse loock to me!) I'm a-weary o' life—long afore I fell in at Portsdown Fair wid the murdherin' thafe, Pat Flanagan, and heerd him tell the tale o' the Castle Carrol hunchback, as he'd stove in tin year ago, and been obleged to flee the country for that same—little dramin', the blackguard, who was sated beside him, but the brother o' Maurice Carrol, a-takin' note of the words in his lips—long afore I up and dilt the law o' jistice upon him in the Forest, as he desarved, and more—long afore *that*, my Lord, I'd made up my mind that this life was ill worth living, for the likes o' me. Sorrow the comfort I've had iv my born days!—kicked through the world like a skittle ball; cuffed here, starved there; widout a friend to say, God save me; widout a bed to lie on; often widout a bit to put betwixt my lips—except it was, maybe, afther a drap of dhrink, what comfort was there for me in life? All the land I looked on was my Lord O'Carrol's—all the little I could scrape by tilling it, wint to my Lord O'Carrol. Rint and tithes ate up all. The poor ould mother iv me was kilt wi' could and hunger—my young brother murdhered outright, for birds-nesting—and myself hunted out iv the counthry, for doing a bit o' jistice on my Lord O'Carrol's agent, jist as yer Lordship's about to do this day on me. So what for, I'd like to know, my Lard, would I wish to live? Yer Lardship may up and hang me to the fore; for it's no more than I've often intinded to do to myself, and the throuble 'll be be spared. Only, before ye put on yer thundherin' assize-cap, as I've heerd till of, jist be plased to take it from a poor lad like me, that thim as should ha' been in their place yondhir, in Vale Banatha, a-doing jistice for their peaple, and seeing 'em rared in the knullidge iv right and wrong, and to fare God and honnur the king, ha' more to answer for this day than *I*, being forced, as I was, to take the law into my hands. As shure as God's above all, my Lard, they'll have to answer at *his* judgment-sate for my life, and thim lives as my hands have made away. And so, I pray God to forgive my Lard O'Carrol, for desarting his counthry, and sitting the likes of em uver us, from this day forth, for evermore!—Amin!"

"O'Carrol, my fine fellow, here's something that concerns *you!*" said Sir George Gormandize, as they were taking their ease in the Southampton Inn, trying to while away a blustering afternoon, with newspapers and ecarté.

"The king!" interposed the noble Lord against whom Lord O'Carrol was playing.

"The devil!" rejoined his Lordship, giving less attention to Sir George's apostrophe, than to his cards.

"Here's an Irish tenant of yours going to be hanged at Winchester to-morrow morning. We've no chance of getting on board to night. I never saw an execution—supposing we drive over to Winchester after dinner?"

"For what?" demanded Lord O'Carrol, who had not been listening to a syllable; but who, having now lost a fourteenth game, threw the cards petulantly on the table.

"To witness an execution."

"Faith, I've had enough of executions: two this season at my house in Chapel Street, and three last," cried another of the party.

"Psha! I mean a *criminal* execution. They're going to hang a namesake of O'Carrol's, for unjustifiable homicide."

"The deuce they are!" said his Lordship. "I wish they'd let us have dinner. I ordered it at seven—'tis ten minutes past—and the Dories will be overdone. *When* did you say the fellow was to be scragged!"

Sir George replied by placing the *Hampshire Telegraph* in his Lordship's hands, while he proceeded up stairs to wash his own, previous to dinner. Extending himself listlessly on the sofa, the Irish peer began to yawn over the trial of Jem Carrol.

"The impudent rascal!" cried he, when he reached the affecting apostrophe with which the poor fellow had concluded his defence. "A poacher, a thief, a murderer, a convicted felon, and lay the blame upon me! How could *I* help having such a blackguard born on my estate? Heaven be praised! here's dinner at last."

After the first course, and second round of Champagne, his Lordship began to coincide in Sir George's scheme of amusement for the morrow. The wind was still too high for the sea; they must content themselves with an execution on land. Apprehensive of not obtaining beds at Winchester, they agreed to start at five in the morning. The bells were tolling as they drove past the cathedral of William of Wykeham. But they were too late: the last huzza of the crowd had died away; the mob was dispersing.

"At all events we'll have a look at the gal-

lows," cried Lord O'Carrol, vexed to have lost his morning's entertainment.

"Not I! I don't want to spoil my breakfast," said Sir George Gormandize. "Postboy! to the hotel."

It was only a passing glance, therefore, that Lord O'Carrol was enabled to take of the miserable body still vibrating in the air, for which a parish shell was waiting at the gallows foot. As a Papist, (born, if not bred,) Jem had declined the spiritual comfort of the Ordinary by Government provided; and his disfigured remains were about to be consigned to the earth like those of the beasts that perish, to which the darkness of his mind had caused him to liken himself by deeds of cruelty and blood.

But there will come a time for those two sons of a common soil to "meet at compts," when the secrets of all hearts will be open, and an Almighty and All-seeing tribunal judge between Dives and Lazarus.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Portraits of the Children of the Nobility.

We give the projector of this elegant new annual credit. He has made a *hit* in every sense. The work appeals to the purest affections of the human heart; and while it engages the finer sensibilities, it also enlists the taste and the harmless vanities of the public in its favour. The charm of beautiful childhood never loses its power. Children, like flowers, are universal favourites, whether the "curled darlings" of the rich parterre, or blooming wildings exhaling sweetness by a cottage door. And groups of children, quite as beautiful, and as full of life and innocent enjoyment as those before us, might, no doubt, be found in every county and neighbourhood; but the patrician specimens on which we look possess an interest, and a kind of reflected reality, from knowledge of their stock, and from historical and national associations. From these considerations, this must prove an exceedingly attractive work; and, although its artistical merits had been far inferior, it must have made its way to general favour. It is, however, eminently beautiful as a book of art. Chalon is the principal designer; but Maclise and Bostock have also contributed portraits. Though our hearts are irresistibly drawn towards the more infantine groups depicted in the series, we shall notice, first in order, *Mary Frances Elizabeth, Baroness le Despenser.* This is one of Chalon's portraits, and no lovelier subject ever fell under an English artist's pencil. The youthful baroness—we need not say, a peeress in her own right—is seen as if returned from a walk, and fondling a squirrel. Nothing can surpass the tender and beautiful expression of her sweet, guileless, and ingenuous countenance; which is that which painters seek to give to cherubs, or something more lovely and winning, —the earthly cherubic. The verses to this charming portrait are written by the editress, Mrs Fairlie. We may give them as a specimen of the literary contents of the volume, which are, in general, abundantly flimsy:—

"It needeth not the Sybil's art,
Thou fair and noble maid,
To read thy young and guileless heart;
For on thy brow portrayed
Is every pure and gentle thought,
By nature's pencil finely wrought.

"Oh, taught in early youth to know
What duties rank should grace,
What bright examples here below
The nobly-born should trace—
Be ever thine the pure delight
Which springs from actions good and right.

'So may those joyous smiles n e'er fade,
Symbols of happiness—
Meet attributes, fair youthful maid,
Thy artless face to dress!
And may'st thou, like thy noble race,*
Through life incline to nothing base."

A group of three girls, the daughters of Lord Lyndhurst, seated in a garden alcove, is from the pencil of Maclise. We have seen him happier. Two of the young ladies are beyond the age of children, and look as if occupied about their expected *debut.* The third, a girl from eight to ten, has a face of remarkable intelligence. The dedicatory verses are from the courtly pen of the younger D'Israeli, who offers the widowed father, her "stately sire," as his Lordship is termed, consolation for the loss of one of these fair girls; which the world must presume he found right speedily, in the smiles of a bride. The lament comes awkwardly, and rather jars with honeymoon gratulation.

A comely, plump, and pleasing little maiden, from the pencil of Chalon, bears the name of a daughter of Lord Frederic Fitzclarence. She, however, though younger than the Honourable Misses Copely, is also beyond the age which shews to most advantage in the volume—that of either babyhood, budding into playful intelligent childhood, or, best stage of all, delightful, artless, unconscious childhood, lovely in its innocent fascinations, as beheld in the group of the Earl of Wilton's children, in the daughter of Sir William Somerville, or the two younger daughters of the Duke of Somerset, at their mimic tea-drinking. The Lady Mary Howard, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, is beyond the age of childish attraction; and Bostock's portrait of a pretty girl shews a consciousness of being sitting for its picture. The verses, which are by Captain Marryat, in imitation of Herrick, shew unexpected power and facility in the author of "Snarley Yow" and "Peter Simple." From this poetical *tribute,* we select a stanza or two:—

. . . . . .

"From air, I could but bring thee,
A captive bird, to sing thee,
All the day long,
A plaintive song;
But his notes of grief would sting thee.

"Rare brilliants had I brought her;
Not those of brightest water
Could match the blaze
Of the joyous gaze
Of Carlisle's youngest daughter.

* The family motto—*Ne vile fame.*

"Pearls from the sea's recesses,
In thy bright silken tresses—
What need of them,
Coral or gem?
Than thine, their beauty less is.

"Now pour I forth a blessing,
My soul's warm wish expressing,
That ne'er may aught
Of deed or thought,
Be to thy heart distressing."

Among the best effusions of the volume, which rests on *picture*, not *literature*, are the classic verses addressed by Mr Henry Bulwer, to his early friend, Sir William Somerville, on the sweet design of the Baronet's little daughter. She has laid aside her doll, and, by stretching on tip-toe, reached the keys of the piano-forte, on which she half-stealthily performs, evidently to her own satisfaction. This charming picture is designed by Maclise. It is full of nature, and the most captivating expression. Here are the verses of the grave bachelor who has espoused the Commonwealth, addressed to the retired gentleman, the cultivator of young oaks and of the domestic virtues and affections. An inattentive, if not positively unfaithful husband, Mr H. Bulwer has of late been, by the way.

"How many days of good and ill
Have passed, my old friend SOMERVILLE,
Since you and I, as truant boys,
Shared the same follies, fears, and joys!
Our sternest thoughts to bound the ball,
With crafty hand against the wall;
Or, careless of its groans, to glide
Across the scarcely frozen tide;
With gun and hound, by sun-rise seen,
Scudding across the dewy green;
Or creeping forth by soft twilight,
To drink milk-punch with Goody White!
Well skilled to merit or escape
The classic stroke which scores the scrape,
We did, amidst that gallant crew,
And did unscathed, what few could do.
Vain boast! They're gone!—those days of fun,
Of floggings missed, and prize-books won.
They're done! they're gone! and here are we,
As grave as wiser men should be!
I with petitions in my hand,
And, "Sir," as on my legs I stand;
You, with the most paternal air,
And, "Nurse, pray take the greatest care."
You pity me, I pity you—
That's what two friends are bound to do;
But still, I own, if this dear child
Had only once as gaily smiled
On *me*, as now she gaily smiles,
I might have loved her infant wiles,
And half recalled the vows I've vowed
Against that little squalling crowd,
Which, now with doll, and now with drum,
Proclaim that HYMEN's reign is come."

Heath's Book of Beauty for 1838.

There is to be no end to pictured beauty in the season of 1837-8. No sooner have we laid one splendid volume aside than another and another follows after; and, like the guidwife's dochters of the Scottish proverb, "The last is aye the bonniest." "The Book of Beauty" is in every minor respect a well-appointed volume, whether in its rich brocaded cover, its beautiful letterpress, symmetry of form, or delicacy of finish. We speak not of the engraving nor literature; for to us its dearest charm is the *real* representations of English female beauty, intelligence, sweetness, and simple refinement. Were any one to ask us in what consists the superiority of *English* beauty to classic models, in whatever is most perfect in the human face and figure, that Grecian and Roman art have handed down to posterity, we should point with confidence to one portrait in this volume. Miss Landon seems to have been as earnest an admirer as ourselves of female beauty of the highest order—that of intelligence—of "sweet austere composure"—the beauty of mind-breathing expression. This portrait, which we receive as a personation of Wordsworth's "Phantom of Delight," is painted by Rochard; it is, like all the rest, exquisitely engraved. The portrait of the Countess of Chesterfield, by Landseer, is another beautiful subject, natural and simple, and with that air of

"Something than beauty dearer,"

which at once places the real woman above the ideal, though one and the other may be alike unknown to the spectator. Lord Byron would have been shocked at the vigour of her ladyship's hand. *Mrs Lane Fox* is another beauty, with something higher than mere beauty; and we admire the bearing of the lady under the name of *Katrina*, so much as to wish her a real existence, which, we are pretty certain, she must be, and not a painter's figure. *Rhoda* is another lovely young female. Among the best of the literary sketches, are "The Story of the Back-Room Window," by BARRY CORNWALL; an apologue by Bulwer, which, however, is deficient in clearness; and a good moral tale by Miss Louisa Sheridan. As an illustration of the degraded condition of woman in the east, *Aisha*, by the Honourable Colonel Caradoc, also deserves to be called a *moral* tale. *Rhoda Tracy*, by Mr Bernal, is a lively story, developing what some men are pleased to call, the caprices of the sex, but which ought to be called the sensible fits of the womankind. We have also a few romantic love-tales, not in any way striking, and many copies of pretty or elegant verses; the finest of them Miss Landon has addressed to the beautiful portrait we have mentioned.

The Book of the Cartoons. By the Rev. R. Cattermole.

Everybody has heard of Raphael's Cartoons; many have seen what are preserved of them, and nearly as many have affected to admire, and to be in ecstasy and rapture over their recondite as well as visible beauties. It is not, however, to *vulgar* or unpractised eyes that those beauties are all at once apparent; nor can those who, seeing for the first time, a Holy Family by the same immortal painter, at once feel its ineffable grace and loveliness thrill their hearts, perceive the beauties of the Cartoons. They, in truth, require a critic and expositor. They are not pictures, much less finished pictures, but patterns from which tapestry was to be worked; and Mr Cattermole must forgive the uninstructed if they leave them to students or proficients in art. Of the twenty-five original Cartoons, seven of the smaller size were purchased by Charles I., and are those which still remain, after various mishaps, at Hampton Court. They have been often copied, and several times engraved. Copies of them, and also tapestry woven from them, have been exhibited in London and other places. To the engravings by Warren, done on a scale far too small, we think, to give any true idea of the originals, Mr Cattermole attaches a volume of criticism and description. His description, however, refers to the originals, which is proper; but then the distant reader, turning to his stinted plates, is at a loss how to apply many of the finest remarks. The book is, however, an elegant and tasteful one of its kind.

Morals from the Churchyard.

We have been struck with the tenderness, beauty, and originality of this small quarto for young persons. It is an allegory, and somewhat in the style of the German "Story without an End;" but less mystical, and possessing far more human interest. The graves utter their voices; they hold a solemn dispute. Yet these cheerful fables are so managed, that nothing revolting, nor even improbable, is heard. We listen to the lofty, vaunting speech of the "Proud Man's Grave," and the tender tale of the "Little Child's Grave," and the "Mother's;" and we have "Sabbath among the Graves," and "The Graves beseeching the Angels to bring them some Rain," and the "Angel of the Little Spring," which are all finely poetical, as, indeed, many of the brief chapters are. We have a sort of consciousness, though no remorse whatever, that, being very good-natured, we may, at some rare times, say more for little innocent books, whether of juvenile or senile entertainment, than they, perhaps, deserve, were all the pros

and cons weighed in the nice scales of criticism. Now, we should be sorry if this "amiable weakness" tended to impair the effect of our serious judgment pronounced on any little work, like the "Morals from the Church-yard." But why call we it "little?" It is great in every sense, save size. It may help our readers to understand its nature, if, by a short-hand process, we say, in one word, "Here is a book for the young, in the spirit in which Charles Lamb would have delighted! though, at the Suicide's Grave he would have been more gentle." It is steeped in natural pathos and delicate imagination, and in the spirit of that religion whose first principle is love. One specimen we shall give, in proof of the good grounds on which we rest our admiration of this delightful little book.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

And the Old Grave perceived how winter was passing away; yet the graves had not settled which was the worthiest. So he spoke and said, "My friends, I have contrived a way whereby ye shall discover the most worthy. I will speak to the Archangel who comes hither this eve, and he shall decide for us; for, behold! is not this eve Christmas Eve, the eve of all eves, which angels and men keep together!" So the graves agreed to what the Old Grave said, and sang thus in honour of Christmas Eve:—"Sacred is the Eve of Christmas; sacred to the angels and to man. Already hath the holly been cut; the church is green with it. Wherefore hath the holly been cut? Wherefore is the church green? Because it is the eve of Christ's birth, when the world grew green again; for it was old with years and crime. But when Christ came, the evergreens sprang up before him. Glory to the holly which grew up on that day! It is the same through all seasons: Its leaves are not seared by the winter winds. They are prickly and bright. The beasts of the field touch them not. It grows in stony places: its berries are round and red. Thick they cluster, that they may do honour to Christmas. They are reverenced by angels." When the graves had sung thus, they waited for the Archangel to come with his host: nor long did they wait, for presently, in the soft rays of the moon, with low melodies hovering about them, there came down angels in multitudes infinite, with their Archangel in the midst. Bright was their presence, though men saw it not: they filled the church-yard with peace. . . . . .

We must omit the figurative dialogue between the Old Grave and the Archangel, who was called upon to settle the dispute, by pronouncing which was the most worthy grave.

"Behold where the first snow-drop shall spring up in the new year: that is the most worthy grave." For three days they looked, and saw nought; but on the fourth day, behold! there was a snow-drop on a lowly despised grave which lay in a corner, and was neglected by the other graves. No tombstone it had, and no tree by its sides. So the graves were astonished among themselves, and said, "Why is the lowly grave exalted above us all? What hath it done that it should be so honoured? Let us speak to it." So they asked of the despised grave; who answered, and said "My friends, I cannot tell you this thing. Ask of the Angel of the Sabbath who lives among us all!" . . . . . The Angel of the Sabbath answered, "Have ye forgotten the Beggar's Grave which was crowned by angels when man had not crowned it? This is the Beggar's Grave. Much sorrow was in his life time, but he did not complain. He was deserted by the friends of his young days, but remembered that he had a Friend who knew no change. His faith held fast in adversity. He knelt to say his prayers on the cold stone: silent in his affliction, silent before his Saviour. Therefore when he died, he was taken whither Lazarus went before him; and this his grave is honoured with a snow-drop rather than the other graves." Thus spoke the Angel of the Sabbath; whom the other graves answered, and said, "It is a just judgment. Let the Beggar's Grave be honoured from this time. The grave of *wealth* shall hide his head: the grave of *glory* shall boast no more. Our dispute is ended. Welcome, thou young snow-drop! White thou art as the virgin snow. Thou bringest pleasant tidings of the spring." So the graves gave honour to the Beggar's Grave, and it was exalted above all the graves from that time. And when the graves had given honour to the Beggar's Grave, they spoke to it and said, "Tell us what grave we must honour next to thee; and, for thy sake, we will honour it." And the beggar's grave answered, "No kin have I. I am a solitary grave." Let the Mother's Grave—the mother of the little maiden—be honoured next to me. Also when the grandfather and granddaughter die, let their graves be honoured along with the Mother's Grave. What is so pleasant as a Christian family joined together in one hope under the same turf?" So the dispute of the graves was ended. And the little maid got well; and her brother came back from sea; and Spring came again, with its angels; and flowers sprang up anew in the churchyard. But of all graves there, no grave was so fair as the Beggar's Grave; for with the sweetest of wild-flowers, the angels planted it about. They guarded it by day and night, and moistened it with early dew.

Such is a small specimen of this sweet little book. We hail it as an omen that, though the minds of children are crammed with "Useful Knowledge," the imagination-starving system is about to give place to one permitting more generous nurture. This juvenile volume, we ought to say, is very prettily embellished.

The Juvenile Budget,

Is a collection of lively stories by Mrs Hall, superior, we think, to some of her more ambitious performances. "The English Farm-yard" inculcates an admirable lesson, and very pleasantly. So does "The Irish Cabin." This also is a nice, pretty Christmas book, with good engravings.

Southey's Works, Vol. II.,

Consists of his Juvenile Poems and Minor Pieces. It is the volume for Republicans, Democrats, and Radicals. It contains some of Southey's best poetry, and some of his worst. Save in Ebenezer Elliott's works, or the poetry of this Magazine, (to speak modestly,) we know not where to look for so much generous Radicalism in the form of poetry, nor such fervent aspirations after a higher and purer social order than is likely we fear ever to be realized by our unreformed "Glorious institutions in Church and State." Among other things, the volume contains "Wat Tyler," unmutilated; the dedication of "The Triumph of Woman," to Mary Wolstoncroft; the "Botany Bay Eclogues," the Radical Lyrics, "The Pauper's Funeral," the "Verses to Emmet," and other pieces that harmonize but ill with later strains, which their author does not affect to consider as more honest, though more true and considerate than the opinions of his early manhood. We still miss the "Battle of Blenheim;" but we shall have it by and by. The Society of Friends ought to send this poem out annually, along with their addresses condemnatory of war. In this volume, independently of debateable effusions, there is much of Southey's most enduring poetry—such as "The Holly-tree," the beautiful verses on a "Landscape of Poussin," and the truly English lines on "Christmas Day." We expected that Southey could have helped himself over slippery ground, by the aid of a few explanatory notes. None are given. He has nothing to repent, nothing to be ashamed of in his early writings. Far are we from comparing the two men; yet, on one point, Dr Southey is singularly like the ex-Reforming Baronet, the pupil of John Horne Tooke. He, too, has "outgrown democratical opinions, and learned to appreciate the institutions of his country." Dr Southey affirms, that "He is no more ashamed of having been a Democrat, than of having been a boy." He was a Democrat considerably after the age of *boyhood*, and his conversion was critically timed. We have nothing to complain of in those who, on conscientious conviction, change their political opinions, save intolerance and dogmatism.

The Gospel History of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. By Lucy Barton; with a Preface by Bernard Barton.

This neat little volume is addressed to children and young persons. The narrative is clear and simple, and well adapted to juvenile capacities. We consider it best, in every view, to study this all-important history at the fountain-head, in the gospels, without note or comment; but that such is not the universal nor even general opinion, we must infer from the multiplicity of scripture histories that are extant. This is one of the most

lucid and well-connected among them; and, we would suggest, might suitably be read in connexion with the gospels, as a test of the understanding of the juvenile student. Several very pretty engravings adorn the volume. The frontispiece is a Virgin and infant Jesus, from a painting of *Murilla*. Holy families and scriptural pieces form admirable subjects for the painter; yet, although we are not Quakers, and admire the art of design, we cannot help thinking, that pictures representing Jesus Christ are, if not irreverent, yet injudicious. The outward and visible form of "The Man of Sorrows," of the crucified Saviour, should be left to the imagination of juvenile Protestants.

The Curiosities of Literature. Illustrated by Bolton Corney, Esq., Honorary Professor of Criticism. Unpublished.

The name assumed by the author may, for aught known in the north, be as fictitious as the office into which he has inducted himself. He is one of those troublesomely veracious and accurately learned persons, dwelling in the past, and among books, who delight in marring a good story, by some petty point of chronology or matter of fact. He sets himself in downright earnest to pick holes in the coat armour of Mr D'Israeli, until he makes out the antiquarian and literary honours claimed by that gentleman, to be little more than a "scutcheon of pretence." Mr D'Israeli has, at all events, made a most amusing book, and the world does not care to be disturbed in its enjoyment of it, whatever of inaccuracy, assumption, or partisanship, the learned may have discovered. The prefaces of Sir Walter Scott, for example, are nearly as pure fictions as his novels; yet who would gravely sit down to disenchant the reader of them, with the representation of naked, barren truth. Yet we thank the Honorary Professor for his generous vindication of Raleigh, Shenstone, and even old Stow.

In the meanwhile, Moxon has put forth a new edition of THE CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE; being a tenth. The work is nearly half a century old! the honorary professor is consequently forty-five years too late with his criticism; for, as Mr D'Israeli remarks, "The writer of half a century has outlived his critics. . . . . Praise cannot any longer extend his celebrity, and censure cannot condemn what has won the reward of public favour." The new edition is in what we call the *Radical form*—that size of which the modern example was set by this Magazine—the cheap or *People's size*, which Mr Murray has adopted for Byron's whole poems, and now for his Life and Letters, and in which we expect to see many more works. No books are more *handy* or portable.

Winter. By Robert Mudie.

Mr Mudie has "rounded the revolving year," by the publication of the last of the seasons. This, volume, as befits the subject, seems to us graver in character, and more didactic, than those on Spring and Summer. The series, as a whole, is instructive, and the fruit of a highly cultivated and matured mind.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

A new edition of our old favourite has just appeared, with an original memoir by Mr St John, whose devotion to standard and homely national works—those drawn from the undefiled well—is worthy of all praise. A key is given to the Scriptural doctrines and texts of Scripture allegorized by that

> "Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
> Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail."

Colloquies on Religion and Religious Education; being a Supplement to "Hampden in the Nineteenth Century."

This Supplement is, in one important respect, different from the preceding work. Subsequent investigation, or rather intuitive feeling and conviction, has converted Fitzosborne from a sceptic into a believer, after the fashion of the German Mystics or Transcendentalists; though, to own the truth, we do not pretend to understand either the ground-work or exact nature of his new belief. The speculations upon morals, religion, education, and social interests, are distinguished by the same philanthropic spirit that marked the previous lucubrations of the author. He does not like the modern Political Economists, nor yet those Educators or legislators who recognise competition and emulation as the animating springs of action, any better than he did before. He admires the London University no more than Oxford, and he fancies Dissenters fully as intolerant and uncharitable as Churchmen. Of the *Radicals* he speaks almost as an alarmist. They are *Destructives* at the best; and his principal hero considers it fortunate that there are Lords to oppose the reckless enterprises of some of them. It is not among the Reformers that the *Transcendental* is to be found. Owen and Chateaubriand are greater men in his eyes than Malthus and Paley; and the Bishop of Exeter, in at least one instance, than the Bishop of London. That which is given is curious enough. In a debate on the Poor-Law, the latter Prelate said—"The Right Rev. Prelate (the Bishop of Exeter) had said, that the laws of a Christian country ought to be a transcript of the laws of God. He (the Bishop of London) wished they were so; but it was quite clear that, so long as human nature and human society were constituted as they were, *it was impossible that should be the case.*" [Debate on the Poor-Law, July 29th 1834.] A strange admission this for a Christian Bishop. If the constitution of human nature is not in the power of man, there is religion to correct it; while the constitution of human society is surely entirely in the hands of that society, and whatever is evil must proceed wholly from disregard of those heavenly laws which the Bishop tells us it is visionary to think of imitating upon earth. One of the chief merits of this visionary author's writings, arises from the copious and apt quotations supplied by an extensive and peculiar line of reading.

The Heart's Ease; or, a Remedy against all Troubles.

This is a neat reprint of a popular religious work, by Dr Symon Patrick, the pious Bishop of Ely, and the well-known author of a Paraphrase on the Books of Job and the Psalms. He was in the church throughout the reigns of Charles II. and James II., and died, at the age of eighty, in the reign of good Queen Anne. He refused to become a convert to Popery, when James himself took pains for his conversion—saying, "I cannot give up a religion so well proved as that of the Protestants." After the Revolution, Patrick was appointed one of the commissioners for reviewing the Litany, and drew up new collects. At an early part of his career, he was appointed to the Rectory of St Paul's, Covent Garden. The plague broke out; but he refused to quit his post, when the Court, and all who could get away, deserted London. "Somebody must be here," he said to an expostulating correspondent; "and is it fit I should set such a value upon myself as my going away and leaving another will signify?—for it will be to say that I am too good to be lost, but it is no matter if another be." He avowed that he had a great passion for his friends, and to live to embrace them once again; "but I must not take any undue courses to satisfy this passion, which is but too strong in me. I must let reason prevail, and stay with my charge, which I take to be my duty, whatever come." The Church of England requires, at this time, to muster her worthies; and Bishop Patrick, if not of the foremost rank, well merits a place on the roll. Yet, what were his labours or sacrifices, or those of ten such dignitaries, to those of one poor curate in Wales, or a single priest in Connaught, or the wild parts of Munster?

Smiles on the Physical Education, Nurture, and Management of Children.

We have here a practical and sensible little treatise upon a subject so common that those interested are apt to lose sight of its paramount importance. Mr Smiles has been a diligent student of the works of the great recent lights and authorities of his profession—such as Combe and Paris, Copland, Caldwell, and Brigham; and he has methodized much useful information, in a simple and clear manner, and without any tincture of professional pedantry. Children should like his work, because it so happens that, in telling what is good for

them, he also permits them nearly everything they like best. Little medicine or none, is one of his rules; and another is, a plentiful allowance of fruit, with play, *ad libitum*, out of doors; or, in other words, abundant exercise. Sleep in large doses, and lessons as few as possible, is another excellent doctrine. The children are also allowed or encouraged to shout and roar as much as they please; so that Surgeon Smiles, however it may be with the profession, may be certain of becoming very popular among little patients. The most valuable part of his work, in our estimation, is that which treats of the effects of cold on the infant system. There are more fatal errors committed in the mistaken process of bracing and hardening infants and very young children, in our chill, uncertain climate, than in diet, clothing, or all the other departments of nursery economy taken together. The medical profession were here the first in fault. Common-sense and the natural instincts of mothers and nurses shrank from their foolhardy experiments; and they naturally went occasionally into the opposite of the extreme recommended. Now the profession condemns the barbarous process of exposure to cold, and rests in the just medium.

Oliver and Boyd's New Edinburgh Almanac.

It may seem odd to review an Almanac; but this, we are assured, is the paragon of Almanacs; the WONDERFUL WONDER among Almanacs; a something new under the sun; and as great an advance upon the fourpenny article of Ruddiman, first published about a century or so ago, as the spinning-jenny is upon the primitive distaff. However this may be, "The Scottish Repository" is a very useful volume, full of the sort of information that is required every day and hour, accurately and clearly arranged. We notice one obvious improvement in the headlines. Last year they were ornamental; this year they are useful in pointing out the contents of each well-filled page. In short, in Almanacs, perfection can no farther go.

FINE ARTS.

Le Keux having completed the voluminous "Memorials of Oxford," has commenced MEMORIALS OF CAMBRIDGE in the same style, but upon a smaller scale. The two numbers of the series which we have seen, promise well, especially for the letterpress and woodcuts.

The Churches of London,

Is a new *serial* work, in which several eminent artists and architects are engaged. It is executed in the same style as the Memorials of Oxford; and, hough by no means a remarkably cheap work, is one of interest, especially to Londoners.

Finden's Ports and Harbours of Great Britain.

The first volume of this interesting work is just completed. It contains fifty engravings, all of views on the English coast, and many of them either picturesque or exceedingly beautiful. Among the latest are the views of *Brighton*, *Plymouth*, *Mount Edgecumbe*, *Southampton*, and *Dover*. Among the most exquisite, are *Folkstone*—a lovely vignette, from a drawing by T. Boyes—*Yarmouth*, and *Cowes*. This is the most interesting work of its kind which has appeared since Daniell's Coast Views, now about twenty years old we should think.

The SHAKSPEARE GALLERY is closed, we cannot say very satisfactorily. *Joan of Arc*, we have as a soft and very beautiful young lady, masquerading in steel armour, and in the midst of the heady fight looking perfectly undisturbed, as she bids defiance to Talbot. *Portia*, the wife of Brutus, is a lady with a Roman profile in a classic costume. The *Princess Katherine* in Henry V., is the most natural-looking personage of the last three, and shews some character. But the series contains many better imaginary portraits than those, and the volume will form, altogether, a handsome book of Shakspearian illustrations.

Medal of Queen Victoria.

That memorable event, the visit of *Queen Victoria* to the city of London, has been commemorated by the issue of a bronze medal, from the house of Griffin & Hyams. It forms, in its Morocco case, a handsome and substantial memorial of the mighty event, and is well executed. The resemblance of the countenance to that of her Majesty's excellent royal grandfather, in some of the leading features, is striking. The reverse exhibits the Lord Mayor presenting the keys of the city to the Queen, with a variety of emblematic figures.

A FAC-SIMILE of the Poem of the JOLLY BEGGARS as Burns originally wrote it out, has just been published in Glasgow. It is a great curiosity in its way; and even an object of interest to the admirers of Burns. No one who has ever seen his hand-writing, can doubt of its authenticity, although the name of the publisher were not a sufficient guarantee. A preface, written in a genial vein, and a frontispiece, by William Allan, are prefixed to the engraved writing, which fills a good many quarto pages.

*** Among the new works which we cannot overtake in the present month, we especially regret FISHER'S HIMALAYA TOURIST, a splendid pictorial book, illustrated by Miss Emma Roberts, from the journals and tours of gentlemen who have penetrated into the sublime fastnesses of the Himalaya. This work, as elegant as any of the first-class Annuals, is got up at great expense, and is well calculated for a gift-book of abiding value.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

THE events of the month have been important, only in as far as they indicate the future policy of the Government and the state of parties. It is now impossible to doubt that the aristocracy, Whig as well as Tory, have come to the resolution to resist all farther Reform in our institutions, and that they in future will unite, if not openly, by a coalition, at least virtually, by advocating or opposing the same measures, in the endeavour to make head against the democracy. It is in vain to represent Lord John Russell's declaration of Conservative principles, and his doctrine that to concede the question of the Ballot, the Extension of the Suffrage, and Triennial Parliaments, would be to repeal the Reform Act, as an outbreak of passion; for he repeated his declaration, in equally decided terms, the following evening. That, in expressing his own opinions, he also expressed those of the Ministry, may be inferred from the speech of Lord Ebrington, that great patron of Whiggery, about the finality of the Reform Bill, some weeks before the meeting of Parliament; and from none of the Members of the Cabinet having taken an opportunity of declaring what were their real sentiments—a course they would unquestionably have taken, had Lord John Russell's declaration been unauthorized. Considering, indeed, the injury which the declaration has caused to the popularity of the Ministry, Lord John Russell must ere now have resigned, had the common opinion of his colleagues differed materially from his own. Much credit is, we think, due to Mr Wakley, for not losing a single day in forcing the Whigs to demonstrate their real intentions, and thus putting the country on its guard; for, otherwise, half the session might have passed over before the real situation of matters had been discovered. We think the sooner the Whigs and Tories are driven into a coalition, the better. We shall then have the truth demonstrated, that the aristocracy have an interest adverse to that of the People; and the latter will be taught to rely on themselves, and not on any section of the aristocracy, for the attainment of good government. Already have several lists of a Radical Cabinet been published; and we defy any one to deny, that the members

are at least equal in talents and integrity, if not in rank and fortune, to any Cabinet we have ever had. It is needless now to fear that opposition to the Whigs will restore the Tories to power. The Whigs in office, backed by the Tories in opposition, are much more efficient for evil, than the Tories in power opposed by the Whigs. The Tories in office, could never have carried the Irish or Canadian Coercion Bills; and we doubt if they would have attempted to increase the Duchess of Kent's annuity, or defend the continuance of the allowance to the King of Hanover—two acts which, we regret, our limits do not permit us to expose and characterise in the terms of reprobation they deserve. The only plausible excuse for longer supporting the Whigs, is the state of Ireland; but we doubt much whether the Tories would attempt towards that country anything so despotic as the Whig Coercion Bill. Had the Whigs really the interest of Ireland at heart, they would, long ere now, have repealed the atrocious statutes which had, during centuries of Tory rule, been enacted to oppress the People of that country; but all these acts stand on ths statute book unrepealed, ready to be put in force whenever any tyrannical ministry thinks proper to resort to them. And not only are the oppressive regulations regarding Ireland kept in full force by the Whigs, but even Castlereagh's Six Acts—the Coercion Code of Britain—remain unrepealed, though nothing could exceed the pertinacity and zeal with which their enactment was opposed by the Whigs, then seated on the opposition benches. Instead of giving to Ireland good laws, which would protect the People against rulers, however despotic, they have allowed tyrannical laws to continue, and have only sent good administrators of them, whom an accident may remove in a single day, leaving the Irish as much exposed to oppression as ever. While all changes in the representative system are to be opposed, and not even protection for the safe exercise of the franchise given to the voter, we do not see any measure of real utility likely to be obtained. The repeal of the Corn Laws will, no doubt, as heretofore, be strenuously opposed; for it is only by such a demonstration as that which carried the Reform Act, that the free importation of food will ever be permitted. The Whigs refuse what the Tories would, we firmly believe, give us—a reduction of all postages to a penny—a measure, the value of which can hardly be exaggerated in its direct and indirect effects.

In the impending struggle between the privileged orders and the People—between the tax-fed and the tax-starved—it is gratifying to know that, if we have lost Lord Durham, we have gained Lord Brougham—a more effective ally. He has at last, though reluctantly, declared for the Ballot, Extension of the Suffrage, and shortening the duration of Parliaments; and his recent skirmish with the Premier, which it would be affectation in us to say we regret, will tend to confirm him in his newly adopted opinions. We rejoice to think that he has no chance of admission to office so long as either mere Whigs or Tories are predominant. It is only as forming part of a really Reforming, or Radical Administration that he has any chance of the resumption of power.

ENGLAND.

Lord John Russell's declaration regarding the finality of the Reform Bill, and that it was intended to give a preponderance to the landed interest in Parliament, has roused the country from end to end, and has greatly advanced Radical opinions. If it has not made converts to the Ballot, it has at least forced many to declare themselves favourable to it who thought it might be delayed for an indefinite period; and meetings, either for the Ballot alone, or for the Ballot in conjunction with Extension of the Suffrage, or the Repeal of the Corn Laws, have been held, and are still holding, throughout the country. The Birmingham Political Union has published an address, containing a resolution "that the necessary steps be immediately taken to procure the co-operation of the Radical Reformers of England, Scotland, and Ireland, for the purpose of removing from the councils of the Queen an Administration who have avowed their hostility to the only improvements in the Reform Bill which could give satisfaction to the country, and which it has an unquestionable right to demand." The Liberals of the Metropolis met without delay to denounce the declaration, and no one but Mr O'Connell attempted to defend Ministers.

Middle-Class Government.—This phrase, if not invented by the Tories, will soon be adopted by them, for the purpose of dividing the Liberals; and, by opposing the working to the middle classes, enable the aristocracy, as they have hitherto done, to trample on both. The policy of tyranny—that is, Toryism—has been, in all ages, to divide and govern; and this is so obvious, that we must confess we have great doubts of the political honesty of any one who attempts to sow dissension among those who are really Liberals. If they are not Tories, they are serving Toryism in the most efficient manner that it is possible to conceive. What renders the cry of danger from "Middle-Class Government" the more suspicious is, that it is raised by precisely the same persons who have been labouring to convince the working classes that the Repeal of the Corn Laws and Free Trade would be injurious to them, until Universal Suffrage be obtained. Cheap food would raise profits; and higher profits would cause more demand for labour, and that, of course, would raise wages. It should never be forgotten that wages are not to be estimated by the number of pieces of silver which is required to pay them, but by the quantity of food and raiment it is possible to purchase with them, whatever may be their nominal amount in current coin. In a letter from the Working Men's Association of London to the chairman of the meeting held there to consider Lord John Russell's declaration, we find the following passage:—"Our objection to the Ballot, unaccompanied with an Extension of the Suffrage, originates in a conviction that the present constituency only seek to legislate for their class, and not for the multitude; that they seek to monopolize within their own circle the power of sending Members to Parliament, and to selfishly benefit, by selecting the rich rather than the honest and the competent." In our opinion, the attempt to contradistinguish the working class from the middle class is perfectly absurd. It is easy to distinguish the landed interest from the other classes; but which of the middle class is it that does not work? Many of them work much harder than the majority of mechanics. Take, for example, a clerk who copies papers for twelve or fourteen hours a-day, and compare him with an artisan. How has the one any interest in bad government more than the other? But to take the whole middle class—professional men of all kinds, shopkeepers, artists—have they not the same interest as the poorest man in the country, to have cheap food, few taxes, high profits, high wages, for what but wages are the fees or emoluments of the advocate, medical man, or artist?—and free trade, that they may buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. The stockholder and the capitalist living upon the annual proceeds of their capitals, have the same interest as the working man, that profits may be high, without which wages cannot be high; for, unless profits are high, the interest of money of which the income of the stockholder and capitalist consists, must be low. There is only one class in this country which has an interest adverse to that of the masses—the landed interest; for the lower the general rate of profit in the kingdom is, the higher will be the rent of land, of which the income of that class consists. We have demonstrated this position in former numbers of this Magazine, and have not space here to resume the demonstration; but a little reflection will convince any one of its truth—and a most important truth it is.

False teachers have been abroad. The notion that capital and labour, the middle and the lower classes, are natural enemies, has been zealously propagated. The moneyocracy and the shopocracy have been denounced as the worst of all aristocracies; until many of the working men have believed that these absurdities are undeniable truths. And the middle classes do not allow the working classes to enjoy a monopoly of prejudice and absurdity. They, too, have their prejudices. Many of them think

that there really is a great difference between party Whigs and Tories; that the working classes, if enfranchised, would sell their votes, &c. &c. Of the ability and good intentions of the Working Men's Association of London, we have a high opinion. In their admirable Addresses to their brethren throughout the country, with much truth, there is mixed up some error. But the truth will remain; while the error, we are confident, will, ere long, be seen; and, when seen, instantly abandoned.

SCOTLAND.

THE BALLOT.—On the 6th December, a numerous and highly respectable meeting was held in the Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh, for the purpose of petitioning the House of Commons for the Ballot. The Lord Provost was in the chair, supported by some of the oldest and most respectable of the Whig party in Edinburgh, and also by the Radical electors. Some confusion arose towards the end of the meeting, by the Lord Provost refusing to hear a deputation from a meeting of the working classes, held the preceding evening, who appear to be hostile to the Ballot unless united with an Extension of the Suffrage—a notion which, we observe, has led to confusion in other meetings, and which, in our opinion, will operate to prevent either the Ballot or Extension of the Suffrage being obtained. It is only by means of the present constituency, and the House of Commons, as now constituted, that any Extension of the Suffrage can take place; and the first step appears to be to render the representation of the people as liberal as possible, by protecting the electors in the exercise of the franchise. That this will be the effect of the Ballot, we wonder that any one can doubt. Let those who doubt consider why the Tories, to a man, are opposed to secret voting. We are glad to observe that the best-informed organs of the working classes are opposed to the doctrine, that the Ballot, without Extension of the Suffrage, would be pernicious. *The True Sun*, after remarking that the monarchy of the middle classes would be a bad thing, proceeds—"At the same time, we allow that it would be a better thing than the present plan of government, through the nominal representation of the middle classes, but really by the influence over them of aristocratical corruption and intimidation. The real opinions of the present electors are better than their biassed votes. Avowedly vested with the suffrage, they have a just claim for the freedom of its exercise. We therefore say, let us get the ballot alone, if we cannot at present obtain anything else." *The Leeds Times*, a paper with a weekly circulation of 3400, chiefly among the operatives of the West of England, remarks, "It is a great mistake, though an honest one, to tell the working classes that the Ballot will do them harm. We, who have had pretty extensive opportunities of estimating the character of the *bulk* of the constituency, which even the ballot *alone* would realize, tell the working men, that the Ballot, even of itself, will return such a Parliament *as shall render the adoption of extended franchise irresistible in the very first session of its existence.*"

SHORT PARLIAMENTS.—With regard to shortening the duration of Parliaments, we think the constituencies have an effectual remedy in their own hands—viz., not to return any candidate who will not pledge himself to accept the Chiltern Hundreds, when required by a majority of his constituency. At all events, the electors should insist, not only for Short Parliaments, but for the power of dismissing their Members at pleasure.

CORN-LAW ASSOCIATIONS.—We are glad to observe that associations have been formed in the west of Scotland, for the repeal of the Corn-Laws. We have been favoured with a well drawn-up "Address of the Central Anti-Corn-Law Association for the West of Scotland," over which Mr Weir, the able editor of the *Glasgow Argus*, presides. We beg to direct the attention of these societies, not only to the Corn-Laws properly so called, but to the other laws restricting the importation of other sorts of food, and, in particular, to the laws *prohibiting* the importation of oxen, cows, sheep, lambs, and fresh meat of all sorts. The injury inflicted on the People by these prohibitions is a great addition to that sustained by the Corn-Laws; for while grain is from 50 to 60 per cent. cheaper on the Continent than in Britain, butcher meat is from 80 to 100 per cent. cheaper. We have often heard it remarked that butchers were much seldomer attacked with fever than any other class of men; and this remark has been confirmed by Dr Hannay, who, in his lectures on physic in Anderson's University, has shewn that the prevalence of the epidemic typhus fever of our great towns is entirely owing *to the want of a regular supply of fresh animal food, as an article of regular diet.* He has adduced numerous facts and arguments in support of this opinion, which we regret our limits do not enable us to give. We hope that this fact will not be overlooked. Nothing can better shew the selfishness, we may say the atrocity of the landed interest, than these starvation laws; and it is a remarkable circumstance that, although societies having for their object the improvement of cattle and sheep exist in almost every county, and though many of the members must be well aware that most valuable breeds exist on the Continent, no attempt has ever been made to introduce any of them into this country. We hope the Highland Society, which affects so high a character for patriotism, will take up this matter.

LAW.—The Lord Advocate has again introduced his Bill for regulating the business of the Court of Session; but so few of his Lordship's Bills pass, that they have ceased to excite interest. The greatest improvement which could be made in the Court of Session, would be to abolish the Second Division, and to make the judges sit nine or ten months, instead of 114 days in the year. Unless some reform take place speedily in this Court, it will be found necessary to abolish it altogether; for its business is decreasing every year, and at present the salaries drawn by the Judges and Clerks, and the fees of the other officials, nearly equal the whole value of the sums in litigation before it. Were the salaries and emoluments of the clerks and other officers reduced one half, the printing of masses of useless rubbish or mere formal applications abolished, and counsel employed only when the agents found themselves inadequate for the management of a case, the business of the Court would revive, and the singular spectacle would not be presented of the Supreme Court of Scotland—although the jurisdiction of two other courts, the Admiralty and Consistorial, have been united with it—having only two-thirds of the business it possessed forty years ago. Not above two thousand cases are brought annually into Court: one thousand of which pass in absence, the Judges never looking at the proceedings; and to decide the other thousand, costs the country, for judges and clerks alone, to say nothing of the continual additions to and alterations on the Parliament House itself, about L.50,000 per annum, or L.50 for each case. But no alterations on the mere forms of proceeding can remedy the evil. The law itself must be remodelled, and a new code enacted, fitted for the necessities of a civilized age; the barbarism of the feudal forms must he swept off, and common sense introduced. The complexity of the law, and the impossibility of even lawyers having a complete knowledge of it, may be inferred from the circumstance, that "A Manual of the periods of time established by Statute and Usage in the Law of Scotland," has just been published by Mr James Scott, solicitor; and, though it is in the tabular form, and most concisely expressed, it extends to 52 pages 8vo. It is a compilation much needed, and which we can conscientiously recommend, not only to every practitioner of the law, but to mercantile men and others engaged in business of any kind.

FROM THE STEAM-PRESS OF PETER BROWN, PRINTER, ST JAMES' SQUARE, EDINBURGH.